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June, 1930

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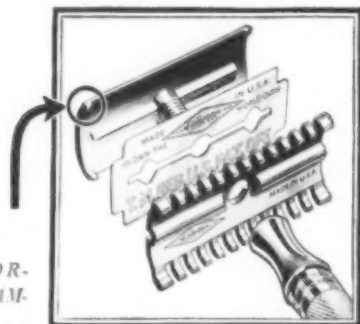
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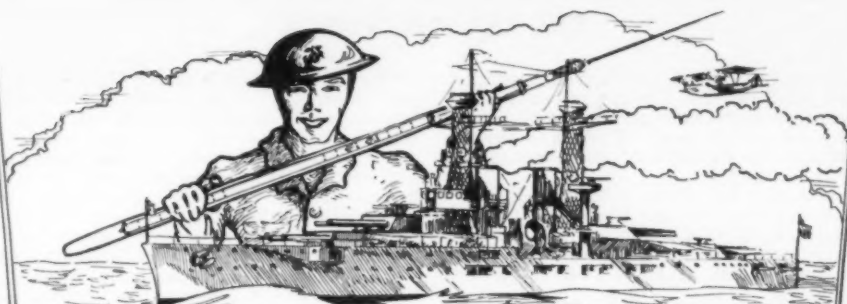
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NUMBER 6

THE PRESIDENT'S SON

By Alvah Milton Kerr

PRESIDENT SANBORN of the Western Central was opposed to nepotism. He believed in merit and experience in lieu of the influences of birth, wealth, and "pull." The sons of directors and rich stockholders found his doctrine uncomfortable, so did his boy Clark. When the latter came home to Denver from an Eastern school, and stated that he had made up his mind unreservedly to make railroadng his life work, the president said:

"Your choice pleases me. I suppose you have in mind to ultimately occupy a seat at or very near the top?"

"Certainly; nothing less," Clark replied.

"Then you will have to begin at the bottom of the class and spell them all down, one by one. On the Central there is no other way."

The young man looked about him, at the mahogany furniture of his father's private office, at the expensive rug beneath his feet, at his sire's sturdy, well-groomed figure. "You spelled them all down, I infer," he remarked, a glint of banter in his gray eyes.

"Most of them," the president said, smiling. "Not on the Central, however. I was thirty years on the way, most of the time working on other roads, in nearly every department from section foreman up to this desk. How could I wisely pass on the work to others had I never done such work?"

Clark reflected a moment. "Where would you advise me to begin?" he asked.

"I would suggest that you go out on the line, out to Paley Fork, for instance, and become a member of the section gang. Work with those men long enough, at least, to learn exactly how a railroad track is kept in order. Then you ought to go into the roundhouse and repair shops out there, and find out in a practical way about the construction of cars and engines; then you had better fire an engine for a while. By doing so you will learn to run a locomotive and what sort of obstacles trainmen have to contend with. After that, if you are not discharged for insubordination or incompetency, you can take up something else."

A slow flush of something akin to anger crept across the son's handsome face. About him in the big modern building lay many fine rooms, the treasurer's department, the offices of the land department, the chief engineer's quarters, the richly appointed suite for the directors; yet he must go out and dig dirt under the hot sun, handle oily machinery in the shops, and finally, pound coal and shovel it in the firebox. Firing a locomotive, he knew, was fearful bodily toil. In truth, year by year the size and power of locomotives had been augmented until few men could be found possessed of muscle and endurance sufficient to keep them in steam. To Clark it looked not only hard, but humiliating.

"Pater," he said after a moment, "you have been mighty good to me in the past, and I appreciate it, but, really, don't you think you are rubbing it into me now?"

"No. You may not understand it now, but you will if you ever become a railroad official."

"I suppose you are right; anything that is really big and of consequence has to be struggled for, I fancy." "Exactly so, and in the struggle one also grows big and of consequence; otherwise one couldn't capture and hold down the big thing when one got to it."

Clark laughed. "All right," he said, "I think I understand why you are president of the Central. I'll wade in; I don't believe you will keep me tamping ties and shoveling coal longer than seems necessary."

The president's strong face softened tenderly. "No; it would please certain feelings of mine to make life altogether easy for you, but it won't do; you have got to meet the tough things and master them. I will give you a note to Roadmaster Logan. Go out with him; he will put you on somewhere. You will draw regular wages. No money will come to you from home; college days and college luxuries are over for you, understand. You will draw from two-fifty to three dollars per day. Earn it and live on it; that will enlighten you about certain things that may be valuable to you in the future. The matter rests with you to win or lose. I don't expect to see you show the white feather."

The tall boy's teeth clenched and the color in his cheeks deepened, but he shook his father's hand and said, "All right, Dad," and went out.

The next morning Clark went over the range to Paley Fork with Logan, and the following day was made a member of a section crew on the Middle Division. To the college-bred youth it seemed a low position indeed. His hands lost their whiteness and, passing the stage of blisters, became calloused, the milky scarfskin peeled from his face in the sun's glare and his flesh grew swarthy. But he found out how to keep a railroad track in order; there no man would ever be able to deceive him. At the end of five months he shifted his position to the work-train on the West End and began education in fills and excavations, the removal of earthslides and how wrecks were swiftly cleared from the track. During the winter he went out again and again with a battery of four engines and a rotary and had experience of war with the snow of the sky grades.

Early spring found him in the shops at Paley Fork, garbed in overalls and working among swinging cranes, snarling lathes and the crash of steam hammers. November found him on a night shift in the roundhouse, dumping engine grates over ashpits, filling sand tanks, and wiping steel and brass. By June of the following spring he was hostler, bringing out engines to the main track for departing trains and taking engines into the house from arriving trains.

Naturally the story of the "nerve" of the president's son went the length of the Central. Between father and son there was a curious reticence. Not once did President Sanborn urge the boy to come home to the luxuries of the big house on Capitol Hill. "Whenever you are tired of the fight, you will be welcome here," was the fashion in which he ended most of

his letters to Clark, who was wont to rejoin with something like: "Your invitation sounds good, but I'm not at present trotting with the silk stockings; too busy." Once at the end of a note to his father he added a line which read: "P. S. You haven't noticed any white feathers yet, have you?" But he had the courage and decency to strike that out.

In August of the second year he informed Master Mechanic Addicks that he would like a job of firing. The M. M. tried to dissuade him. "Let it alone, boy; pass it up. The work is back-breaking, racking, infernal," he said. "You are not going to follow firing or be an engineer. I know your father too well for that."

"The pater said fire, and fire it will be. I'm not going to sprout any white feathers at this stage of the game," was the grim reply.

The M. M. looked at the young fellow admiringly. "The old block and the chip are of a piece, that's plain. Still, it looks like nonsense to me. I'll let you know about it soon," he said.

At that time telegrams and letters of an epoch-making character were passing between postal authorities and railroad officials, dated from Washington, D. C., Chicago, Denver, and Los Angeles. The thing in ferment was whether or not a certain volume of mail could be given quicker transit between southern California points and the cities of the East by way of the Western Central than by means of the longer route through the plains country to the southward. From Manzano, a point on a trans-continental line in eastern Arizona, across the mountains northeastward to Denver, three hundred miles of mountain road as against five hundred of "sagebrush track;" that was the proposition. Six hours from Manzano to Denver would nail the contract. Fifty miles an hour and mountains galore! It had a daunting look. All along the line the tone of comment was protestation. Still, when Sanborn and Superintendent Burke and Chief Dispatcher Manvell had drawn the schedule for the flyers, every man on the Central felt his blood quicken and his pride expand. But one outcome was to be admitted, the line must win.

On the eighteenth of August everything was ready for the test. Out through the switches at Manzano at 7:24 a. m. the great 1300 burst with three heavily laden mail cars behind her, bound for far-off Denver. Instantly the trial was on, the test was set. The whole line seemed to strain taut with excitement. Train orders flashed to and fro on the wires, keeping the track clear for the racer; every man on the Central, metaphorically, held his watch on the flyer, mentally "pulling for her."

Up the long valley of the Big Bear Paw the 1300 thundered, whirled across Ball Bridge, chased the echoes up the winding canyon of the Little Bear Paw, and sped onward over the Saddle Bow Range and down into Peace Valley. There, at Three Plumes, engine 1010 was waiting, and being quickly coupled to the train, rushed onward, twenty-two minutes late. Through Peace Valley, whizzing through Bonnet and around the Great Horseshoe and up over the Mule Pass, roaring through twenty-eight miles of snowsheds, the 1010 came.

Onward she flew, snapping the mail cars around the curves and downward from the pass, and still onward, tearing in through the switches of Paley Fork, but, alas, thirty-eight minutes behind the schedule! Half the population of the division station was on the depot platform, among them Superintendent Burke and Chief Manvell. The engineer and fireman

of the 1010 descended to the platform, grimy and staggering with weariness. Though they had worked like fiends, sixteen minutes had been added to the time lost by the 1300 in the West End.

The 1010 was instantly cut loose and sent toward the house, and a big Baldwin engine, the 1206, backed in and was snapped fast to the mail cars. Dick Munson, reputed to have no knowledge of fear, sat at the throttle; on the deck, with hat off and sleeves rolled to the shoulders, stood Dan Madden, one of the Central's crack firemen; on the fireman's seat, with his hand on the bell rope, sat Clark Sanborn. The M. M. had said to him that morning:

"When you bring the 1206 out today you better stay on her and make the trip to Denver. I want you to watch Dan Madden work. Maybe when you've seen what firing a heavy passenger engine really is like you'll be satisfied to pass up the job. Besides, Madden may need help."

Clark laughingly assented. "All right, Mr. Addicks," he said, "I think I'll enjoy a ride. I wouldn't object to getting a glimpse of my good, gray Dad, provided I don't have to go to Denver in a Pullman and wearing a white collar."

Addicks patted him on the shoulder and growled good naturedly: "Don't worry, boy, you will have dust and grease enough on you this trip before you hit headquarters."

To Clark nothing particularly new was promised by the trip, save that a fight against time was to be waged through something more than a hundred miles, half of which was mountains. The gage of the 1206 showed a steam pressure of nearly two hundred pounds to the square inch, and a blue-white plume jetted from her safety valve as the air coupling was made. Panting for the race, she stood a beautiful monster, one hundred and eighty

thousand pounds of tested steel, with a tender attached to her that held tons of coal. Manvell and Burke and Addicks drew quickly toward the gangway, the face of each man grave with anxiety. Munson saw their lips moving, but could not hear what they said for the hissing steam, but Clark heard and shouted across to him:

"They say, 'Give her the whip, go into Denver on schedule if possible, but look out that she don't get away from you on the east side of the Cradle Range'."

Munson's gaunt face lit up with a smile; he touched the sand lever and opened the throttle. Like lightning the fiery gas straining in the engine's boiler shot through her throat into the cylinders, and her drivers spun on the rails. Back in the mail cars Conductor Dirken and the clerks were all but thrown from their feet. For an instant it seemed that the draw-heads might be jerked from their sockets, but the next moment the train was rushing out through the switches in a clamor as of many shattering things. Clark, looking back from the fireman's window, waved his cap to the crowd on the platform. Munson never turned his head; his face changed to something like gray iron.

There was a long stretch down a valley and around the base of Silver Mountain before encountering the Sandrill River and the Cradle Range. Here were some thirty miles of slightly falling track ere the towering barrier of the Range would interpose its bulk. Here and beyond the Range time must be made. Munson centered his attention on the track ahead, giving her a little shorter cut-off and wider open throttle until the exhausts



blended into a solid roar. With the flight of four or five minutes the speed had increased to seventy, at least. The three cars of mail seemed no more than steady ballast for the hurling mass of steel at the front. Majestically she rolled on her springs, each driver beneath her a spinning vortex of shadowy things. At times her chime whistle sent out a long-drawn, melodious blare, as if she were calling triumphantly to mountains and tempests and earth's grandest embodiments of power.

Down on the deck Madden swayed back and forth between the coal pile and the furnace door. Already sweat was trickling down the fireman's sinewy neck. From the window-seat Clark looked down upon the swaying figure. It was glorious to sit there at ease, hearing the wind scream in one's ears and seeing the distances taken in gulps by the flying engine, but to get down in front of the hot boiler head and toil—well, no doubt old Addick's appreciation of the task was correct. But how about one's duty? And how about the white feather? Clark set his teeth grimly, remembering what the "Old Man" had said. It was well for the first run of the Central's Fast Mail that purpose in the young fellow's breast remained as granite, for even while he was weighing the question a momentous thing happened. Madden struck the pick into a block of coal and there burst forth a flash of flame and a crash of sound. The fireman bounced back against the boiler-head and fell in a quivering heap; something like a knife ripped across the back of Clark's neck, Munson sank forward with a cry, the glass of both cab windows burst outward, and the place was wreathed in blinding dust.

Something in the block of coal, doubtless a bit of giant powder, damp and unexploded when the coal was mined, had been pierced and ignited by the point of the iron pick. Such explosions have occurred before, sometimes in the firebox of an engine, bringing dire results. With the crash of the explosion Clark leaped down on the engine-deck, both hands at the back of his neck, his face awry with pain. The next moment he caught Madden in his arms and lifted him, terror in his eyes.

"Dan!" he cried. "Dan—are you hurt? How bad is it?" The fireman groped about with his hands, gasping and struggling. Munson writhed backward, twisting his body until his face was toward them. A ring of pallor shone about the engineer's drawn lips and his eyes looked glassy and strange. He was feeling blindly for the throttle lever. Madden reached a hand toward him, his fingers working, his features distorted in fierce protest.

"Don't shut her off, Dick," he shouted. "We'll lose time! I'll be all right in a minute—in—just a minute!" he tried to get to his feet, but one of his legs doubled under him like a limb of putty. "My right leg—it's broke!" he gasped, looking fearfully into Clark's face as he clung about the young fellow's shoulders.

As they held together, swaying with the dip and roll of the rushing engine, Clark spoke near the fireman's ear: "I'm hurt, too, Dan, but not bad; just a scratch, I think. I'll do the firing; I'll try my best to keep her hot. We'll have to stop and get you into one of the mail cars so you can lie down. It won't do for you to stay in here."

Munson was staring at them. Suddenly his eyes cleared. "What is it—what happened?" he shouted.

Clark swayed toward him, clenching Madden's body about the waist. "Explosion in the coal," he shouted in return. "Dan's got a broken leg. I'll fire her now."

Munson threw on the air and twisted himself painfully from his seat. "Something knocked the breath and sense out of me," he said, "but I guess I'm all right." He scanned Clark's face

hesitatingly. "Do you think you can keep her hot?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the big youth, angrily. "If you can keep her on the rails we'll go in on schedule. We must win this fight." Something that had made his father president of the road was speaking in the boy.

"Good!" said Munson. "For a minute I thought sure we were whipped." As with men in battle, each thought first of the outcome of the struggle. Munson took hold of Madden. "Let him lie down," he said to Clark. As they eased the fireman to a recumbent position his lips twitched.

"I could do it, Dick, I could do it if I could stand," he wailed, and again, "I could keep her in steam, Dick, I could do it if I could only stand up."

"We will make it or blow her up, Dan, don't worry," said Munson.

Five minutes later Madden was lying on a bed of empty mail sacks in one of the cars, and the men were doing what they could for him.

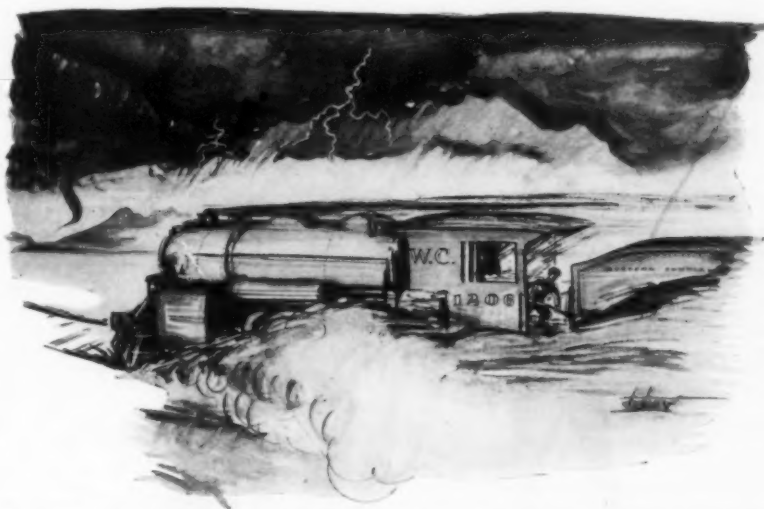
"Pile the sacks on each side of him so he won't roll," said Munson. "We'll get you to a doctor, Dan, as fast as the wheels can turn. Hold fast, you fellows in here; when we go down the east side, there's going to be doings. Come on, son."

Clark and the engineer rushed back to the 1206 and climbed into the cab. Munson, though his features looked pinched as with pain, flung himself upon his seat and pulled the throttle open. The 1206 belched out her steam in crashing snorts and set off like a race-horse. Clark flung his cap upon the fireman's seat, pulled off his shirt and threw it into a corner by the boiler head. Stripped to the waist, he turned to maul and shovel. Blood was running down among the white muscles of back. He pulled the furnace door open and began spraying coal from the shovel upon the seething bed of fire within. The big fire-box, assisted by the fierce draught, roared hoarsely as it devoured the coal, each time the door swung open a scorching blast of heat burst out. Soon the president's son began to breathe with his lips parted, ere long his body was beaded with sweat, his hair became a wet mat and his skin streaked and grimy with dust. Half his strength went in a continuous effort to keep upon his feet. He began to realize what it meant to labor while standing upon a swaying, lurching surface, a floor that never for a moment ceased shifting, to feel himself burning with heat and his brain and nerves shaken into giddiness by the never-ceasing jar of the floor and the clangor and shock of things about him.

They went around the long, curving base of Silver Mountain in a cloud of rushing echoes. The whole composition of the engine buzzed as she flew. Munson sat low, crumpled down upon himself like a straining jockey, his cap pulled solidly to his ears, his face drawn into hard, pallid lines under its streaks of oil and soot, his eyes, unnaturally bright, gazing ahead. By times he leaned back and glanced down at the figure swaying and toiling in the heat of the boiler-head, then stared ahead.

Down around Puma Point they swept, passed the Queen Cove mines like a flash and struck the shore of the Sandrill. On the sharp curves Clark sometimes lunged clear across the cab, and back in the rocking mail cars men grasped whatever stable thing they could lay hold of to keep themselves upon their feet. A half mile down the Sandrill the 1206 literally leaped upon the bridge and tore across in a torrent of noise, then they were rushing up the winding groove that led toward the summit, twenty miles away. At the Bridge Station the conductor threw a book from the tail of the train and in the book was a message which read:

(Continued on page 56)



Swiftly the forces approached each other, the vast pillar of cloud that extended from earth to Heaven and the superb man-made thing speeding across the plain.

THE DOWNFALL OF SERGEANT McGAN

By Robert Allan Treynor



"H. BOY, did you hear McGan riding those boots at drill today?" exclaimed Corporal Evans, as he slapped his fellow non-com on the back. The two were loafing on the barracks veranda just after the morning drill period. "Recall" had been sounded and there was still a little time before the bugler would sound "chow" to call the Navy Yard Detachment of Marines to the mid-day meal.

"I hope to tell you," Sergeant Artz replied, laughing, "he gave 'em Hail Columbia!"

"He rid 'em hard, and he rid 'em long—" sang the corporal, doing a mock dance and still laughing. The two were joined by another buddy, the mess sergeant.

"Who, this new gang from Parris Island?" interposed Sergeant Jones. He had missed it all.

"Yeah," Sergeant Artz replied. The detail of about a dozen were fresh from the "boot" camp. "It was a shame the way he rode them. They did their squads east well enough. I thought so, anyway."

"Oh, there was nothing the matter with their drill, but one bird, that little guy, Goodril, I think, asked Sergeant McGan if he was certain that some command or other was being executed correctly. He said it was done differently at Parris Island."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the mess sergeant, "I guess that got McGan's goat, alright. He sure hates to be crossed."

"Yeah," Corporal Evans added, "crossed by a lad fresh from boot camp and about his drilling, too."

"Old McGan sure knows his drill regulations. That's almost his Bible." This from Sergeant Artz.

"But what gets him riled up worst is to have some boot pull the old gag about 'how they do it at Parris Island.' Boy, that is like waving a red coat in front of a mean bull," Evans added.

"I hope to spit in your mess kit!" confirmed the mess sergeant, laughing. "I've soldiered with that Harp. He's got a good heart but a red-hot temper and he hates a recruit as though he was never one himself."

"Here he comes now," Sergeant Artz cautioned, "let's kid him some."

"Aw right," chuckled the corporal. He was a great kiddier and he enjoyed nothing more than plaguing the old-timer McGan until the Irish anger came to the surface.

"Judas Priest, but 'tis a task to try th' patience av th' saints!" McGan exploded as he climbed the front steps of the barracks to join the group of non-coms who had so lately been discussing him.

"What is?" Corporal Evans asked blandly, his face a perfect mask of innocence.

"What is, yez ask. Pwhat is? Gre-a-t Spirit av th' Gu-ude Sa-aint Patrick!" roared the drill sergeant. "You a Marine, wid th' two sthripes av a cowporal on th' arrums av ye, and wid thot infernal Imp av Satan in yer squad—"

"Who? Goodril? Why, what's the matter with him?" Evans asked, showing hurt surprise in his tone. Both the other sergeants, Artz and Jones had to suppress grins. McGan was getting red in the face. His "Irish" was up.

"Yis, Goodril, th' pup! Him thot's only a fower month owld recrootee, an' kin yez tie ut? He sez t' me—th' likes av him t' be tellin' me—"

"Well, what did he say, Sarg?" interposed Sergeant Artz. "Will yez howld yer tongue an' I'll be afther a tellin' ut?"

"What—" began the corporal, but subsided in mock fear as the irate drill sergeant cast an angry eye upon him.

"Well, he sez, bad 'cess t' him, he sez, 'Sargint, thot ain't

him alive, th' varmint. middle! Thot I wud!"

"And you let a little thing like that get your goat?" asked the mess sergeant in surprise. "I thought you had better control of your temper."

"Pwhat? Me lost my temper? Me, Terrance McGan, son av owld Michael McGan av Connemara, Ireland, let a measly, fower month recrootee lose me temper? NO! Indade not!" McGan almost shouted, injured and indignant.

"Certainly not," agreed Corporal Evans, soothingly, "you didn't really get mad, Sarg, but you nearly drilled the tail off all of us. You had us doing squads right, and nearly on the double all morning, too."

"Ar-raugh, lad, ye're a bether sowljer than yez thry t' make out. Yez needn't grumble wid a little extra drillin'." Sergeant

McGan stopped abruptly and turned away, his anger seething. They were laughing now. Then, white-hot, he turned upon them. He saw that it was just planned to tease him that they had egged him on.

"By th' Gre-a-at Sa-aint Patrick! Th' lot av yez is imbeciles, all av yez! May I never see me owld mither an' fa-ather agin if I ever seen th' likes av yez before!" He turned to stalk off furiously.

"That's alright, Mac," Jones called after him affectionately, "we were just guying you a little. You don't mind, do you?"

"Ar-raugh, shut up!" came Sergeant McGan's rejoinder as he angrily slammed a squad room door.

"Boy, he's sure sore," commented Artz.

"I'll say he is."

"He'll be all right tomorrow, I guess," Evans added hopefully.

"Why do you say that?" queried Artz.

"We are going ashore tonight," Evans explained. Then as an afterthought, added: "Gee, he may be sorer at me than ever. I was planning to take him down and spend some of his loose change at the street fair that's going on."

"Yeah? You'll have a sweet time making him jar loose from many shekels. He's almost a woman hater and the dames at the church fair won't feaze him."

"Say," Sergeant Artz asked of the mess sergeant, "what made him go sour on the ladies? He is one Marine in a million."

The mess sergeant explained:

"Seems like he was saving his pay to buy a little chicken farm out in the country somewhere after he retires, and he meets up with a nifty little lady and he tells her all about his hopes and plans. He was sure nuts about her, all right. But she was strictly a city kid, and a flapper at that, and she laughed at his ideas and made him sore. He seemed to sour on women in general and he's been changed a lot ever since. Now he says that women are the cause of men's downfall and that he'll never have any faith in woman or believe a word they say and all that. He's certainly been an awful grouch since then. I've noticed it lots. Why, he and I went through hell together in France, got wounded at the same time and lay side by side in the hospital, and he was always a cheerful sort of duck. But in the past three or four years, since he soured on this little flapper I was telling you about, why, he's been a different guy. He stays glum and grouchy all the time. An' he takes it out on first cruise men, mostly boots just out of training camp."

"He sure does," confirmed the corporal. "He hated the sight of me until I shipped over for my second hitch. Then when the



"Well, Sargint, that ain't eggsackly the way we larnt t' do ut at Parris Island."

C. O. gave me these chevrons, old McGan warmed up a little. One day we were talking and I happened to remark that my mother was Irish. Since then he and I have been pretty good buddies. He's a good sort, for all his temper."

"You bet," Artz agreed. "I like him fine, too. I was on the old 'Memphis' with him. We were both privates then. And we were together again going to the tropics on the collier 'Hector' when it broke up and went down off the Carolina coast. He had his corporal's stripes then and I was still a buck private."

"Say!" Corporal Evans burst out enthusiastically, "I've got a swell idea, if it will work!"

"Let's hear it," Artz said, laughing, "if it will bear telling."

"Don't laugh yet. It might work," cautioned the corporal.

"If it does, better get it patented," Jones chuckled. "What is it?"

"Here is the idea. I know a pretty nice little girl who is taking part in this church carnival in town tonight. She made me promise to take in the affair and bring some friends. Now you two—"

"Not me! Count me out!" Artz tried to steer shy.

"Wait till I tell you all of it."

"All right, go on, then," conceded the three striper.

"I'll take McGan just as we've already planned to go, and you two meet us somewhere there and call to us. He will probably still be a little peeved but you'll have to overlook that. Then you tell him and me all about the clever fortune teller and how she has told your past, or some of it at least, your present and your future."

"Say, is this girl of yours the fortune teller?"

"She isn't my girl especially, just a good sport. She's a real nice kid. O'Day is her name, Molly O'Day."

"That's a good old Irish name," Jones remarked.

"By gosh! That will help, too. No. We can't tell her name to Mac, either." Evans was thinking aloud. He went on:

"Anyway, you know Mac is superstitious. Well, I'll dope out some scheme about losing his temper and having some kind of a curse or something put on him. But you two try and induce him to go in and have his fortune told. I'll phone Molly and tell her what to tell him. We'll fix it all up. It will be the cats."

"Yeah," agreed Artz, "it is a good idea but I'm not so sure there will be any kick to it."

"Sure there will be. I'll get Molly to tell him all about his temper and that he must learn to control it and we can throw a fine scare into him that way. She will know all about him from what I tell her."

"You know, I've got to keep behind this gang of messmen or we'll never have chow." And so saying, the mess sergeant disappeared into the dining hall.

Sergeant Artz and Corporal Evans dropped the subject and glanced over a new bulletin the company clerk had lately posted. No more was said of the plans for the evening.

Afternoon saw the corporal busy using the telephone, then he hunted the drill sergeant to make peace and to assure himself that the sergeant was going "ashore" with him. Satisfied on this point, he again located Jones and Artz and the three held a whispered conference.

Shortly after the evening meal the two sergeants, Artz and Jones, immaculate in dress blues, caught a car for town, close behind them came the glum Sergeant McGan and Corporal Evans. The street where the church fair and bazaar was held was a gay scene. Crowds thronged the avenues. Happy groups laughed and called to others. Those in the many gayly decorated booths called to the patrons, sold cakes and candies, drinks and ice cream. The barkers shouted to the passers-by. Coins jingled merrily; the affair was becoming a huge success.

The corporal was care-free and happy. His light-hearted spirit was contagious and Sergeant McGan cheered up visibly. He was still reserved, though, and would not quite throw himself into the spirit of the occasion. He said little but vowed he was having the time of his life.

"Hello, fellows!" a voice called. The two looked around.

"What are you doing here?" It was Jones and Artz. Each had a happy, smiling young lady clinging to an arm. The girls wore the Marines' caps and the Marines, enjoying the spirit of carnival, wore bright colored paper hats. The four were having a big time. Evans returned the greeting but sight of the two did not please the drill sergeant. He replied moodily.

"Hey, wait a minute," Jones called, urging Artz and the girls along.

McGan and Evans waited and all but McGan were soon chattering gayly, the feminine third of the sextet providing most of the conversation.

"Say, Mac," Jones asked after a time. "Have you seen the little fortune teller yet?"

"No," McGan replied, "Ye know I don't take no stock in wo—"

He remembered the girls in the group and stopped.

"But, Mac, she is swell," Jones persisted. "A keen looking kid, and smart as a whip."

"She has me guessing," interposed Artz. "She tells past, present and future. She reads a person like a book. Man, it's uncanny the way she does it. I swear, she is certainly a clever girl."

"She's fine."

"What say, Sarg?" suggested Evans enthusiastically. "Let's see what kind of a stunt it is, eh?"

"No, lad," McGan stalled, "I have no faith in such things."

"But, Mac, she will surprise you," Jones persisted.

"Not me, she won't, for I'm not agoin'," declared McGan.

"No. Mac's afraid she will vamp him, I guess," said Jones in a loud whisper to Artz. "She is a sweet one. A Jewess, I think she is."

"That's what it is, eh?" Artz grinned, "they are the cleverest people on earth, the Jews are. They're God's chosen people."

"They are not!" interrupted McGan with almost a roar. "'Tis th' Irish that are!"

The two girls giggled delightfully as though they were on to the whole joke.

"So you say," taunted Jones, "but you don't want to face one, just a girl even, to get your fortune told."

"Who says I am?" demanded McGan.

"Well, if you're not why not spend a few nickels to learn the past, present and future?" Artz asked glibly.

McGan squared his shoulders and turned to go. "Me b'y," he said to Evans, "me an' you will hunt up this Jewess who claims t' read futchures, an' I defy her t' tell wan single fac' appertainin' t' either me past, presint or futchure..." "Whare is she?"

"I think I saw her tent back this way," Evans suggested, guiding the drill sergeant to the proper place.

They were fortunate in that there were no others waiting to have their fortunes told. The lady in attendance admitted Sergeant McGan to the inner room where the fortune teller sat. Corporal Evans took a seat to wait his turn.

He waited. And waited. And waited. Finally the Sergeant came out. He was beaming; his face wreathed in smiles. Before he had an opportunity to say anything, the attendant motioned for Evans to enter and have his fortune told.

As he entered, Molly smiled up at him. He scarce recognized her in the disguise she wore. Her jet black hair was hidden beneath a red bandana, her hands and face were stained a golden brown, and the costume—but Evans failed to take in the details of that. Molly was radiant. She stepped over to him and, throwing her arms around his neck, kissed him full on the lips.

"Oh, boy, how it worked!" she exclaimed delightedly.

"Yeah?" he managed to gasp in astonishment. She had never acted like this before; had never kissed him.

"Yes, Ev," she called him that at times. "And I think he's happy. Go on out with him, and if you get a chance, slip away from him. Let him be by himself to think over what I've told him."

She almost pushed the surprised Evans out of the room. "Go on like a good fellow," she insisted, "and don't forget to leave him by himself."

"All right, I will," promised Evans, wondering at the ways

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He meets up with a nifty little lady.



Molly



THE MAN in the WHITE SLICKER

By Leonard Nason

IT WAS about six hundred yards down there, and Gordon laid the gun on that line.

"If I holler, O'Neil, you throw off that traversing clamp and throw it quick!" continued the corporal. "Now we haven't got any sandbags! No shovel to fill them with if we had! How's the ammunition?"

"Cat-Pie Droghan has got spare sacks on his cart. Shovel, too. Go get the sacks, Droghan," ordered O'Neil sternly.

"The devil go from ye!" cried Cat-Pie, from where he lay beside Milo. "Ye ex-patriate A. P. A., wasn't it the major himself give us the order to take everything off the carts the better we should carry food? It's like they'd allow sandbags and shovels to be takin' the place of a case of beans, an' me with the devil's own mule that lays down on me every ten feet!"

"Enough! Enough!" said O'Neil. "Don't talk so loud or you'll give the position away!"

Imminent as the attack might be, the doughboys within hearing stood up to see who had given the speech and to laugh.

"Gee, let's load Milo on that cart and chaso Droghan out of here with him!" muttered O'Neil.

"Can't do it," replied Gordon. "I'm through with lugging guns around! If we have to have an advance we'll need him. What the hell are those guys shooting at? I can't see a thing, can you?"

"Those guys" referred to some on the extreme right, who were cutting loose with an auto rifle. There were at times isolated rifle shots, but still Gordon saw no sign of any German. The captain and the two lieutenants were in the ditch farther down the road, and presently runners went away from them; then shortly after that platoon sergeants began to crawl up and down in the ditch behind their respective platoons.

"What's the news?" called Gordon to one of them.

"The Boche are down there in the bushes and behind the railroad track!" yelled back the sergeant. "We're to open fire on them by alternate platoons. Aim at the bushes, range six hundred yards. Four clips apiece and see if we can't make 'em come out of there!"

Gordon had no orders to fire, so he and O'Neil simply lay on their stomachs and watched for signs of the enemy. The infantry began, slowly and steadily, to open a fairly heavy fire on the line of the brush and along the track, each platoon taking a section of the target and covering it. The alternate platoons did not fire, but waited in case the enemy broke cover,

or started a rush. What would they look like? he wondered. He had never seen any Germans in fighting trim. Did they all wear those big helmets? The prisoners rarely ever had them; perhaps they threw them away as soon as captured. Well, let them come out of those bushes, and he would arrange things for them! The krauts always attacked in a mob, shoulder to shoulder, so he had been told, and what he would do to them with that gun would be what a meat grinder does to steak. Let 'em come on!

The enemy, however, did not come on. The infantry, after a half hour's firing, began to voice its doubts as to there having been any counter attack at all. The officers, even, could be heard in heated discussion, above which the captain's voice was plainly heard to express a belief that the strange officer had more up his neck than his collar.

As for the strange officer's men, they cried profanely and bitterly that there were Germans in the hollow, not by tens but by thousands. This statement was greeted with jeers by the others.

Just at that moment, however, the enemy having definitely located the American line by the rifle fire, for which purpose they had lain quiet so long, proceeded to lay down a machine-gun and artillery barrage on the road. Fifty or so shells to the minute arrived with astonishing accuracy. The captain kept his head and did not try to move his men. They were protected from the machine-gun fire as long as they lay in the ditch, and the shell fire was not as destructive as it might have been. It is a very difficult thing to cause damage to troops with high-explosive shell, provided they have any kind of

cover at all, for the force of the explosion is all upward and not sideways. The noise of the bombardment, however, and the concussion, to say nothing of the fumes of burned powder, have a very serious effect. Moreover, the wind was still blowing from the enemy to the Americans, which made it extremely probable that there was gas mixed with some of the explosive shell. No one, in spite of this, put on a mask. These men had been fighting for days, and their noses had become so sore from the clip that it was physically impossible to wear a mask any more. The shelling lasted for the better part of an hour, then the enemy moved forward to the assault.

Gordon fired a few short bursts at the bushes to be sure the gun was working properly. At the last burst it jammed again, owing to a ruptured cartridge. By the time this had been ejected the fight was on in style. For target there was practically nothing. The enemy, instead of advancing in a mass, as Gordon had imagined they would, came on singly, or by twos and threes, a quick-moving speck that disappeared as soon as seen. Not many of them were seen, either.

The attackers were getting nearer, however, for the Americans up till now had had no casualties, but now began to lose men. The enemy barrage moved back about fifty yards, a sure



"Get Milo and load him on your cart! If anyone asks you where you're going, say after ammunition."

sign of the near approach of their own infantry. The captain appeared, crawling up the ditch and emerging from the water like a seal.

"Hey, you on the machine gun!" he called. "Can you see a trench-mortar crew out there?"

"No, sir!"

"Well, they're setting one up. It's just to the left of that gap in the bushes right in front of us. Singe the hell out of it, will you? If it gets going it'll clean us out of here!"

A trench mortar, especially the German model, was quite a cumbersome thing to move around. It was transported on a carriage with small wheels, but when it was to be placed in action it was taken off this carriage and set up on its base plate. This required some time. Once it got well set, however, it would throw things around about the size of a gallon jug, to explode with tremendous noise and smoke and totally ruin the nerves of those in the vicinity.

Gordon could not see the trench mortar, nor could O'Neil, but if the captain had seen it near that gap, then it would not take very long to discourage the crew of it from their projects. Gordon reset his rear sight, depressed the muzzle a trifle, and fired a few rounds to see if a burst would show. There was soft ground in the hollow, as he had hoped, and mud flew. Good. His range was too low. He carefully rolled the elevating gear until the mud no longer spattered, and judging that the bullets were now going into the bushes, he lay back and prepared to fire for effect. The gun jammed.

"Hurry with that gun!" roared the captain. "Don't stop firing now!"

"Got a jam!" replied Gordon.

"Come on, turn loose with that machine gun!" chorused the infantry. "The whole kraut army's getting ready to come at us!"

Gordon made no reply.

"Wouldn't yuh know it?" he exclaimed bitterly to O'Neil. "Just as everything gets lively that this condemned gun would jam! God bless the man that invented it! Dam' fool! I know a bigger one!—a guy that would put in for a job in a machine-gun outfit when he could have stayed in a depot brigade the rest of his life! Get up off your belly, Mackintosh! Stand around! Be some use!"

"I don't know anything about the dam' gun!" protested Mackintosh from a safe position in the ditch.

"Well, come up here and learn!" replied Gordon. "Think I'm going to get killed while a goddam' recruit stays in his hole? Come up here!"

When a machine gun jams there are certain things to do at once, just as when a motor car stops on the road. The driver, that is, the gunner, throws up the hood, in the case of a gun the cover. He pulls the belt back and forth, he removes the round from the chamber and looks at it. He works the bolt. He swears a little or a great deal, depending on the situation.

Gordon swore a great deal. He kept up a running fire of comment on each and every part of the gun as he examined it. He inserted the clearing plug in the chamber and found it came away empty. He picked up a handful of ejected cartridges to examine them for ruptured or swollen cases, and since some of them were almost red-hot, he burned his hands.

A group of about fifty Germans suddenly appeared from behind the railroad track, and dashing across the open, disappeared in a hollow. A roar from the Americans greeted them, but not one single German dropped, and in the hollow they were in a

dead space, that is, one that the rifle fire of the men on the road could not reach, due to the conformation of the ground. But a machine gun, now—

"Hey! What the hell yuh doin' on that machine gun—playin' blackjack?"

"Gwan! Open up with that! Juh see all them Boche? Pick it up an' look for it afterwards!"

"He-e-e-y! You on the machine gun! Knocked off for lunch or what?"

"For God's sake, tell that gang to shut up!" panted O'Neil. "Here, Droghan, you're not doing anything, tell them to pipe down!"

"Sure, I have nothing to do with the gun!" replied Cat-Pie calmly from the ditch. "It's not yelling at me they are. Tell 'em yourself."

"No, but you're nearer, you double-starred Hibernian!"

Gordon, after each jerk of the belt, inspection of the chamber, or hauling of the bolt from front to rear, would relay the gun and pull the trigger. The gun would fire one round or two rounds, a burst of four, perhaps, and then subside. It was this that irritated the gunners and the infantry.

Just then the first demijohn arrived from the trench mortar. It fell short but made a tremendous racket and showered half a ton of mud about. The infantry made no more comments about the machine gun. They were too busy.

"What are the bullets still stickin' in the belt for?" asked Mackintosh.

"What bullets?" cried the other two.

Mackintosh pointed. Here and there in the belt, and on the wrong side of the gun, were bullets with no cartridges. Gordon swore again and beat his fist on the ground. Why hadn't he felt those bullets in jerking the belt? Why hadn't he examined the belt anyway? Too much excitement, too big a hurry! The belt was filled with defective ammunition.

He had heard of such a thing, but had never encountered it before. The bullets were loose, and the extractor jerked out the cartridge case but left the bullet in the belt. Naturally the gun did not function.

Up went the cover again, and knowing what to look for, Gordon could see powder grains on the mechanism. There must have been quite a pile of it under the gun, but he had not looked: he had just grabbed a handful of hot cartridges.

"Pull the rest of the belt out of the box, O'Neil, and see if it's defective or not!"

O'Neil examined the rest of the belt, and Gordon blew the powder out of the chamber or slapped it out with a bandanna handkerchief.

"Come on!" he cried at last. "Put in a new belt! Let's see what we can do!"

A trench-mortar bomb struck on the bank just behind them, tumbled about twelve yards of dirt into the ditch, and nearly buried Milo alive. He was not the only wounded man there; there were plenty more of them now. Stretcher bearers and neighbouring infantry hurriedly dug them out of the dirt that covered them and removed them to another place farther along the ditch. This was extremely difficult, owing to the care with which the wounded had to be handled not to cause them pain, and the fact that the enemy was near enough now to distinguish the Americans against the background of yellow earth. This meant that anyone who moved had to do so with his body doubled

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"FIRST TO FIGHT FOR RIGHT AND FREEDOM"



ABOUT five o'clock on the afternoon of June 11, 1898, a sudden and violent splatter of rifle fire was heard from the direction of the outposts. The Marines laboring in the erection of Camp McCalla snatched their rifles from the ground and flung themselves in a position of defense. Eagerly they looked about for signs of the enemy, but only the same scene greeted their eyes. There lay the charred bones of what remained of the Spanish camp, the long ridge sloping downward from the rear, and the surrounding country, covered with an almost impenetrable tangle of brush. Below them, riding serene and peaceful in the roadsteads of Guantanamo Bay, were four lean, eager ships of war, the "Panther," "Yosemite," "Marblehead," and the "Texas." Their white, cannon-studded hulls glittered in the dying sun.

There was more firing in the outposts and a detachment of Marines was dispatched from camp to reinforce them. Colonel Huntington examined the position with grave apprehension. In his military judgment he noted the narrowness of the crest upon which the camp was situated, and the mountain, some twelve hundred yards to the rear. An effective, long range fire could be delivered from that point. The morale of the men, the colonel observed, was high, although they were wearied from the task of hauling supplies and equipment up the steep embankment.

The firing in the outposts increased and began in a new direction, as if the Spaniards had started a flanking movement. In the growing darkness about the camp there were no signs of hostilities, but ever since the Marines had landed there on the morning of the tenth, they had been conscious of being watched by unseen eyes from the dense undergrowth. Companies C and D had landed first and deployed along the beach while the cruisers' guns thundered out from the bay. Joyfully the men scrambled up the slope. There they burned the remains of a festering, disease-breeding Spanish camp, and established themselves on the crest of the 150-foot bluff. Patrols and outposts were flung forward and they settled down to make themselves at home. Dewey, a little mongrel pup with more fleas than lineage, but proud of his association with the ship's guard, frolicked in gladsome appreciation of his shore liberty.

The distant action in the outposts continued. Rumor drifted back that D Company had lost two men, McColgan and Dumphy, who were on advance patrol.

Darkness settled down and it began to rain. The Marines huddled together, hungry, wet, and thoroughly miserable. Suddenly a vicious blast of rifle fire seared out from the undergrowth. The battalion jumped to its feet as one man. They flung themselves behind the protection of rolled tents and other improvised shelter. Here was concrete action, close at hand, and they turned to their task gleefully. The concealed foe poured another volley into the camp. Miraculously no one was injured and the Marines replied with vigorous energy. Then abruptly as it had begun, the action ceased. The men waited for a while and then bedded themselves down for the night. Out in the bay the fleet asked questions by winking their tiny lights. The signal squad in camp replied that there had been contact with the enemy but no casualties. The signalmen had an old cracker box on the edge of a trench. They flashed their mes-

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

sages by having one lantern stationary on the box and moving another to the left or right for dots and dashes.

Scarcely had the battalion settled down when another attack burst forth. The men sprang to arms once more. Bullets drummed through the camp. Somewhere on the flank a machine gun opened up in a long snarl. The Marines fired with business-like precision at the red tongues that spat at them from the bushes. The firing stopped. The night wore on and by midnight the battalion had repulsed two more assaults.

About one o'clock in the morning a more determined offensive was begun. This appeared to be a combined attack from the South, Southeast, and Southwest, and was the most serious yet experienced by the besieged. Assistant Surgeon John B. Gibbs, USN., was mortally wounded. Mauser bullets ripped like a blast of hail through the camp, and the only targets the Marines could distinguish were the flashing from countless rifles.

Colonel Huntington stood beside the signalman as he notified the fleet. The moving light attracted the attention of the

Spanish snipers and they directed a deadly fire against it. Coolly the signalman moved his lantern: "Dot-dash, dash, dash, dot-dash." Adjutant Draper and Captain McCauley were apprehensive over the colonel's disregard for personal safety.

"Colonel, won't you step down, Sir?"

"Why, I guess I am in no more danger than the man."

"But, Sir—" began the adjutant.

"Oh, it's all right, Draper."

The attack continued toward morning. Sergeant Smith was killed and several men wounded. When dawn came tents were struck and all material removed to the bay side of the hill. Bleary-eyed from lack of sleep and the strain of combat, the Marines dug a trench in

the south front, about forty yards across, and barricaded their position. Through it all a harassing, sniping fire was delivered from the security of the underbrush.

All through the day and night the battle persisted, the Marines answering with professional assiduity. More men were wounded and Sergeant Major Good was killed. But the battalion had a foothold now, and was hanging on tenaciously. They knew that at the first sign of faltering the enemy would take heart and rush the camp, overwhelming it by sheer numbers. Only a determined show of defense could prevent that.

Out on the bay the ships had approached as close to the shore as they dared, and beams from their searchlights stabbed through the darkness, searching the bushes for concealed riflemen. During the night Colonel Enrique Tomas, Cuban army, arrived with reinforcements of some sixty insurgents. This was a thankful addition to the Marines, as the detachment comprised many who were perfectly acquainted with the terrain.

They brought information to Colonel Huntington that a Cusco, an abandoned plantation some six miles distant, a Spanish headquarters had been established. He also learned that the only water available to the enemy for a considerable distance was at this place. The destruction of the well was a military necessity.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth, Companies C and D and a detachment of native troops, all under command of Colonel Tomas, set out for the purpose of assailing the headquarters and destroying the well. First Lieutenant L. C. Lucas commanded C Company, and Captain William F. Spicer commanded D.



Out in the bay the ships had approached as close to the shore as they dared, and beams from their searchlights stabbed through the darkness, searching the bushes for concealed riflemen.

It was a hot morning. Over the long, tortuous footpaths the column threaded. A tangle of thorny underbrush impeded them and machettes were needed to clear the trails. Slowly the expedition cut its way, ascending gradually to the first ridge of Cusco Hills.

The main body proceeded toward a distant pass while half the Cubans and the first platoon of Company D, commanded by Lieutenant Lucas, passed over a mountain on the left, hoping to cut off the enemy pickets before an alarm could be sounded. In this they were unsuccessful. They were observed and the outpost retreated toward Cusco.

In the meantime Captain Elliott, with the remainder of C Company, left camp under the bluffs on the shore, marched his command at quick time, and began skirting the enemy's left and rear. They had progressed nearly a mile before their movements were discovered. The enemy immediately pushed forward to attain the superior position of a lofty crest. Captain Elliott, too, saw the strategic value of the crest, and a race began between the two hostile columns. The sun blazed down from the cloudless sky, blistering the faces of the sweating Marines as they struggled through the entangling brush. It was torturing progress. Snake-like vines and creepers entwined themselves about the feet of the men and tripped them. Keen-edged briars ripped their clothing and flesh. Haggard and bleeding, they staggered on, led by the sixty-year-old captain, whose suffering was even greater than that of the younger men.

Gradually the two forces closed on each other. The Marines won the summit just as the enemy reached a knob in the center of the main pass. Seeing that the Americans would gain the objective, the Spaniards settled down where they were and opened fire.

The Marines dug in and took stock of their surroundings. They lay like a horse-shoe encircling Cusco Valley. They could see the well and the building that housed the Spanish officers. A heliograph was flashing from its roof, flashing frantic messages across the bay; but the grim, white "Dolphin" lay close inshore. No reinforcements could pass her guns.

Captain Spicer and his command arrived from the other direction just in time to catch the fury of the enemy's volleys in their faces. The men flung themselves down and added their rifles to those of Captain Elliott's detachment.

The battle increased in violence and the Marines began to suffer severely from the lack of water. The Cubans in their excitable fashion blazed away with utter disregard for the scarcity of ammunition. Soon their exhausted supply had to be replenished from the meager belts of the Marines.

There were six companies of Spanish troops out there in the wilderness of tropical shrubbery, and the handful of Marines began to itch to rush across the stretch of simmering sand that separated them from the enemy and drive him out into the open. It would be folly, the captain knew, for the men would be cut to pieces before they had started. He called for a signalman to ask the "Dolphin" to shell the enemy stronghold.

Private John Fitzgerald stopped working his bolt long enough to proclaim himself as such. There wasn't much competition for the honor, so he slipped to the bay side of the ridge and began waving his flag. Receiving no reply he decided that the background must be poor, and there was nothing else for him to do but return to the ridge and stand perfectly outlined against the clear, blue sky. Coolly and deliberately he waved his flag back and forth.

The Spaniards concentrated their fusillades against him, but he remained unharmed through the leaden storm. The ship caught his signal and replied and soon their shells were whipping over the ridge and bursting around the well.

Although the Americans had a better position, the enemy was far superior in numbers and composed of the most formidable corps in the Spanish Army, the Escuadra de Guantánama, who were familiar with every shrub and tree in the hills. They

made the best of their knowledge and fought stubbornly from behind rocks and the concealment of bushes, but the accurate rifles of the Marines searched them out and turned their enthusiasm into consternation. Lieutenant Lucas moved in and the Dons began retreating slowly, fighting in frenzied desperation.

In the meantime Lieutenant Magill, who had been with one platoon of Company A on outpost patrol, was attracted by the intense firing. Fearing for the safety of the Marines he pushed forward to support them.

The shells of the "Dolphin" were still sweeping the woods. They began dropping dangerously close to Lieutenant Magill's command; for the gunners were ignorant of the latest movement. They crashed full in the narrow gully through which he must advance. Captain Elliott observed the danger and called for a signalman. The "Dolphin" must be warned to lift her range at once. The air was filled with screeching Mauser bullets, and a heavy pall of smoke hovered over the defenders.

A young sergeant laid aside his hot rifle and got to his feet. From somewhere he produced a signal flag and attached it to a crooked stick. That flag, suitably encased and labeled, now rests in the Auditorium of the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., to eternize the deed.

With calm deliberation Sergeant Quick turned his back to the enemy. They could see the flag waving to attract the ship's attention, and they opened fire furiously. Bullets cut through the bushes by his side and screamed overhead. No clearer target was ever presented, for he stood erect, plainly silhouetted against the sea-blue background. With neither haste nor impatience he waved his flag to and fro. At last he was observed by the ship. Bullets were snarling now in countless numbers, but he paid no attention to them. Letter by letter his flag cut down to the right and left. Once it caught on the thorns of a cactus. He uttered an exclamation of annoyance and jerked it free. From every thicket and bush hostile riflemen were pouring their fire against him. He stood with his legs spread and his face was grave and imperturbable as a bronzed idol. At last he finished, and when assured that his message was understood, he picked up his rifle and resumed his place on the line.

The fire of the "Dolphin" shifted and the Dons burst like frightened rabbits into the open. They were caught on three sides now and their only escape was up precipitous

mountain paths. They flung aside their weapons and scurried off. With an exultant whoop the Marines leaped in pursuit.

Here and there a handful of courageous men, with the blood of Old Spain still burning in their veins, halted to make a determined stand; but the onslaught of the Americans was not to be stayed. They swept in like the roaring surf against a sea wall, pushing resistance before them. The Dons scattered and the Marines sought them out. Some they prodded from the bushes, some from the refuge of rocks and crags. Others sought shelter in their headquarters and were trapped there. A few, holding life cheaply and honor dear, elected to die with their faces to the foe.

When the last defense was overcome, the Marines destroyed the well and the heliograph and burned the headquarters. Collecting their prisoners, they began the return journey to Camp McCalla.

It was quiet in camp that evening. No tumult of battle assailed the ears and the stars winked down in calm serenity on the sleeping Marines who had carried the fire-swept hills of Cusco. And a Cuban patriot gave thanks for the deliverance of his country, and in his prayers he included the sturdy, tanned, soldiers of the sea, who were once again the "First to Fight for Right and Freedom."



Gradually the two forces closed on each other.



SOJOURNERS HONOR MAJOR GENERAL NEVILLE

By Lt. C. Prichard

Amid military pomp and an assemblage of distinguished guests of military and naval officers, including General Hugh Matthews, Quartermaster General of the U. S. Marine Corps, and a most distinguished gathering of sojourners, representing the U. S. Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Organized Reserves, National Guard and other branches of the service, the New York chapter (13) of the National Sojourners gave their sixth annual banquet and ball in honor of the Major General Commandant Wendell C. Neville, U. S. Marine Corps, at the Hotel Astor, New York City, on Saturday, April 26, 1930.

It was with deepest regret that the multitude learned of the sad illness of the Commandant, which prevented his attendance, and a shadow of gloom quickly spread over the brilliant and colorful gathering of nearly two thousand guests, when it was learned that the physicians had advised him against making the journey.

It was not until the vast assemblage had been assured by General Matthews, who represented the Commandant, that General Neville's condition was improved and that he was now not in serious danger, did the gloomy shadows lift and the true Marine Corps spirit and Sojourners aspect prevail.

Two thousand Sojourners and their guests, with bowed heads, silently followed Chaplain Tintner, U. S. A. R., in prayer for the speedy recovery of Commandant Neville.

Sojourners are universally famous for the manner in which they entertain—especially the New York Chapter. If that is to serve as any criterion, then it is assured that a goodly time was had by all and a vote of thanks should be sent the entertainment committee for their sixth annual success, which proved most colorful and elaborate, featuring interesting and amusing talks of the Corps, and the surprise event by introducing Major S. L. Rothafel, U. S. Ma-

rine Corps Reserve, better known as the Marine Corps' famous "Roxy," and his entire gang direct from Roxy's Theatre, New York City.

Roxy's talented artists, accompanied by his theatre orchestra, furnished excellent entertainment during the banquet, and won for themselves a place in the heart of every Sojourner.



Left to right: Col. Orpen-Palmer, C. M. G., D. S. O., Commandant Shanghai Vol. Corps; Lt. Col. H. F. Wirgman, U. S. M. C. Fleet Marine Officer, U. S. Atlantic Fleet; Colonel Mallet, commanding French Forces in Shanghai; Brigadier Major Price Williams, D. S. O., M. C., British Defense Forces; Col. C. H. Lyman, U. S. M. C., commanding 4th Regt. U. S. Marines. Behind Colonel Palmer is Captain Shibyama (Baron), commanding H. I. M. J. Naval Landing Party in Shanghai.

There was not a dull moment throughout the programme from the reception to the last dance; Home Sweet Home, which was rendered by Leon Springer's Orchestra.

First Call was sounded rather early (6:15) when stragglers of all description and rank were seen filing through to the huge but beautifully decorated gold reception room—but when mess call was sounded thirty minutes later every one seemed to have a place at a table and no absentees were noticeable.

Procession of the Colors was next on

the programme. A smart looking bugler from the Marine Barracks, in appropriate Blue dress, his trumpet decorated with the scarlet hanging pennant and dress cord, sounded "attention." A Marine Corps color guard marched front and center to present the colors to Brigadier General Sydney Grant, President New York Chapter No. 13. With the

President were the guests of honor, and other guests, which included Honorable Charles H. Johnson, Admiral Plunkett, Colonel E. A. Greene, Captain Urmacht, CWS., Chaplain G. W. Roeder, and others.

Directly over where the distinguished guests sat were the Marine colors.

Mrs. E. W. Holden and Marines from the Navy Yard, next, presented a tableau—"THE CORPS," which was followed by Roxy's rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Invocation by Rev. Dr. B. A. Tintner, Chaplain, U. S. Army Reserve Corps.

Following, speeches were broadcast by the principal speakers of the evening. General Matthews, Admiral Plunkett and Chaplain Tintner spoke in a most delightful manner of their interesting experiences and pleasant association with the Corps and it was highly gratifying to hear them and to know of their keen feeling and warm affection they have for our Corps.

Then when Roxy's orchestra and his entire gang struck off: "From the halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli," and the several representatives of the Corps stood at rigid attention it was a thrilling moment and a genuine feeling of

pride for us to claim the title of the United States Marines.

GENERAL BARNETT, WARTIME COMMANDANT, DIES IN WASHINGTON

Major General George Barnett, retired, Commandant of the United States Marine Corps from 1914 to 1920, died at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., on April 27, 1930.

The General, suffering from heart trouble, had been under treatment vari-

ous times at the hospital for about nine months. After spending a few days at his home, General Barnett reentered the hospital on the evening of his birthday, December 9. On Thursday, April 24, the General contracted pneumonia and his condition grew steadily worse. Death had been expected for several hours before the end.

Major General Barnett was born in Lancaster, Wisconsin. He was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1881, and was commissioned second lieutenant in the Marine Corps in 1883. During the Spanish-American War he was promoted to captain, and in 1901 to major. Four years later he had risen to a lieutenant-colonel. He was commissioned colonel in 1910, and in February, 1914, was appointed Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps.

On June 18, 1920, General Barnett resigned his office but was made permanent major general by Act of Congress, May 27, 1921, in consideration of his notable services in the World War.

The General was then placed in command of the Department of the Pacific, with headquarters at San Francisco. He retired from active duty in 1923, after serving fifty-two years in the Marine Corps, more than eighteen of which were spent at sea or in foreign stations.

Funeral services were held at the Epiphany Church on Wednesday, April 30. Interment was in Arlington National Cemetery in the section reserved for the members of the Naval Academy class of 1881.

Military and Naval officers, including many who served with General Barnett overseas, attended the services. Members of the famous class of '81 acted as pallbearers.

Brigadier General John T. Myers, U. S. M. C., commanded the military escort, composed of one battalion of Marines and the Marine Band. A thirteen-gun salute was fired as the cortege entered the cemetery.

The Road to Arlington

A Tribute to

Maj. Gen. George Barnett, U. S. M. C., retired, wartime commandant of the Marine Corps, class of '81, U. S. Naval Academy. Obit. April 27, 1930.

[Section 5, Arlington National Cemetery, reserved and set aside by Secretary of War John W. Weeks for the interment of himself and classmates of the famous class of 1881, United States Naval Academy. Gen. Barnett and Secretary Weeks were classmates and roommates while cadets at Annapolis.]

In panegyric bards have sung
Their paeans to a King;

An aureole—a halo flung
Around him seems to cling;
But, when each lays his sceptre down,
His earthly mission done,
The monarch takes, without a crown,
The Road to Arlington.

As frail and fleeting as a flower,
Fame is ephemeral;
It blossoms—withered in an hour,
Soon but to fade and fall;
The glamour of each silver star,
Which on his shoulder shone
Illumines, through those gates ajar,
The Road to Arlington.

The Star of Destiny, of power—
Of evanescent fame—?



Pallbearers with the remains of Maj. Gen. George Barnett, leaving Epiphany Church, Washington, D. C.

Inevitable is the hour;
It ceases as it came:
Our transient grasp, of glory gone,
The honors we have won—
From heights sublime each passes on
The Road to Arlington.

Where toil and travail, riches, ruth,
With sorrow and joy blend;
Where cares of age and hopes of youth
Merge in the path we wend;
Life's trials shared—the debt each owed
We've paid, nor would we shun—
It heartens us along the road,
The Road to Arlington.

Aye! We have walked Old Friendship's
Road
Down Memory Lane together;
Have lightened, each, the other's load
Through fair and gloomy weather;

And now, to cheer us on the track

Which leads to life's December,
The glory of the past comes back—
We can not but remember!
As twilight nears, the Westering Sun,
Whose rays, declining, blind us,
Irradiates the path we've run—
The long, long trail behind us;
Its mellow radiance salves our aches;
Of rancor there is none—
It dissipates, as each one takes
The Road to Arlington.

It flings a halo o'er the Past—
Around it weaves a glamour—
An aureole whose spell is cast
Upon life's panorama;

It beautifies the drab and
dun
With roseate allegory,
And lights the Road to
Arlington
With softest tints of
glory.

Of baser dross each
heart is purged,
Where grains of gold
now settle,

Fused in life's crucible
and merged
Into a nobler metal:

We, boot to boot and
breast to breast,

Have ridden, "Hell—
for—Leather"—

And, when the last shall
sink to rest,
We'll lie there close
together.

Ah! Life is brief and
Time is fleet

And swiftly speed the
hours,

As, Hermes-heel'd, on
winged feet,

Must fade our fairest
flowers;

In dreamless slumber
will be found

There, side by side,
each one,

United on that hallow'd
ground,

Our plot in Arlington.

'Tis broken, now, that
brave phalanx!

With ever-widening
gaps,

The waver, lag—the
thinning ranks,

Upon their final laps:

With tott'ring forms and falt'ring tread,
The flower of "Eighty-one"
Camps with the "Bivouac of the Dead,"
At rest in Arlington!

He lays him down; his sword is sheathed,
That sword in honor drawn;
And never truer soldier breathed
Than he who now is gone!

A paladin who drew his sword
For Right—his course is run:

His stainless, two-starr'd flag is
lower'd—

He sleeps in Arlington!

The trailing standard, crepe bedeck'd,
The funeral-draped caissons:—

To muffled drums, with heads erect,

Behind the rumbling guns:

With measur'd step our way we wend
Toward the setting sun—

The last lap of the journey's end—
The Road to Arlington!

Across the bridge we slowly wind—
And, now, the plot appears:
The escort halts, with ranks aligned,
The stolid cannoneers.
Three volleys crash—a bugle blends
Its notes with evening gun:
The goal is reach'd, his journey ends—
The Road to Arlington!

C. M. PERKINS,

April 29, 1930.

'81, U. S. N. A.

M. D. U. S. S. "WYOMING" By "Hymie"

Whee! Five days to New York! Our four months in these southern waters are up, and today the "Cowboy Pig-Iron" takes off for God's Country (Ye author hails from New York, Brooklyn, you know). New York's Police Commissioner, Grover Whalen, sent us a MSG of welcome. It won't be long now. We understand that the I. R. T. and the B. M. T. subway officials are planning to install pillows and blankets on all benches in their subway stations for the benefit of the tired Marines on their way back to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

On arriving at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, we go into drydock to give the ship's bottom a scraping, and make some other slight repairs. The beauty of it all will be the six weeks of liberty we will enjoy. After a slight rest aboard ship, shipmate Kelleher is preparing to visit the Heavenly City, Hoboken, N. J. We can assure you that he will not be alone in his investigations of the hidden charms of the city.

Coincident with our arrival, we will lose several of our ship-mates by transfer. Corporals Brooks and Williamson will go on duty in the yard. Alton, we believe, has several interesting addresses in Greenwich Village, and Gun Striker Bully Osteen goes to Pensacola, Florida. Top Kick Dessau is taking a thirty-day leave to be with his family in New York. Hope you like our home town, Top!

Without mentioning the baseball team, this scribe can't continue. When the "Texas" Marine whaleboat crew beat the "Wyo's" gang, they began crowing over their victory. Then several of Al Caponi's disciples in this detachment or-

ganized a baseball team, had several inter-divisional games on the ship, then went out and took the "Nevada," "Oklahoma," and "Maryland" in quick succession, for a buggy ride. Then on that fateful day, Tuesday, April 22nd, on the Marine diamond at Guantanamo Bay, the "Texas" Marine baseball nine met the "Wyo" cowboys. Caesar met his Brutus; Xerxes met his Thermopylae; Napoleon his Waterloo; Von Hindenburg met the Gyrenes at Chateau Thierry, and the "Lone Star" nine met the "Wyo" Bronc Busters.

And these Busters busted everything that the "Texas" pitchers had. All three of them! And our musical music, Hatch, pitched like the mighty Mathewson did at his best. Only three "Texas" men ever reached third! When the carnage was over, and the pieces cleared away from the field, we discovered that we had garnered only seventeen runs to the "Texas" none. 17-0. The whaleboat crew is avenged.

Aiding Hatch was Thornton, Brooks, Seymour, Foster, Cox, Kelleher, and Laughry. Wotta team!

Just got four new recruits in the detachment. Messieurs les Privates Wolf, Dean, McClendon, and Culligan. Welcome to our happy home. Lend us a pack of butts, will ya?

When we left Ponce, Porto Rico, last week, several of the gay blades began to memorize Rudy Vallee's song dedicated to Wall Street, "We owe everybody, we owe!" Water Tight Simpson is starting his spring preening. Ah! New Jersey calls. For the next thirty days, "Sahgent" Johnny Mastny will have taken off for parts unknown. Where, oh where, has our Holland Laddy gone? And Johnnie isn't the only one taking leave. Not with the whole gang rating furlough and asking for it.

Oy! Tomorrow we have the Admiral's inspection. Rifle clean? Inspection suit ready? Shoes, belt, and marksmanship badges shined? Yes? Let's go! Then so long khaki, and we break out the blues.

'Tis rumored that the "Wyo" will be scrapped. Ha! Six weeks liberty in New York, and we'll all be wrecked. See you all in New York. Goom-bye plizzo.

U. S. S. "DENVER" SPECIAL SERVICE SQUADRON, CORINTO, NICARAGUA

By Me

U. S. S. "Denver" sounding off for no good reason at all. We find it absolutely necessary to let the world know that Bill Casey and Pat McGarty are now corporals, not to say anything about Crafton, our cook, making Pfc.

Ritzzy Ritter is still single, but who knows how long it is going to last? You sure nearly got your foot in it in the last two ports, Ritzzy. Think it over carefully, boy, and see what love, etc., did to half the non-coms on board now. Not mentioning any names, but L. dub, and a certain corpuscle sure ain't natural anymore; and besides that, don't forget the allotment.

Corporal McGarty, Privates Bairefoot, Walker, and Williams, our detachment boxers, went to the smoker on the "Pensacola" recently to box the young hopefuls on that ship. They didn't do so badly, only four of them were knocked out.

Sergeant Hagerdon, our mail orderly, has gone goofy over the doggies. I say goofy because he hasn't won anything yet and he still thinks his luck may change.

We are going to Corinto to see how much ammunition we can expend during the next three weeks. I don't expect it is necessary to explain where Corinto is, since it is counted with the first twenty-five "big" cities of Nicaragua.

Every time someone mentions Corinto, Corporal Evans gets that far-away look in his eye. Wassamatter, George?

Putala bought cigarettes this month and Trumpeter Edwards blew three good calls except for a few notes, but what's a few notes between friends?

Nelson, our dreaming drummer, is still dreaming and drumming, and one of those funny hickeys with flat feet just said "You can't stand there, Marine," so das all dere is to it, dere ain't no more.

HELENA DETACHMENT, CANTON, CHINA

By The Gang

This detachment does not claim to be serving on the biggest ship, nor the speediest ship afloat. However, we do claim to be serving on the smallest having a Marine detachment as part of its complement. Also we are on board the second oldest ship afloat having a Marine detachment. The U. S. S. "Rochester" has a two-year start on our "Pride of the Seas." We have with us two stalwarts who served on the "Rochester," and both state that their U. S. S. "Helena" surpasses anything they have ever seen.

We dropped over to the Marine Rifle Range (British) at Hongkong, China, during the early part of this year and qualified fourteen experts, ten sharpshooters, and four marksmen, for which we draw \$100.00 gold, or \$268.85 Mex each month.

First Lieutenant James E. Jones is our popular commanding officer, with the additional duties of officer of the deck and welfare officer. First Sergeant Jeremiah Twohig is the mamma and Sergeant Emmett Patrick Hughes is the lovable police sergeant who announces every morning: "Get on your cleaning stations." Both these non-coms are waiting for the "Henderson" to take them to the States on completion of their second tour in the Asiatic. They sometimes get talking of



Marine Corps Officers bid farewell to officers of the Scots Guards on the latter's departure from Shanghai. In foreground are Colonel Lyman, U. S. M. C., and Lt. Colonel Warner, D. S. O., Scots Guards.

which ships were on the China Station back in 1914 and what police sergeants were aboard them.

Tennis is a very popular game with the mail orderly, while sampan riding is the pastime others prefer. One business place out here that is very popular is the British Naval Canteen; can't tell why so many visit it.

There is no brig post on this 1897 model of ours. The door of the brig is wide open and the paint work has not been soiled in several months.

"The Leatherneck" is eagerly sought after, and is our most popular magazine. It is the only medium through which we can find out what the rest of the Corps is doing.

Well, we'll be seein' you again next month.

"SARATOGA" CHIPS

By H. Thomas

Another year's maneuvers practically over, and everyone aboard can't help but feel a little glad; also proud of the way the old "Sara" showed that she was a serious contending figure throughout the maneuvers.

But it wasn't all work down South. Most of you know about Panama and Guantanamo, so a word about Bridgetown, Barbados.

Upon the ship's arrival at Bridgetown she was immediately visited by the island's officials, who extended a hearty welcome to all hands; of which courtesy everyone proceeded to take advantage. There were excursions almost every day to all parts of the island. The making of sugar and the growing of sugar cane seem to be the chief industry there.

Not the least interesting was the native life. They live in small huts on plantations, either as minor landowners or hired help. They take their produce to market in small carts, pulled by equally small burros.

Bridgetown itself is the island headquarters. It is a typical seaport town, narrow streets lined with more or less open market places. It is picturesque in the residential district and very busy in the business district.

In return the people paid the ship a visit every day during our stay, and there was always a swarm of boats surrounding the ship. In some were natives who would dive for coins. They must have been Scotch, for they never lost any.

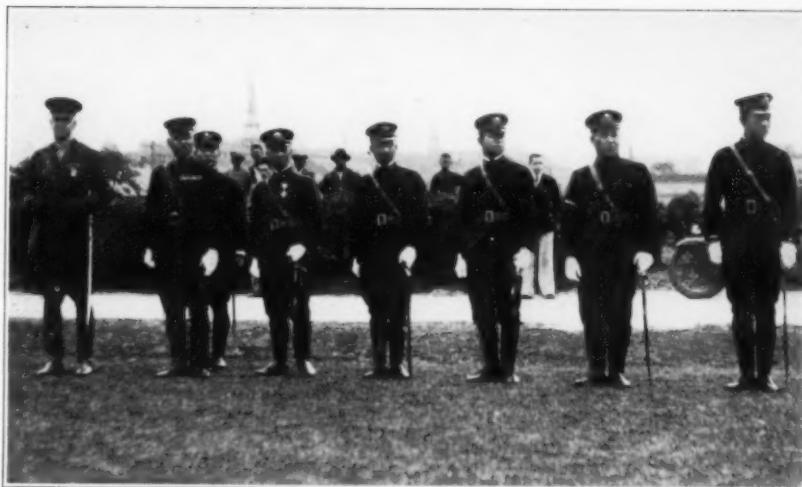
In general the stay there was enjoyed by all. When the ship left, we were torn between regret of leaving and the joy of soon arriving at Norfolk, Virginia; where we are at the present writing.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By Lem

The big noise at Guantanamo Bay this last month—at any rate, in the interest of the largest number involved as we folks who can't be high experts and fire in the West Indies matches each year naturally turned to that we could do a better turn at—was the big all-event spring athletic tournament staged by athletic officer Lieutenant R. O. Bare, assisted by a staff of non-coms who supervised individual competitions.

The post exchange was the donor of a batch of prizes that were certainly nifty to look at as the proud possessors displayed same following the close of the tournament. Our post exchange offi-



Captain Matsumoto, H. I. J. M., and staff of the Japanese Landing Party in Shanghai are guests of Col. C. H. Lyman, U. S. M. C. (on left), at review of 4th Regiment U. S. Marines.

cer, 1st Lieutenant Kenneth Chappell, whom we are glad to notice recently received his increase in grade from Marine Corps Headquarters, has the appreciation of the men of the post for his help in putting the affair over.

Of course the tennis tournament was a hard-fought affair, there being two classes, A and B. Corporal Steve Disco, high man in the former, and Private Cowboy Caballera Owsley, top notcher in the second, Disco to emerge post champ in the final event. Plenty of entries kept the tennis promoters, PM-Sgt. McGrory and Sergeant Witt, on their toes until the final match was played.

PM-Sgt. Martin A. McGrory, who departed from hereabouts on the April "Kittery," beat all the younger and spry hands at the game of handball and was declared winner of this field. Corporal Barry had charge of the handball tournament and though quite a handball artist himself, had to bow to another on the court.

Hornstein's Youngsters cleaned up in the volleyball scrap, six teams being entered. Sgt. Walter Holzworth had charge of the volleyball competition, laid out the court in first class shape, and refereed all games. Hornstein's teammates were as follows: Bauserman, Rieser, Prejna, Hebert, Althoff and Mannen.

Pfc. Harr's El Tropical nine won the indoor baseball tournament which was supervised by Sgt. Wm. Reeves. The post exchange presented each member of the winning indoor baseball and volleyball teams with a handy flashlight.

Now comes the big events: Pool, Acy Ducey, Pinochle, and Bowling. Corporal Hanna, whom we quite expected to see triumph in the pool event, gave way to the onslaught of our clever rifle range Marine, Private Jimmie Gillespie. It was a breath-taking game, that final one, and Jim went home with the honors tucked away and a prize, too.

Cpl. T. A. Johnson, a newcomer at our post, beat all competitors in the acy ducy tournament which was held in the library. Pfc. Herman H. Hespeneide directed the acy ducy matches.

The unbeatable team of Haack and

Hanna, the two vets of the post in their game, won the pinochle championship. Belanger and Hespeneide fought these two to a finish after defeating Stuckey and Gillis.

The final reports haven't come in yet on the bowling tournament. So on that we can't report. Sorry. Sergeant Davis, who went to the States on the April "Kittery" as a Guantanamo Bay Elliott Trophy team man, was in charge of the promotion end.

All considered, the tournament went over big, everybody showing a sportsmanlike interest and judging from the present interest in tennis, handball and bowling, these three recreational activities were benefitted by the tournament. Some of the boys are out daily, working up their ability in the game they evidently plan to seek honors in when the next tournament comes off.

Besides others mentioned, 1st Sgt. Lee Saxton and Sergeant Witt deserve appreciation for their interest in the matches.

The other big affair of the month, the firing of the 1930 West Indies Rifle and Pistol matches, was held with Major S. Smith Lee, post commanding officer, in charge, assisted by Capt. G. H. Morse, Jr., 1st Lt. K. B. Chappell and Ch. Pay Clk. L. M. Frankland. Two men from the Guantanamo Bay entries, Corporal Disco and Private Bauserman, won bronze medals in the rifle match. In the pistol match Sergeant R. B. McKinley, who came to this post the first part of April to leave again on the April "Kittery," won first place among the medal winners. 1st Lieut. R. T. Presnell of the Haiti entries again fired high score as in 1929. Gy.-Sgt. Morris Fisher was third in the pistol match and in the rifle match, Gy.-Sgt. Fisher, who coached the local nimrods, arrived a close second to Cpl. B. A. Evans of Haiti, who won first gold.

The excitement is over and we are settling down again for another year hoping for possible tournaments in between to fetch the excitement back again. There's a big range party starting the 5th of May and many of the boys expect to hit their Uncle Sam for an increase in

pay on record qualification day. Gy.-Sgt. John Turney is now in charge of the rifle range in the absence of Gy.-Sgt. Morris Fisher, returned to the States to fire at Quantico.

The main barracks is getting a new flooring, Corporal Ritchie, Pfc. Peebles, Hesperheide, Burns, Allen and Sholtis laying the tongue and groove. Corporal Ritchie is the new head carpenter since Schilling departed. Pvt. James K. Berry is filling the job as post tonsorialist (barbers like to be called that) and Hirs-tius is in the post headquarters office as clerk to 1st Sergeant Klehm, our acting sergeant-major.

The public works department of the Navy has at last got our new washroom and shower room building up and after pulling a fox paw on the shower heads our own first class plumbing outfit installed some nifty shower heads that are anything but the needle showers first installed. Thanks, Bass and Sampley.

On furlough: Koyle, Jay, Wilson, Zem-bruski, John W. Smith, Broadway. Hope you're enjoying yourselves, fellows. For the present there'll be no more furloughs

until some of the boys get back, a post order says.

Corporal McNeil is recovering rapidly from a surgical operation and we're glad to hear our Mac will be with us again soon. And with that we'll close until June. Adios, Broadcast.

ESPRIT DE CORPS—HAVE YOU GOT IT?

By Sergeant Conrad Krieger

Recently a private with nearly four years Marine Corps service, asked this writer, "What's all this stuff about Marine Corps Spirit? How can one know when he has it and what is the usual effect?" To give an appropriate definition to suit all cases would be rather difficult. However, I believe it is better explained by the feelings and sentiments which react within the individual on certain occasions. For instance, how many times after a strenuous tour of guard duty that has left you tired and sleepy, have you bustled about shining your equipment for commanding officer's inspection and during the progress of the

preparation you growled, crabbed, cussed, blared a hundred uncomplimentary remarks about the inconsiderate treatment you are receiving at the hands of the Corps, yet down in your heart you wouldn't miss the ceremony because of your self-assurance of passing one hundred per cent. And how many times when riding in a street car, motor bus, or ferry boat, you overheard someone pass remarks about the service and you sat tight until the Marine uniform was dragged into the discussion. Then you got up with blood in your eyes. And you fellows doing your second "hitch," now counting yourself with the old-timers, how eager you are to tell the "first hitcher" how you "used to do it—in the old Marine Corps!" And that "funny emotion"—which majority of Marines of course deny ever experiencing—that lump which comes up in your throat during parade when the colors and standards pass by; it sorta chokes—reviving a few favorite memories about the Corps which have left a soft spot somewhere within you. Yes, and on certain occasions that lump becomes more acute, ir-

repressible until finally—well, no Marine can be a good shot when his eyes are wet and blurred. Perhaps that sounds a bit sentimental but I've seen it react exactly that way on the toughest man in the company. Anyway, buddie, this is just a trifle of what the outfit really means to you.

Speaking of Marine Corps Spirit, the average man doing his first hitch does not fully realize how strong and irresistible its effect becomes. The Devil Dogs Club here in Seattle is an example. The club consists of one hundred and thirty-five members. Marines and ex-Marines. Of course, the financial prestige of this club is not yet very large. However, in the estimation of other service mens' organizations here, the club holds an enviable reputation for the wonderful work rendered in behalf of its members as well as for Marines and ex-Marines who are not affiliated with the club. Through the influence of the club many discharged Marines have been placed in desirable positions on the "outside." In numerous cases, where ex-Marines or their families were hard pressed because of unemployment, financial assistance was rendered. The club keeps constant vigilance over families of Marines and ex-Marines deceased, and so far, in Seattle, no widow nor family of an ex-Marine or Marine has been forced to carry on without the necessities of a comfortable living. There is no "red tape" connected with club's method of caring for those in need; no oaths to take nor any affidavits to sign; it's just, "is he a Marine or ex-Marine?" that is all.

The majority of the members are World War veterans, most of whom are also affiliated with various national or-



Sunday comic supplements are funny in any language as attested by this U. S. Marine and two native children in Nicaragua.

ganizations here in the city. Yet in most cases they will refrain from attending the large, elaborate functions of those organizations just in order to be present at the Devil Dogs Club. One of our members, Mr. Brandenburg, who fought with the Sixth Regiment, related an incident which occurred at a meeting he attended at one of the other organizations. A spokesman brought up the subject of "spirit and co-operation." Mr. Brandenburg got up and replied, "to learn the meaning of those words, visit the Devil Dogs Club."

Even though these Marine Corps Orders and Clubs throughout the country are primarily the work of former Marines, the recruiting service plays an important part in supervising their success. In most cases, in fact, recruiters are generally the administrators for the clubs. Consequently, through this medium, the recruiting service is constantly preparing a haven for their comrades in the regular service. If Marines, especially short timers, would let themselves be convinced of the sincere help recruiters desire to extend in their behalf, they would find many of their problems appropriately answered.

Amongst "outsiders," it is a commonly quoted statement that the strong prestige and wide popularity of the Marine Corps is but the result of highly proficient publicity work. But if "outsiders" will make a little careful study of the subject, they will find that Marine Corps advertising is but a condensed synopsis of history and tradition; it is not founded upon a commercial or financial basis. Subsequently, when you look at a poster or page through a recruiting pamphlet, you get a brief insight of the history of men who have followed and defended the American flag for one hundred and fifty-five years. In addition you will learn over which seas, or in what part of the world those men—Marines—are cruising or performing duty at the very moment you're reading the pamphlet. The information you derive from recruiting literature is not theoretical; the pictures you see are scenes of actual life and duty enacted by Marines from day to day; the descriptive paragraphs you read give you a general idea as to where you will go, the kind of duty you will perform, and the probable oppor-

tunities you will get during the next four years should you enlist.

It will probably interest you to know that in all thought devoted to entering the Marine Corps, not once did you consider the aspect of pay and allowances. That is because to such Americans, young, venturesome, life harbors ideals for which money cannot compensate; their ideals are vigorous, full of the red-blooded life that comes only to those possessing grit enough to step out and find it. Are you that type? If so, the Marine Corps holds opportunities for you.

M. D., U. S. S. "TEXAS"

By K. R. Way

Now that the whaleboat season is over, we can devote out time and space to the happenings of our detachment. The last broadcast was written enroute to New Orleans, so, dear readers, there is much to be told. We had heard of southern hospitality from such gentlemen as Richardson and Welsh, the goodwill missionaries from Bogalusa, Louisiana, and Slim Tyler of Shreveport, but this was the

first time most of us had the good fortune of experiencing what it really meant. The way they treated the "Texas" men will never be forgotten. The leading theaters were free to service men; there were two dances given in our honor, and the people out-did themselves in being friendly and entertaining. The ladies—ah, gentlemen, I am not poetic enough to tell of their charms. To say that they are wonderful would be doing them an injustice, and if anyone doubts my word, I refer him to Sergeants Hearn and Rairden, confirmed woman haters until our arrival at New Orleans, when Dan Cupid scored two fives with one arrow. Rairden has taken to poetry—(we have to listen to him, he's police sergeant), and Hearn talks incessantly of gardens and flower beds. That blonde egg, Johnson, has doubled his allotment and is talking of going to work. Others were afflicted just as badly but they are either keeping their feelings to themselves or some Porto Rican senorita has made them forget.

We had as many as twenty thousand visitors aboard in one day. That gave



A Nicaraguan musician displays his talent for the entertainment of these U. S. Marines on duty in that country.

the Marines plenty to do in handling the crowds—a job much to our liking. Then, too, we paraded with our sailors, and sailors of the visiting German cruiser "Emden." For this affair, the largest crowd that New Orleans ever experienced, a multitude turned out to give us cheers. It was necessary for the first squad of Leathernecks to precede the band, and in extended order keep back a crowd that policemen with motorcycles couldn't penetrate. We had plenty of good chow, and it was with regret that we left, hoping that the fates would be kind and bring us back again before our cruise is expended.

After that picnic, we met the Battle Fleet in Colon, Panama, and went into maneuvers under war-time conditions. Many years ago Sherman said that war was hell, and with the advent of many modern devices it remains to be in many of our opinions just what old Sherman so aptly stated. We fired force battle practice April 3rd off Guantanamo Bay—everything went off in record time. About ten of our Marines acted as observers in the fourteen-inch turrets. Hillary said that he held his breath when he went in, and couldn't for the life of him let it out until the firing had been completed.

After the fume and smoke had cleared away, we got under way for Ponce, Porto Rico, in company with the "Wyoming" and "Oklahoma." We were met with banners flying and signs of welcome everywhere. The city is typically Spanish and they speak quite a bit of English. The boys started learning Spanish taught so ably by these Spanish *senoritas*. Patterson speaks it quite fluently, but with a Brooklyn brogue. Slim Crowder does fairly well but can't help but put that South Carolina "yo all" into the lingo.

The Marine whaleboat crews from the three ships pulled a race sponsored by the citizens of Ponce, and in this as in every other race this year, the "Texas" came walking in ahead by five boat lengths. We were presented with a cup, two cases of Budweiser, and cigarettes. Nice people, these Porto Ricans.

Everyone enjoyed our visit there and we would have liked to stay a bit longer,

but leaving meant getting closer to New York, the place we call home. Speaking of home, reminds me that we are losing quite a few of the brood upon our arrival. Captain Kendrick, First Sergeant Rasmussen, Gunner Sergeant Long, Sergeant Hogan, Corporals Peters, Dickinson, and Ziegler. Pfc. Engesser, Hollinger, Johnson, Kraker, Nalevanko, Perdue, Welsh, Weinreich, Wods, and Tames, having completed their two years as soldiers of the sea, and with their going is the last of the detachment that did duty in Nicaragua, with the exception of three men who hate to leave the old pig iron and salty air. We have learned a lot about sea goin' from these men and it is our hope to carry on in the same Marine-like manner that has made them outstanding. We all wish you the best of luck, and envy the bunks and showers that will be at your disposal on the beach. Well—so long.

Patty O'Connel says that he doesn't like to call a man a liar, but he can't quite believe that it was Welsh and Burgan who chased Sandino out of Nicaragua, since neither of them are south Boston Irish. Johnson says that he would extend his sea duty a year but what would the women in New Orleans do? Kraker and Woods are itching for a chance to give New Orleans a break too. Weinreich claims that this deciding on what post would appreciate his talents most is getting him down, and after due thought and consideration, has chosen Lil' 'Ole New Yawk. The rest are willing to go most anywhere although Nalevanko wishes they had a dad-gonned post in Iowa.

Larry Wheeler, Art Morgan, and Red Raiden have extended their sea duty for another year. Pfc. Morgan has been promoted to corporal; congratulations, Art! When questioned on how he attained success, he credited it all to his favorite cigarette and toothpaste, which, according to the advertisements gave him the ability to be nonchalant and perfect that personality smile. Wheeler would like to get off in New York, but since his girl has taken to recording love songs and Easter greetings just for him, he's decided that with such inspiring help he can last another year.

Dickinson is counting the days until he can go back to that little wife in Brooklyn, and to her we wish to impart the secret of success for married life with a Gyrene—don't feed him beans. Dame Rumor has it that the Top has gone in for romance—to that we can only repeat the words of Hearn—"be careful, she may be after your money."

Whoopee! We have just received orders to proceed to New York and meet Admiral Pratt. That news has made us so excited that we'll have to stop this broadcast and start borrowing money. Signing off 'till next month.

81ST COMPANY REUNION

At the recent reunion of the Second Division, at Boston, eleven of the old 81st Dog Robbers showed up; and while this was not such a good turnout, the old spirit was there. Those present were: Major Waller, Pete Wood, Mike Bond, Pop Logan, McAvoy, Swearington, Seufert, Vouvier, Jenkins, Colby, and Griffin. Swearington, Seufert, Logan, and Bond were accompanied by their wives.

The following officers were elected unanimously: Bernard L. White, Captain of the Head; Frank E. Logan, Chief Dog Robber; Phil G. Stiles, Pay Clerk; John E. Powers, Privy Counsellor; A. J. Griffin, Company Clerk.

It is hoped that at the Fifth Annual Reunion, Los Angeles, California, June 5, 6 and 7, the 81st Company will be in larger attendance.

The Chicago Squad extends an invitation to all in Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and down-State Illinois to attend their mid-west 81st get together. The date will be October 18th, 1930, chosen late in the fall so it will not conflict with the regular reunion in June.

AN EQUINE MARINE

By Harry C. Donaldson

This is the history of a valiant horse who has lived his life with the Marine Corps since he was a year old.

Tom is one of the oldest, if not the oldest horse in the service, and we of the Marine Barracks, Portsmouth Navy Yard, think his story will let some of the other Marines, soldiers and sailors see what a real soldier is like.

Tom has never learned to use a typewriter, they didn't have them when he was a young Marine, and now he says he is too old to learn, therefore we shall have to record the interview ourselves.

From his service record we learn that Tom was born January 12, 1892, and enlisted in the Marine Corps March 24, 1894, his previous occupation being given as a yearling colt.

In 1898 he was transferred to Cuba, where he served as personal mount to General Elliott. He encountered plenty action in the many skirmishes and battles, and at San Juan Hill he was badly wounded.

In 1913 he was transferred to the Marine Detachment, Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H., later being transferred to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard. On March 30, 1928, he was placed on the retired list, with thirty-four years service to his credit.

Free from martial worries he is now living the life of a retired soldier at the Barracks. He usually arises at 6:30 and calls for his chow; at 7:30 he is curried down and turned loose in the pasture. In



Quarters of Forty-first Artillery Company, U. S. Marines on the Island of Guam.

warm weather he receives a bath at least once a week. At 4:00 p. m. he returns for evening chow, and 6:30 finds him bedded down for the night. He has a peculiar weakness for apples and sugar; and he usually gets what he wants.

While always faithful and willing when on active duty, he refuses to be ridden or worked since retirement. This he will readily prove to anyone trying to ride him, having thrown the sergeant major who recently attempted it. In the past he is very spry, but when hitched to a wagon he becomes quite lame.

Old Tom has served his time and has served it well. He knows this and is now taking advantage of a well-earned rest.

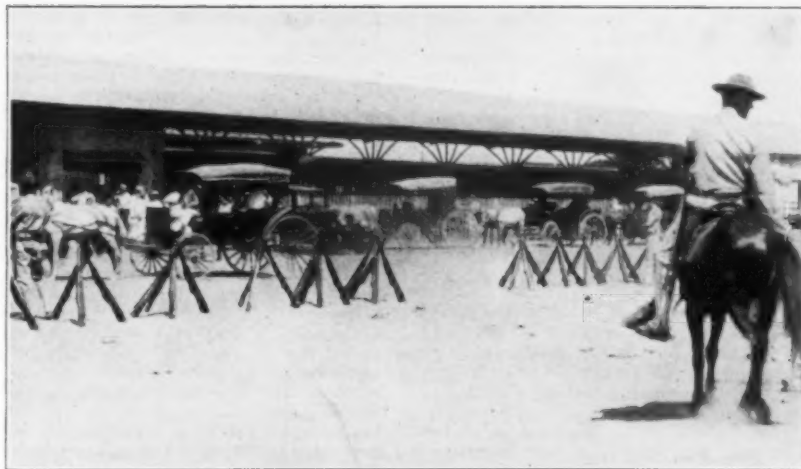
STATION KAPU, PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII

According to the thoughts of the writer of this article, the object of these items are to let the old gang know how everything is going. The men in China are doing a nice piece of work with their publicity; Corporal "Pigtail" Alley was the first to fall for their line and he was successful in gaining many followers for his pilgrimage to the Asiatics. Sergeant Skwiralski, Corporal "Breessee" Nolan and several others are waiting for the next boat, for their transfers have been authorized. Corporals Alley and Kidd, and Private Reddick sailed on the "Henderson" last week for their new posts. "Breessee," who is pulling stroke oar in the Post Laundry, plans to make his home out there and we can't figure out the reason for he is a staid prohibitionist. You folks in China are lucky for you are getting some of our best men, we hate to see them leave.

Nicaragua comes in for plenty of credit for the scribes down there are on the job. To those of us that have served in that country, their notes are like letters from home. It's the same old story—when do we leave this place? Wait, before you have signed the first payroll in the States, you'll wish you were back. When you do return and start to reminisce, you'll forget the hardships, and then she looks mighty different. There are about fifty of us here who have been over the same country you write about and we are always interested in the latest events.

Baseball is under way again and the team looks mighty good for this stage of the season. Sturm, Byram, and Bolander are working on the mound while Tiger is in his old position behind the plate. "Guns" Smith is cutting capers around first, Petty and Lee, C. L., have the Indian Sign on second and short. "Sturdy Mike" Wetja completes the infield. This is a combination that is hard to beat for they play "heads-up" ball. Blassingame, Humphreys, Follinus, Kincheloe, and Shapley, are working in the outfield. They are all good men and its hard to pick out the best. Lieutenant Shapley is coach and the men have acquired his "fight to a finish" spirit. It's easy to predict a successful season under these conditions.

A tennis tournament is in progress between the various activities in the Navy Yard. The Marine team got away to a slow start but during the last round they have been setting a pace that is hard to beat. There is one more match and it will decide the winner. The sub-base has a seven point lead but the men feel sure that they are equal to the occasion. Pri-



Railway Station Plaza at Managua, Nicaragua. Mounted M. P. and stacked arms of Marines who are awaiting the arrival of Admiral Sellers.

vate Wilson is manager and is teamed up with Bond for the first doubles. Bean and Gordon are playing second doubles. Sult and Petty are taking everything in sight as far as the singles are concerned.

Our bowling team is entered in the Senior League and it is mighty fast company. Once in a while a bad break will pull their scores down to a hundred and ninety and its a sad day, but at that they are holding their own, and this is commendable. Levine, Lutz, Erler, Bruggman, and First Sergeant Francis make up the team.

Lieutenant Colonel Randall was transferred to Bremmerton, Major Keyser, his relief, taking over the duties as executive officer. Colonel Randall was highly thought of by the men of his command and we hated to see him leave. But after all, everyone of us is looking forward to the day when we will return to the States.

Thirty year men take notice: Colonel C. B. Taylor is our commanding officer, and although he has been here but a short time he has made a host of friends and is well liked by everyone.

Lieutenant B. W. Atkinson is Post Exchange Officer and he is certainly a genius of finance. Although our command numbers about three hundred and fifty men, he has been able to create funds for the following: One new post exchange truck, a new radio, a new phonograph, a billiard table, and a 20-foot extension of the present Post Exchange building. In addition to the above, he is equipping the new recreation room (now under construction) at the Rifle Range with a radio, pool table, and phonograph.

Lieutenant Alan Shapley is Post Athletic Officer and Mess Officer. From my article you can see that he does not cater to a choice few but tries to interest everyone in some form of athletics. As mess officer and successor to Captain R. E. West, who is on temporary detached duty in the States, we are all more than satisfied that if there is a better feeding post in the Corps, it will take Ripley to prove it—believe it or not.

Chief Marine Gunner Ozabal, our Police Officer, is out to prove that within

six months time our reservation will be more beautiful than Campo de Marte in its prime.

We realize that we are fortunate in having these men as leaders and in charge of the various activities, but we are not selfish. Join us, or if you are enroute to the Asiatics, drop in, you are always welcome.

MARINE DETACHMENT U. S. S. "LEXINGTON"

By Sgt. David K. Leonhard

The home of this detachment is the U. S. S. "Lexington," the largest and fastest naval vessel in the world, costing over \$45,000,000, with a flight deck eight hundred and eighty-eight feet by one hundred and six feet. When planes are taking off or landing (flight quarters) the speed of the ship is usually twenty knots and only men actually engaged in the operation or handling of planes are permitted on the flight deck during this period. The Marine Sergeant of the Guard and his flight sentries see that this is enforced (not so easy with over two thousand men and officers aboard) as all want to see any possible crashes that may occur, but our motto is safety first.

One of the outstanding features of this ship is the speed. When we start somewhere we pass them all, ocean liners included, and one can seldom tell when we are underway, unless he should go up on the flight deck or look out of the boat pockets as it rides so smooth even in rough weather.

This is the ship and crew that the Navy Department loaned to the City of Tacoma, Washington, during the Christmas holidays, thereby saving that city from having to shut down her six hundred industries, and insuring a happy Xmas for many thousands at that time.

The Marines were treated royally during the thirty day stay there and I have yet to hear a member of this detachment say that he would not care to go back.

Leaving Tacoma, Washington, January 17, 1930, we proceeded to Hunters Point, San Francisco, and drydocked. (Did the Marines go over the side I have been asked several times), well, I'll say we did, yours truly was right

there until it was finished. The bottom was scraped and was given two coats of paint in seventeen hours and seventeen minutes actual working hours, which was another record.

The "Lexington" is now operating from Cuatro Reales, Cuba. You will have to consult a navigator's map to find it. We have been attached to the Scouting Fleet for certain problems, and Captain F. D. Berrien, U. S. Navy, is commanding officer of the ship.

The Marine Detachment (7th Division) consists of two officers and seventy-five enlisted men.

Captain B. M. Coffenberg, U. S. M. C., Commanding Marine Detachment, and Second Lieutenant W. R. Williams, U. S. M. C., is the Junior Marine Officer. The Captain is active in athletics and has charge of the ship's baseball team, although hampered by a shortage of experienced players for certain positions, has made a fairly good showing. So cheer up, Captain, and just remember that Connie Mack did not make a pennant winning team in one season.

Second Lieutenant W. R. Williams, formerly from Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, San Diego, California, handles the hundred and one odd duties that befall a Junior Officer of a Marine Detachment, and is always ready to help anyone. The last famous words of the lieutenant are "drill at 10 A. M. on the flight deck." Oh, that we may adopt another hundred orphan planes and let them graze on the wide open spaces of the flight deck.

First Sergeant M. C. Richardson, formerly with the 10th Regiment in China, is handling the office and quartermaster's work and also runs the guard with a big R. Can certainly say "no" if the occasion demands.

Some of the Ex-3rd Brigade NCO's will remember Richardson holding down an easy chair in the Sergeants' Club on Race Course Road, at Tientsin, China, after working hours.

Sergeant O. C. Harter (at present

filling a Gunnery Sergeant's Billet), is holding up his end OK. Harter was with the 4th Regiment in Shanghai but having tried unsuccessfully to move a quad truck with his little motorcycle, he was invalidated to the USA. After being marked duty again, he joined this detachment.

Sergeant W. H. (Bill) Crater, small but mighty, yes you guessed it, is the police sergeant who tells us he did work once, after the explosion at Dover, New Jersey. Well, Bill, we will give you the benefit of the doubt. The words that the police sergeant loves to hear (not) "How's the Admiral's Cabin today?"

Corporal J. Mercurio of Asiatic fame joined the detachment 7 December, 1929, at Seattle. At present he is trying to coax the Radio to produce. Here's hoping he gets some music so as to make his young heart glad. Mercurio is acting sergeant of the guard every other day.

Corporal R. Russell expects to leave the ship at Norfolk, Va., and to proceed to Brooklyn for duty, having completed his tour of sea duty, but at the time of this writing (10 A. M. Sunday, 30 March), he is holding down the quarter-deck.

Corporal J. W. Downer is at present at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, with the ship's swimming team.

Corporal B. J. Watkins is the Leatherneck who is responsible for the Navy Mail Clerks working overtime handling his mail, how do you do it, Corporal?

Corporal H. A. Steele, who immigrated from Boston back in '27, is keeping one eye on the bulletin board to see if leave will be granted at Norfolk.

Corporal F. A. Price is interested in tennis players. Well, Price, we are on the East coast now, so don't you think it is time to put another picture in that frame? I wonder who it will be. Miss Norfolk, or, well, that would be telling, so I will wait and see.

We have from 5 to 12 posts, admiral's orderlies, when the admiral is aboard.

captain's orderlies, executive orderlies, communication orderly, big sentries, two life buoy sentries, telephone exchange operator. The corporal of the guard's post is on the flight deck at the ready room when underway, and on the quarterdeck (4 decks below) when at anchor.

It takes about two months for a new man to become acquainted with this ship so as not to get lost, and at first he needs a guide every time he leaves his quarters.

The NCO's quarters of the Marine Detachment are the first quarters forward of the forward boat pocket port-side, main deck, and are very desirable.

The Marines are looking forward to the arrival of the ship at Norfolk as most of them are East coast men, having joined the ship when it was commissioned at Boston in '27.

Well, if the editor has not thrown this in the waste basket by now I will ring off, yours till we sight Sunny California, may it be soon.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON

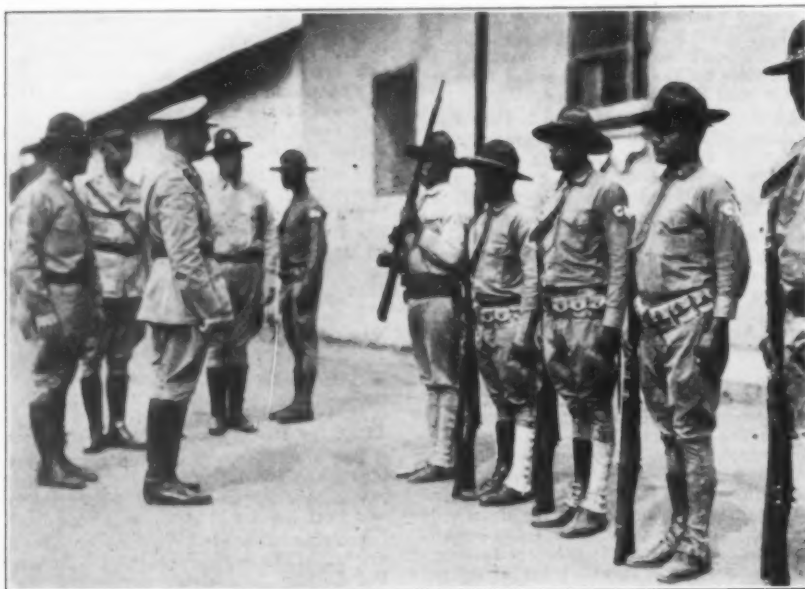
By Lt. Arthur W. Ellis

It was with great pleasure that we received communication to the effect that the Puget Sound Marines for once crashed through with a victory in the San Diego Trophy Match fired April 12 on the range at La Jolla. For years San Diego and Pearl Harbor have been conceded as the only contestants in the running, leaving Mare Island and Puget Sound as trailers.

Weather conditions throughout the winters at the latter places are to a great extent responsible for such a condition, but the material this year overcame any such difficulties. The firing members of this year's winning team are: Second Lieutenant I. M. Bethel, Second Lieutenant A. J. Mathiesen, Sergeant Earl F. Beaird, and Pfc. J. A. Bendokitis. First Sergeant Kelly being the alternate member of the team. Lieutenant Bethel won the first place in the individual division competition, so Puget Sound is justly proud of its laurels. Lieutenants Bethel and Mathiesen have been firing for the last two years in the Asiatic competitions where each had won worthy honors, the latter being a heavy scorer in pistol shooting. Sergeant Beaird, formerly of the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "West Virginia," competed last year in the same matches, being a member of the representation from Mare Island. Pfc. Bendokitis has also been a sea going Marine, having spent almost three years with the guard aboard the U. S. S. "California," and was one of the best five-inch gun captains that worthy outfit produced. As a recruit he attained the highest score among the recruits firing on the range at San Diego during that particular year.

Sergeant Major Reynolds C. Cox, lately from Nicaragua, and also lately promoted from Gunnery Sergeant, has taken over the duties of his office at this post; being an old timer of these parts he enjoys our April showers much better than those tropical deluges at Ocotal.

Rifle range work is getting underway this week at our new range, Camp Wesley Harris, we have six new targets, a pleasant camp, ideal conditions usually prevail and 1930 promises to be a record year for our marksmanship qualifications. First Sergeant Dirkes has had a



Colonel John C. Beaumont, Commanding Western Area, inspects the Fifth Company Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua at Leon.

detail out there for some time getting that place into shape and now he is ready for the "works."

Chief Marine Gunner Robinson, a most able athletic coach, has been busy with the baseball team and they have already taken on a few comers in practice games.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL TORPEDO STATION, NEWPORT, R. I.

By S.

While the April wind is keeping us Gyrenes cool up in these beautiful parts of New England, we must say a few words to the boys here and there once more. To be discharged this month, we have the following: Corporal Lovetree, Ala Wop or what have you. It looks to us like the corporal will go back to the banana cart. Also Private Grant E. Scott will depart from our fold. We wouldn't say just yet as to whether Scott will leave the Corps. At the present writing he has the tropical blues, and we would not be a bit surprised to see him walk to some recruiting station before another month rolls around. "Once a Marine, always a Marine."

Our strong basketball squad finished second in the Service Men's League. The Naval Reserve Team, after beating out the Marines by one point, captured the cup and glory. It was a hard game from start to finish and all the boys on our team deserve credit for the good showing throughout the season. Now we turn to baseball, the grand old game. At this writing, the boys are limbering up for a strenuous season with all the competition that can be had up this way. Boys who show promise are: Yelanich, Charter, Hankey, Boyd, Harrington, Bell, Moore, Demuele, Schornak, Tebies, Dickson, Crabbs, Gaylord, Trapp, Roy, and a few more aspirants who are expected to come through very soon. All we need is pitchers, so we hope that the next detail to drop up here have the thing we ask.

The newcomers to arrive from Brooklyn were: Sergeants Murphy and Yelanich; Corporals Bachman, Boyd, Dodican; Privates Cahn, Jensen, Leddick, Shanahan, and Shoolbraid. A good bunch of New Yorkers. Sergeant Yelanich is the boy who made the Coco River of Nicaragua famous. A swell sergeant, only his nose is too much artificial. Sergeants Murphy and Dickson are running a race in the Fifth Ward in Newport to see which one is the best looking sheik. Dickson can be seen any day now sporting his new derby, spats, and red necktie. If it wasn't for his too much vocabulary, the sergeant would probably snow some of these clam-diggers.

First Lieutenant Charles Hassenmiller reported for duty a few weeks ago, and we must say that he sure is liked by the command. Another second lieutenant should be reporting pretty soon. As yet his name we don't know.

Pfc. Parker was relieved from the canteen by Pfc. Reith. Course Reith does look more like chicken than Parker. Parker, you made a good move, as you were to be tried by the Kangaroo Court. But now since you've gone, it looks very hopeless for Judge Schrichte to try you. This court has again postponed all cases for some time to come. The boys all seem to be behaving very nicely at the present.

Corporal Dubbeldeman is making preparations for his departure in July to his



Lieutenant C. F. Schilt, Marine Medal of Honor Pilot, ready to board his plane with about \$10,000 payroll to drop at Juegalpa, Javali Mine, Boaco, Muy Muy, Corinto Finca, and Matagalpa. Marine Corps planes in Nicaragua have dropped a million dollars in this manner.

home in Chicago. Take a tip, Pete, and wear your uniform home. You know what we mean. Don't take a chance nowadays. Life is too sweet.

The fleet will soon be dropping anchor in the bay here, and then watch the excitement. We sure love those 'sea-goin' sailors; ask Dinty Moore. Private Jensen just asked the writer to add a few more lines. If Private Dawson in the Brooklyn Navy Yard would tell his girl he never hocked his civilian clothes. Tell her he got caught in the rain, and she ought to know the results. Give your blue-eyed Swede a chance, Girlie. Ask some of the corporals here how his appetite is progressing; the answer—Oh, well, Swede will tell you when he gets to see you. In concluding, Corporals Coleman and Guhr will sing their latest number, "There ain't no justice."

"PENSACOLA" FLASHES

By Corporal Cluen

We've been going places and seeing things since the last time you heard from us. And I must say that some saw a lot more than the others were able to see.

When we left New York, we went to Newport, Rhode Island, for our torpedoes and left the same day for Hampton Roads. We stayed there a day and a half before we started on our way for Key West, Florida, with Admiral Hughes, Chief of Naval Operations aboard. Then we went to Pensacola, Florida, the city of five real happy days. What we didn't see in that city wasn't worth seeing, and that was very little. The boys explored everything and also tested everything within sight or hearing. It surely is a wonderful place, and most of us decided to ship over for aviation and the other sports that Pensacola provides. We had visitors aboard every day, and each man ought to be issued a medal of honor for the questions he answered about our home. Some of the people were even taking notes down, asking what was the sea-going term for beds and does the

man with the crow on his arm stay in the crow's nest, and does the man with the anchors on his sleeves pull up the anchor. Well, anyway, we were satisfied when we got ashore.

Our next stop was at the Canal Zone. It was the first trip for the majority of the detachment and was very interesting so far. We arrived at Colon but did not stay there. We started right through the locks which led us on to the Pacific side of the canal. Balboa was the point of our destination and we arrived here pleasing many of the crew because it was getting very warm by this time and we were all getting thirsty after this long and venturesome trip.

The good times we had in Panama City will never be repeated, I don't think. Dickson, who is now the ship's tailor, was giving exhibition dances at the Metro, and then at Happyland. Pifel and Cluen were out jehing down the prices for the boys who wanted to get souvenirs. Pifel being the biggest jeweler of the two. That Nicaraguan Spanish comes in pretty handy once in a while.

When the ship asked for baseball players, our detachment had fourteen volunteers, and five of them made the ship's team. They were Sergeant Pifel, who is acting captain until we get together for a while. Corporal Powell is one of the pitchers; Corporal Hudson takes care of first base; Corporal Cluen takes care of centerfield, and Pfc. Konopa stops them behind the plate. Up to date, each one of our boys, with the exception of the catcher is credited with a home run, and they only played two games so far.

Well, since we have been down here, none of the boys have been stricken with the heat although Williamson who has his cleaning station in the ship's laundry, complains about the heat once in a while. The others don't mind the heat so much because they are down swimming every day that they are off, and that is pretty often.

MARINE BAND ONCE MORE LED BY JOHN PHILLIP SOUSA

An incident of historic portent was presented at the Gridiron Club's spring dinner, New Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., on the night of April 25. It was then that John Phillip Sousa accepted the baton from Captain Branson and led the Marine Band in the first rendition of his latest military march, "The Royal Welch Fusiliers." The march is dedicated to the United States Marines and will be presented to the Royal Welch Fusiliers to cement and perpetuate the friendship so long existent between them.

To President Hoover, Major General Smedley Butler, Brigadier General George Richards, Brigadier General B. H. Fuller, and the many other Marine officers present, the stirring strains recalled the tense, bloody days in China when the Boxers, crazed with anti-foreign hate, besieged the cities of Tientsin and Peking.

Mr. Robert Barry, Washington correspondent of the New York Evening World, said in splendid speech:

"We interrupt this Gridiron dinner for a historic dedication. Tonight we ratify unanimously a covenant written thirty years ago in the Boxer uprising in China.

"In June of 1900 Tientsin was beleaguered by fanatical and frenzied Boxers. The President of our Republic, then a young mining engineer, and Mrs. Hoover, were among the so-called 'foreign devils' whose lives were imperiled daily for several months.

"The young American engineer erected the barricade of bags of sugar and rice. He devised food rationing for the besieged foreign colony, an experience which served subsequently to make him a world figure.

"Tientsin was saved. With the band playing 'There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight' the United States Marines marched into the city. With them was a famous British regiment, The Royal Welch Fusiliers.

"Our Marines and the Royal Welch Fusiliers formed a friendship at Tientsin which time has not effaced. As they stood under the walls of Tientsin, with our dead and their dead almost at elbows, our Marines, knowing something of the history of this famous Welch regiment, glanced at the regimental standards and asked questions. Famous battles of the Welch Fusiliers were emblazoned there.

"Pointing to the flags, our Marines asked: 'Where are the names of the battles you fought in the American Revolution?'

"'They are not there,' Captain Gwynne of the Welch replied. 'On the regiment's return to England the War Office offered to inscribe the American battles on those flags. Our predecessors said they did not wish to remember or have posterity recall the battles they had fought in America against men of their own blood.'

"When Smedley Butler was wounded at Tientsin, it was Captain Gwynne of the Royal Welch Fusiliers who helped examine the wound and later assist in carrying Butler to a place of safety.

"When General Pershing and the advance guard of the A. E. F. in the World War stepped ashore at Liverpool, the British escort of honor there to greet him was the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

"We have taken this time, Mr. President, to review these historical associations because there have been numerous

suggestions of a fitting memorial to commemorate this international comradeship of two great military organizations.

"A member of the Gridiron Club has devised a better memorial than stone or bronze. He has proposed something living, pulsating, and we hope enduring. He was written a march entitled 'The Royal Welch Fusiliers.' He has dedicated it to the United States Marine Corps.

"Very shortly there will be held in London a ceremony at which our friend and our Ambassador, General Dawes, will make a formal presentation of the march and accompanying papers to Lieu-



MR. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

tenant General Charles M. Dobel, of the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

"Tonight we are privileged to offer before the President of the United States and His Excellency, the Ambassador of Great Britain, the first rendition of this march."

Captain Branson then surrendered his baton to Commander Sousa, and the latter led the band in the new march, another link in the chain of Anglo-American friendship.

WANTED EX-MARINE

To ship over for Recruiting Duty in Boston. Must be a hustler. Apply in person or write.

MAJOR J. D. MURRAY,

402 Atlantic Ave.,
Boston, Mass.

VIRGIN ISLAND NEWS NOTES

By J. C. Stinnett

Greetings, mates! Grab your bunkie's specs and stand by. The Virgins are sounding off again.

The "Wright" came in on the 4th and hung around until the 9th. While here her baseball team showed us some of the real stuff in the national pastime. They walloped the native nine very decisively twice in a row. We've got to hand it to the Gobs there. They've got a whale of a team on that particular ship.

On the 11th came the "Lexington" all by her lonesome, and looking like a grain elevator or something. To celebrate her arrival, there was a come-one, come-all barbecue on the beach at East Point. The visiting Marines and Sailors turned out in a bunch, and Lieutenant "Pop" Quaster, who was in charge of the chow output, certainly had his hands full. His pig turning staff consisted of Mr. Raybolt, "Dutch" Hinrichs, Al Martin, and Corporal Gilbert. It was a glorious afternoon, and all hands went back to their respective ships and stations jolly well fed up, literally, of course. We had several of the "Lexington's" Marines at the barracks for chow every day during her stay here, while we land soldiers led by Colonel Meade were entertained lavishly aboard the "Floating Kelly Field." The CO's of the two detachments got together for a couple of parties, too, we understand. The "Lexington" departed from our shores on the 14th, flanked by three destroyers, which cleared the harbor of visiting ships, cleared the streets of Cha-Cha layouts, and cleared the heads of a hundred Marines.

Our Post barber, a benevolent bozo named Ross Rooks, is all set for a grand opening of his new barber shop. Said shop is to be all equipped with everything modern, including electric clippers, hair curlers (installed especially for McCurry), and an electric chair for the first guy who guzzles the hair tonic. Rookie says that the only thing that will be omitted is the red and white barber pole, 'cause it would only serve to make his customers home-sick.

We're all set for a war, riot, or what have you in Saint Thomas now. Three machine gun squads have been organized with capable leaders. Corporal Eckhardt Kurz has the first squad with seven Governor's orderlies as henchmen. Corporal Goulette leads the second bunch, and Corporal Reeves the third. Bring on this thing called war.

Our esteemed Chaplain, William H. Rafferty, U. S. N., is leaving on the May "Kittery" for a short visit in the States—at least we hope it's short. Chaplain Rafferty's health has been gradually failing since his arrival here about a year ago and his physician has advised a change of climate. The gang wishes him a very nice trip, and a speedy return.

Just a word about the castaways on the island of Saint John. Not that they have done anything out of the ordinary, but three months without a movie rates at least a comment. Corporal Rapp is the NCO in charge, while Pfc. Collins and Private Downing take care of the radio business. Fred Reffer throws chow together for the four of them. When you sprout tails, boys, just let us know, and we'll file your application for a job in the zoo. In the meantime, you may

indulge in all the coconut battles you wish, only remember the sad fate of your beloved ancestors.

Headline in Saint Thomas "Evening Blah": "Two Marines invade Porto Rico on pleasure seeking expedition." Pfc. McCurry and Private Erickson were the "Luck Boys." They secured a seven-day leave, and made whoopee for six days. The seventh was spent in wondering where their money went. "Swede" says he lost his, we wonder how. Swears he doesn't play pinochle.

Whoopie! Another dance! The "Kittery" breezed in the 28th, and we celebrated by staging a "hawgrassle" on the night of her departure, the 29th, at the American Roof Garden. Among those present were Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. James J. Meade, our CO. The short timers joined in singing, "Waltz me around, Mabel, for I'm too short to lead." Hot dawg! Two more "Kitteries," and then, talking movies.

Captain Glen D. Miller, who has been on a visit to the States, is returning early in May. He will resume his duties as company commander of 56th Company, which office was, in his absence, ably filled by Captain S. C. Cumming in addition to Post Exchange duties.

On the 29th of April, a letter of commendation was read from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to Private Russell Oliver, of this command, dwelling on Pfc. Oliver's heroic action in saving the life of Private Nicholas Hoffman, some four months ago, while the two were swimming in the harbor at Christianstad, Saint Croix, V. I. Colonel Meade also commended Oliver highly and expressed his gratification that a man of his command should so distinguish himself.

On closing this article, we wish to announce with sorrow, the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Johanna Lentz, beloved wife of Quartermaster Clerk, George Lentz, U. S. M. C. Mrs. Lentz passed away at the Naval Hospital here on April 23rd after a short illness. We, the Marines of the Virgin Islands, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the sorrowing husband in his bereavement.

PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By Al

Hello, everybody, old folks, young folks, and otherwise, here we come with a big zoom—Observation Squadron 9-M, Port au Prince, Haiti, broadcasting. Everybody ready? Let's go.

On Saturday, April 12th, in the year of nineteen hundred and thirty of our modern age, we enjoyed ourselves with a large field event and stag barbecue.

The field events were the shot-put won by Corporal "Hook" Ansley, 32 feet 10 inches; shot weighed twenty pounds. Sergeant "Flip" Mahoney second, with thirty-two feet, shot weighed twenty pounds. The three-legged race was won by Corporals "Red" Harris, and "Honey Boy" Craig. Potato race, by Private "String Bean" Straine (the thinnest man in the outfit, and the biggest eater). Egg and spoon race won by "Burton Harbor" Fort. Horse race won by our Navy, pharmacist's mate second, "Baby Face" Larkins. Fat Man's race, Corporal "Cook" Ansley, Sergeant "Useless" Justice came in second. Tug of war won by Ansley, Smith, Paul, Straine, Kottler, Clements, Carnie, and Golewintz. The following named men won the following named special added events: Sack race by Bailey, Fair, Larkins; wheelbarrow race by

Corporal Hook, Curley, and Blondie Johnson. Centipede race by Martins, Fields, Straine, Arnold, Larkins, Kottler, Collins, Norris and Johnson. This being the finish of the events, next comes the biggest thing of the day. Now don't get hungry, folks, here comes the Marine barbecue—beef, hash, boiled potatoes, gravy, sliced tomatoes, pickled onions, hot rolls, chicken, pork, and glow a la Haitian. All you boys who spent a little time in Haiti know what glow a la Haitian means. Anyway, boys, don't get thirsty. We owe the success of the



START OF THE EGG AND SPOON RACE

events and the barbecue to the following committees: Refreshment committee, Gunnery Sergeant "Pop" Towles, Gunnery Sergeant "Thirsty" Zalauka, Sergeant "Useless" Justice, Sergeant "Flip" Mahoney, Corporal "Warble" Smith, Pfc. Martens, and Pfc. 2cl "Baby Face" Larkins. Gunnery Sergeant Zalauka's job was dishing out the glow a la Haitian. His famous words, "What, you here again?" But just the same, everyone was satisfied.

The judges for the field events were:



BEGINNING OF THE SACK RACE

Captain Rodgers, Lieutenants Walker and Cushman, Sergeant Major O. J. Lang, Master Technical Sergeant Ben Belcher, and those in charge of field events were Gunnery Sergeant C. Jenkins, Gunnery Sergeant "Pop" Berry, Gunnery Sergeant "Cy" Perkins, Gunnery Sergeant Abe Smith, and Staff Sergeant Long. Corporal Fitzgerald was there with his little gun.

Thus was our last barbecue held in the field, and we have hope for more in the future.

Some of our guests were Mr. Robert Rooney, one of the owners of Rooney's Rum and Gin Mill; Mr. Sparks and T. E. Henry, two of the big bosses of the brewery, where the glow a la Haitian is made. Henry is the former Henry who played on the all-Marine football team when the team first made its name. Henry is now spending his leisure moments in Haiti trying to find out how he can help the boys.

Captain and Mrs. J. E. Davis were also at the barbecue, and gave the boys a big hand. Captain A. G. Merritt also assisted.

We wish to thank all members of the command and people of the Pan-American, who helped to put this over with a bang, for everyone certainly did make whoopee. May our next one be bigger and better.

Corporal "Pop" Metzler, our photographer, sure had his hands full getting pictures.

Not to be left out in the cold, we had Private "Lucy" Lofridge, the boy wonder, who furnished the music. How that boy can play! He can play almost everything. He is a band by himself.

Horses furnished for the race by Captains Rodgers, J. E. Davis, L. M. Medaris; P. S. "Wop" Sonato with his one-eyed plug, and some more from the Garde corral.

And now that our story is ended, everyone lived happily ever after.

JUST A MINUTE, M. B. NYD., NEW YORK, N. Y.

By F. Clifton Cross, Jr.

Believe it or not, but on the map of the United States, on the northeast side, there is a city known as New York, not very well known by many, and in this city is a post known as the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, N. Y. One would hardly believe such after reading the "Leatherneck" month after month, and we Marines (as Amos and Andy would say), are very regusted. We have been reading the "Leatherneck" right along, and never a word about God's chosen city (ask any Rabbi). So, after a few months of secret plotting, we have decided to let the world know through the "Leatherneck," about ourselves, what we do, how we do it, from day to day, and in what way.

So let us take this opportunity to introduce ourselves. We are the Marines of the New York Navy Yard, with Colonel Edward A. Greene as our commanding officer, and you Marines, sailors, and civilians of other posts, ships, and cities, just follow our monthly column and we are promising to make it the best column that the "Leatherneck" ever had. We are going to give you something different, original, interesting, and what have you. We are going to work like—well, and in time, the editor of the "Leatherneck" will have to bend his head in shame for overlooking this post.

As a matter of courtesy, we will start with the commanding officer's office. Sergeant Major Hanford, our Lewis Stone, was entertained by the beauties of Zeigfeld's feminine cast the other evening, and at the same time refused an offer to teach wrestling to the above-mentioned cast. His reasons are being held up, pending an investigation by Naval authorities.

Staff Sergeant Drouillard, late of the Marine Corps Institute, is now among those present here. Much cannot be said about him at the present time, as his pastimes have not been investigated to date. Information is being requested from Washington, D. C., and all those who have had contact with this man are earnestly urged to supply this office with information that may lead to his being criticized, should his record warrant it.

Private First Class Smith has left us and joined forces with the Seventh Regiment, Marine Corps Reserves, to act as



Refreshment committee of VO Squadron 9M at their April 12th Barbecue. Left to right: Larkins, Smith, Justice, Martens, Mahoney, Zalanka, Towles.

clerk. He left us with our best wishes for his future success.

As to the warden's office, better known as the first sergeant's office, we are wondering where the dashing morning report clerk goes each day on liberty. Every day he is seen going out of the Sands Street gate. Possibly there is a young lady in the case, anyway he wears a weebegone expression on his face at all times.

Who is it that likes red-heads? None other than our very efficient and good-looking First Sergeant Walter A. Sira, recently of Nicaraguan fame, until he received his stripes as a jaw-bone first sergeant. Walter is contemplating a delayed visit to said red-head somewhere in the sticks of Virginia, on the first of July, this year. He is dreaming at this time of good old Virginia fried chicken and as many as possible of the good Virginia moonlight nights with the red-head. We all hope that on his return to the post that he will not return alone, as we think that he has designs on the suite of vacant NCO's quarters at this post.

It is often a cause for worry to some members of this office force why it is necessary for Corporal Cross to spend so many of his evenings riding to and from a certain little railroad stop just on the edge of New York in Westchester county. Someone mentioned the fact that it might be a case for a judge, but methinks it is a case for a minister. How about it, Cliff?

Our ever efficient Paymaster Sergeant John Henry Rath, is always growling about too much work, and not enough pay. I guess that this is caused by Rath and all the little Rathes. There is only one thing that we can do about that, Rath, and that is, have the new pay bill passed for your benefit. It seems as though Rath has so much work to do that he does not have time to see the ball games here in New York. We'll have to get an assistant for you, John, so that you can get out more and see the games.

Our Post Exchange is under the supervision of Corporal Tom Coen. Tom has been steward, or I should say, proprietor of the canteen for seven years, so don't try to put anything over on him. He is ably assisted by Pfc. Cullman and McCausland. The aforementioned brilliant young men are the understudies of Tom,

and are almost as good as he is when it comes to giving a regulation Marine Corps growl when you ask for change for two bits, so that you may call up the fair damsel. Tom claims that all the Marines think his canteen is a bank, always asking for change or having checks cashed. The canteen has a good stock of everything one would expect to find in a Marine Corps canteen, and even a few things that you couldn't expect. They are very busy at the present time trying to buy a sweetheart pillow top for the Navy Yard Shriek, "Pop" Kraemer, our post librarian.

In the galley, we have Corporal House-Camp. No, it is not a house and a camp. Just our mess sergeant. He formerly was a bull fighter from Santa Cruz, Nicaragua (corned bull). Private Seigler is the chief messman. He was up for Pfc., but he beat the case on his good record. Private "Salty" Bird is also a mess cook. He has six months to do to have a year in. Cogavin is the new butcher. So far he has only succeeded in butchering his fingers. The two machinists who run the electric dish-washing machine are Privates Allport and Bravard. There is an epidemic of black eyes around the barracks now due to the fact that baker Slye makes his biscuits too heavy for the men to carry. Then again they eat a few biscuits and fall down the stairs. The mess sergeant is the latest victim.

As the adage goes, "An army moves on its stomach." It can also be said of the quartermaster. That is, "An army cannot move without the aid of the quartermaster. So henceforth let us tell you of our Quartermaster Department. Major Baker is the quartermaster, and we think it incomparable in the capacity that he holds, and one of the best cross-word puzzle experts and sports editor that the Marine Corps possesses. Furthermore, if you are interested, and if you have been reading of the late sport, dead for some years, namely Rugby, just write to Major Baker for information, and what it is all about. QM. Sergeant McCormack has charge of clothing, but right now he is more interested in the Giants, although he says that Brooklyn is playing pretty good ball, too. QM. Sergeant William R. Sutton is in charge of the commissaries, and we've got to hand it to him, for he sure knows how

men should be fed, and if the adage is true, as stated above, well, from the food we get here, one is too full to move. And to see Captain Walter Sweet eating, the last one to move from the officers' table, proves to some extent that the food is good. We challenge any post, when it comes to the mess, not only in the Marine Corps, but in the Army and the Navy as well. At this time, however, we have received word that we will lose Sutton within the next few months. He is undecided where he will go, for he does not know where he can get the best ice cream sodas??? We are also going to lose Major Baker, for we understand that he is going to attend the Army School at Fort Leavenworth. Well, Rugby will have to suffer for a while now, for Major Baker will have enough trouble studying and worrying, and very little time to write about Rugby, to say nothing of the poor cross-word puzzles. Private Feldman will miss the presence of Major Baker, for when Feldman is stuck on a puzzle, Major Baker is always on hand to rescue Number 17 across. Where was Jacob when Pharaoh's wife called? And why did she call? Right there, Major Baker knew, but he did not put it down. QM. Sergeant Charles D. Brannon is in charge of the transportation department, and believe me, he sure is one busy man, always on the go, from morning until dusk. Everybody in the service who passes through New York knows him, for he is the baby they have to see if they want their baggage quickly.

Sergeant Webber has charge of the baseball team this year and was at the helm last year. They had a great team, and we hope for a better one this season. There is a lot of good material here for a team if they will get together with the old Marine Corps spirit and fight. I know that they will get plenty of support if they play a good clean game, and a good Marine team always does that sort of thing.

Who would rather be a truck driver than a corporal? Don't all answer at once. Ask Pfc. Munn of the Post QM. He won't tell us, but maybe he will tell someone else. Munn is all right, but he would rather drive a truck. We all wish you luck, and plenty of it, Munn.

Next month we will tell you more about ourselves. There is really no sense in telling everything in one issue, for then we will have nothing later on. In the next issue we will tell you of our work, daily routines, liberty (what liberty), etc.

We have a lot of stuff on the fire, and we are all kind of tired today. Pay-day just passed, and you all realize what pay-day is, especially here in New York. So, until the next issue, let us trust that you are all in good health and doing well.

WITH THE SAN DIEGO MARINES

A class in equitation for Marine officers has been started at Fort Rosecrans through the courtesy of Captain Fenton S. Jacobs, 11th U. S. Cavalry, at that post. This class met with instant approval and has a personnel of about twenty officers. Lessons are given weekly and excellent progress is being made. General Dunlap, himself an excellent horseman, heads the class.

During the warm summer months the dances given by the enlisted personnel twice monthly, have been discontinued. They will be resumed in the fall.

Captain Robert C. Thaxton has en-

tirely recovered from his recent indisposition and has resumed his duties as Judge Advocate of the General Court Martial of the Eleventh Naval District. During his sickness, he was relieved by First Lieutenant Robert S. Pendleton.

A son, Walter Alfred George, was born to First Lieutenant and Mrs. George D. Hamilton at 5:20 p. m., Tuesday, April 8, at the La Jolla Hospital. Both Mrs. Hamilton and the baby, who weighed nine pounds six ounces at birth, are doing nicely.

On Tuesday, April 8, members of the Golden Poppy Chapter of the American War Mothers held their annual tree planting ceremony at the base. About thirty mothers, ten of them gold star mothers, were present. Five trees were planted. This is the fourth ceremony of the kind and was attended by the Commanding General, the Base Chaplain, and the band.

Admiral Charles F. Hughes, U. S. Navy, Chief of Naval Operations, visited this base on April 8.

Hard luck seemed to be dogging the shooters from here in the biggest rifle match of the West Coast, for we lost the San Diego Trophy to Puget Sound.

The U. S. S. "New York" enroute from Nicaragua to Puget Sound stopped off Coronado Roads long enough on April 14 to discharge six officers and two hundred enlisted men who returned from the Second Brigade. Many of these men had served under General Dunlap when he was Brigade Commander there and he welcomed them back to the States with: "You men have had most strenuous service, some of you have been in constant danger and have undergone hardships which no one but a Marine can comprehend. You have returned safely to your homes with a knowledge of duty well done. We wish you happiness, good health and pleasure in this most delightful climate."

The U. S. S. "Chaumont," upon her return from the Orient the first of the month, brought about three hundred men to the West Coast. Of these about fifty went to Puget Sound, as many to Mare Island and the remainder here, except those who remained aboard for transfer East for discharge.

A new athletic policy is being inaugurated at this base which will require the active participation of all men but will not interfere with the present competitions of the base teams with civilian and service organizations. The Commanding General desires that the entire command indulge in some form of athletics and in an order recently published, has stated that Tuesday and Thursday of each week will be devoted to the carrying out of an athletic program.

Each man is permitted to select his own branch of sport and inter-company games of indoor baseball, volley ball, tennis, handball and track games will be played each afternoon that is set aside for athletics. In addition, bowling, golf and swimming are prescribed. A commissioned officer in each company has been detailed as company athletic officer to work in cooperation with the Base Athletic Officer. This new policy should bring to the fore some excellent material in all sports. There is as well the certainty of increased physical condition and betterment through regular and directed indulgence in sports.

A ten pin bowling league, composed of five-man teams from seven organizations

and an officers' team has been organized at this base. The first games were rolled April 29 and the League now is headed by the Recruit Depot. The local Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. will donate a cup for the winning team.

The periodical inspection of this base and activities in and around San Diego was completed during the week of April 14th. Lieutenant Colonel F. D. Kilgore, AA&I, with Chief Quartermaster Clerk J. D. Brady, A&ID, as his assistant, was the inspecting officer.

The evening of April 20 saw the first evening parade held at this base for several years. More than five hundred men were in line. Parades are scheduled for every Monday and Friday evening. The withdrawal of Marines from Nicaragua and the lessening demands for replacements has permitted a larger number of men here with the resultant increased activities.

Three enlisted men, Corporals William H. Roberts, Joseph W. Lytton and August Larsen have been designated by the Major General Commandant as candidates for commissions in the Marine Corps. They are at present taking their preliminary examinations and if successful will be transferred to the Candidates for Commission Class at Washington.

Captain Merritt B. Curtis has relieved Captain William J. Livingston as base paymaster. Captain Livingston has been ordered to the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment as the relief of Captain L. Dye, who is returning to the United States.

Although not especially applicable to this base, where they are seldom worn, all Marines are pleased with the news that the Major General Commandant has approved of the conversation of the standing collar overcoats into overcoats of the roll collar type.

Orders have been received for the transfer of Captain Harry V. Shurtleff to the Depot of Supplies, San Francisco. Captain Shurtleff will be relieved as both Base Property Officer and Base Athletic Officer by Captain Charles McL. Lott.

The drive for funds for the Navy Relief Society is well under way here and

excellent results are being obtained. It is a matter of service pride that we meet service charitable needs ourselves without appealing to the general public. Contributions from this post have been large in the past and there should be no change this year. The local chapter of the Navy Relief last year disbursed nearly twenty thousand dollars.

The decreased demand for replacements in China and Nicaragua and the nearing of the end of the fiscal year have caused a let-up in the recruiting service, with the result that there are now less than one hundred fifty recruits in training, as contrasted with the usual five to seven hundred.

The paving of the parade ground here is to be completed, according to information received from the Navy Department. The Commandant has been authorized to prepare plans and specifications and take bids locally and forward them to the Bureau as early as practicable. The parade ground is now about one-half completed with asphalt; the remainder is sand. The finishing of this paving will be another step toward the completion of the base.

Flying is made available to all service men in uniform through the Ryan Airport near the base which has announced a 50% reduction on all sight-seeing trips over and around San Diego for their benefit. Trips are made with groups of from two to four passengers in the famous Ryan Broughams piloted by transport pilots.

The Eleventh Naval District Annual Track Meet will be held at State College track on May 10. Athletes from all naval activities in San Diego will compete with the exception of those from the Naval Training Station. The training station has two legs on the Baranov and Bennett Trophy won by them in 1927 and 1928. The Marines, who won last year and are defending champions, have an excellent chance to repeat.

Plans are being laid for the fall football campaign and spring training. Several members of last year's team are still in the base and with new material coming in, another excellent team should result.



Leathernecks of Masaya in a Nicaraguan "Coché," popularly called the "Nicaraguan Rapid Transit." Photo taken in front of the Marine Barracks.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S.
"WYOMING"

By H. C. Freiman

"Vell, de good sheep 'Wyhoming' ain't been heard from for a long time, so, dun't esking about it, 'cause I'm gonna' tell it to you. Like dees":

On January 4th, after a darned good stay in New York, we shoved off for Guantanamo Bay, Cuba (incidentally stopping at Hampton Roads for a couple of days), where the whole Atlantic Fleet was to concentrate its forces. In the next three months we fired the long range and force battle practices, with some marvelous results. Then we declared a mock war on the visiting West Coast Fleet, and after a week of maneuvering, we met the enemy off the coast of Navassa, and the battle began. To make a short war shorter, we simply ruined the enemy with hardly a loss sustained by ourselves. Then we all repaired to Guantanamo, and what a force was gathered there! Men o' war, cruisers, destroyers, tenders, submarines, aircraft carriers, and swarms of planes.

After firing force battle practice, we, in company with the "Texas" and "Oklahoma," arrived at Ponce, Porto Rico, a city of about seventy thousand population. Boy! What a town! Almost all Spanish; and Engles she is spoken, also. Ponce is the most hospitable and friendliest city we have seen yet. Like Chicago, Porto Rico has prohibition. Chow and souvenirs come high, but the taxis sure are cheap, and there's plenty of riding done in "them thar hills." "Para los soldaderos-Marinos, la liberated es muy buen." God bless the sea school Spanish classes. And last but not least, "Ponce tiene señoritas muchas muy bonitas."

Looking over the roster these days, we find Captain Louis W. Whaley, ably assisted by Lieutenant David K. Claude, as C. O. of our detachment. Then we have Top Kick B. J. Dessau, who coming from the M. B., Charleston, S. C., took over the gang from First Sergeant Eddie Gorman, who is now playing ball for Quantico's baseball team. Gunner Sergeant Daniel Donovan is still with us, blustery and genial as ever. "All hands aft to starboard whale-boat falls!"

Johnny Mastny is our property sergeant, and not a man in the gang disagrees when we say that Johnny is the most well-liked man on the ship.

Corporal Johnny Banish is the new police sergeant. Oyl! Sergeants Jimmie Darwell and G. A. Wilson, also Boston's favorite son, Eugene Jordan, are the sergeants of the guard. Dame rumor hath it that our diminutive corporal of the guard will ship over for the U. S. S. "Matrimony." Well, it happens in the best of families.

Short timing on the "Wyo," we present: Corporals R. B. Williamson, and W. A. Toward; Pfc. F. R. Settele and F. J. Schroeder, all ex-Sandinista chasers. The ship's Exec is fortunate in having the world's greatest sheik, Pfc. W. T. (Water Tight) Simpson as his orderly. How does he do it? Ask us another.

With his line of Jewish Blarney, we can't see why Private H. C. Hymie Freiman doesn't go on the stage. Yeh—stage of starvation. When the state of Illinois went ill, Privates Kelleher and O'Brien joined the Marines to see the world. It's a long way to do thirty years.

At present, Corporal Al Fulton is the company brains, but C. D. Jones is the company brawn. That baby sure throws a mean fist. Pfc. William Wilken started a snap-shot album in Guantanamo City, "Howie" Barton is now an ex-music (thank the Lord for little favors), but Trumpeter Herbie Horn and Drummer Miltie Hatch are carrying on (Salvation Army please note).

Robbie Judkins still sends letters "de la corazon" to Michigan. Mmm. Thornton, Unschuld, Seymour, Brooks, Hatch, "Padgett" Winslow, Cox, Mede, Jordan, and a couple more, started a baseball team, beat the "Nevada" Marines, and play the "Texas" gang this week. We have no doubts as to the results. Not with "Padgett" and Hatch slinging the curves. Bennie Kiefer is still rip-snort-in' around the compartment, and Nick Klein, "Growling" Gwiazda, plus "Snaggle Tooth" Foster are preparing for their degrees in the D. S. C. as compartment cleaners. "Cowboy" Walker, from Texas, suh! is still looking for some bucking sea-horses. "Bully" Osteen wrestles daily with "Baby-face" Waugh to the general detriment of any gear that may get in their way.

Nu! I can't talk no more because liberty is calling me, so stick around 'till next time. De jimmy legs 'll get you, if yuh dunt watch out.

THE LONDON MESSENGERS

By C. W. Harrman

Cheerio. The last time you heard from Merry England, we were recovering from a very excellent supper on March 29th, 1930. From that date until our departure from England, not much of note happened except regular routine. Of course, the last three weeks of our stay were busy ones.

On April 22, 1930, at about 6 p. m., we wound up our duties at the Ritz Hotel (Headquarters A. D.) and proceeded to Victoria Railway Station where we en-trained on a special boat train for South Hampton. Our train left the station at 8:30 p. m. and arrived at South Hampton alongside the S. S. "Leviathan" about 10:30 p. m. At the station at London to see us off were about fifty or sixty folks from London and nearby hamlets, mostly ex-Marines (Royal) and their respective families. I believe that quite a few tears were shed by some of the ladies, who turned out in good numbers.

The S. S. "Leviathan" sailed about seven the following morning. After a very delightful voyage, made in about five days, fourteen hours, and forty-four minutes, she dropped her mud hook at quarantine. On the morning following, most of the party, except the delegates on board, boarded a Coast Guard cutter and were taken in their dock, where a fleet of cars awaited our arrival and under police escort gave us a fast ride to the Pennsylvania railroad station. Gee, the tall buildings looked good.

At the railroad station we boarded a special train, waited the arrival of the delegates, who were received by the representatives of Mayor Walker at the "Leviathan," and given the usual New York welcome. The delegates arrived, our train left for Washington, D. C., arriving there about four p. m. Eastern Standard time. We proceeded to the Marine Barracks, met many of our old friends, and had chow, as usual. Thus wound up the tour of the London messengers. No doubt you will hear from

some of them from time to time, as I am sure that most of them will have many pleasant memories of their diplomatic tour abroad.

3RD COMPANY, SIGNAL BN.,
QUANTICO, VA.

By J. M. Gill

There isn't any doubt but that the Signal Battalion at Quantico hasn't been heard from for some time. The following is a brief summary of our activities: Our new Commanding Officer, 1st Lieutenant James M. Smith, who is well versed in communication and the activities of message center work, has received some very good results from the students of the telephone school, and eventually expects to have some experienced telephone men.

The Third Company hasn't a baseball team of its own, but has several very good players on the Signal Battalion team, which is averaging pretty good in the organization games around here.

The new barracks offer more advantages for recreation and amusement. With the means from an amusement fund, and some assistance from the Post Exchange, we have furnished a recreation room, and secured yearly subscriptions to a number of newspapers and magazines.

The Commanding General's weekly inspection seem to be our dish. Compliments on the company's neat appearance, in this respect, are fast becoming common around here.

Since the notice of the commissioning of the three new cruisers, "Chester," "Houston," and "Northampton," everybody has an itch to request sea duty. I tried to get on one of those floating palaces myself, but fell short of the height standard. We are all patiently waiting the completion of the sound movies that are being installed in place of the silent drama.

We would like to hear from any of our old members.

STATION DQHR, HAMPTON ROADS,
VIRGINIA

By W. A. K. and F. G. S.

Hello, folks. Sit down in your most comfortable chair and listen to a little gossip from the Depot of Supplies, Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Virginia.

It has been many moons since an article has been submitted for the "Broadcast" from this post, and it is high time that we do something about it.

We have lost a few old timers, among them Vic. Hume, who was transferred to Quantico; QM. Sergeant Wandt, who felt the lure of the Orient and is now on his way to Peiping, China; Tommy Tucker, our staff car driver, is now doing his stuff at Quantico, and was recently promoted to the rank of sergeant.

It was surely regretted by the entire Depot personnel to see our beloved Captain McCaulley leave us. He has been gone for quite a while, but still remains in the heart of every man as "Skipper." Captain Kemon, who is now Depot Quartermaster, has won the admiration and support of the men under his command by his fair dealing with them.

Apparently the automobile bug has bitten several of our personnel. Mr. Near, our chief clerk, is sporting a new Chevy, while our Honorable Room Orderly, Frank O. Soncarty, has turned

in his old Ford for a new Ford coupe. Sergeant Johansen has aroused the envy of the auto-less personnel by blowing in the other day with a sporty Plymouth roadster and emphatically states that it had been driven only four thousand miles when he bought it. Who knows?

Red Florzak, the mess sergeant, put out such good fried eggs one Sunday morning that it became necessary to fight over them, and as a result one of our boys has been displaying a pretty shiner, and another a pair of battered knuckles.

Everyone who has done duty at this Depot has asserted that this is about the best post on the East Coast for duty and special duty pay. Even "Pollack" just refused a discharge. Maybe the idea of walking a beat for eight hours a day has changed his mind; and then possibly he realized what a wonderful place this is. Which is it, "Pollack?"

Well, ladies and gentlemen, our allotted time is about up, so we will bring this program to a close.

This program has been given through the courtesy of the TFO (Try and Find Out). Our slogan: We never sleep.

BREMERTON NEWS

By Pfc. Lory

The latest cause for excitement here was a radio from Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, requesting that four privates be transferred for duty with the Marine Detachment aboard the U. S. S. "Idaho." The men detailed were Privates Barbour, Rhodes, Smith, and Wayman.

Major Secor, who has been ill at the USNH, this Navy Yard, was transferred to the USNH, Mare Island, for treatment. Orders have just been received to detach him to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Mare Island, for duty.

Advance orders have just been received that Major Erskine will be Major Secor's relief.

Captain Landon, erstwhile skipper of the guard company, No. 1, has been sick in the USNH here since March 5th, 1930. We wish him a speedy recovery. Captain Wilson is the present C. O. of the guard company.

Second Lieutenant Ellis, who has been detached on March 28th to the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, received revocation of his orders. He was again detached as the Commanding Officer of the newly organized Marine Detachment at the U. S. Naval Air Station at Sand Point, near Seattle, on May 1st. The complement consists of one first lieutenant, one first sergeant, five corporals, and twenty-one privates first class and privates.

First Lieutenant Pohl was temporarily detached to command the Marine detachment at the Receiving Barracks, this Navy Yard, as relief for First Lieutenant Rosecrans while the latter is on a sixty-day leave.

Second Lieutenants Bethel and Mathiesen were detached to Quantico, Virginia, on April 14th, 1930.

First Sergeant Ashby was transferred to the U. S. Naval Air Station for duty with the Marine detachment at its inception.

First Sergeant Kelly and the rest of the enlisted men who took part in the Western Division Rifle and Pistol Competitions, returned to this post for duty. We are certainly proud of our team winning the San Diego Trophy Match, and

I take this opportunity on behalf of the Marines at Puget Sound to express our gratitude for their splendid work.

Sergeant Major Cox recently joined this post from the Second Brigade, Nicaragua. He says that he has never seen so many unprecedented cases occur as have since he has assumed his position as Post Sergeant Major. Almost every afternoon he can be found sprucing up his cottage on the Sound. What we all want to know is whether or not the artist who drew the front cover picture of the latest issue of "The Leatherneck" of a retired Sergeant leaning on a hoe, had Sergeant Major Cox in mind. Everyone is remarking that the resemblance is uncanny.

Sergeant Major Hauptman's arm was badly slashed while assisting an unfortunate motorist remove his car from a ditch. The arm has healed very well,

SPANISH INSTRUCTORS

The Marine Corps Institute has vacancies at the present time for two Spanish instructors. Only men with a thorough knowledge of both Spanish and English will be considered in filling these vacancies. Men possessing the necessary qualifications and desiring assignment to duty as Spanish instructors should submit two applications setting forth their qualifications, one written in Spanish and one written in English to the Director, U. S. Marine Corps Institute, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. Successful instructors in the Marine Corps Institute are promoted to non-commissioned rank (technical warrants).

however, and Sergeant Major Hauptman was dismissed from the hospital on April 28th, and left on a thirty-day furlough to his home in Joliet, Illinois, on April 29th.

Sergeant Bert Green, our recruiter, passed around the cigars the other morning. Bert's a proud father of a baby girl. Many happy returns of the day, Bert.

Pfc. Waltz was rated specialist fourth class, on May 1st, 1930, as mail orderly. Congratulations, Waltz.

We are not ashamed to bring up the subject of baseball, as our team is now in the lead. The following is the line-up: Pfc. F. A. Brown, 2B; Private A. W. Brennan, SS; Corporal A. R. Skipwith, LF; Corporal S. A. Liefer, CF; Private A. W. Fritz, RF; Private R. Lundberg, 3B; Private C. F. Shepard, 1B; Sergeant E. S. Ross, C; Private O. K. Olson, C; Corporals M. W. Rarick, and F. B. Manner, and Privates L. A. Baldrige and R. H. MacCartney, P; Privates R. W. Reid and H. C. Schrader are outfield substitutes.

For those interested, I shall reprint the commandant's memorandum on the subject of the Thirteenth Naval District Baseball League:

"The District baseball league will consist of three teams, Hospital, Marines, and Yard Craft.

The schedule will consist of fifteen games. The first game will be played on the 24th of April, 1930, the Marines

meeting the Hospital. The remaining games will be played as scheduled.

Choice of fields, time of games, and selection of officials will be made by the contestants.

Protests, or matters of dispute, postponements, will be referred to the Morale Officer.

A handsome trophy provided by the Wright and Ditson Company will be presented to the winner for permanent possession. The District Trophy, now held by the Hospital, will likewise be contested for.

Schedule

24 April—Marines vs. Hospital.
29 April—Yard Craft vs. Hospital.
1 May—Marines vs. Yard Craft.
6 May—Hospital vs. Yard Craft.
8 May—Yard Craft vs. Marines.
13 May—Hospital vs. Marines.
15 May—Marines vs. Yard Craft.
20 May—Marines vs. Hospital.
22 May—Hospital vs. Yard Craft.
27 May—Marines vs. Hospital.
29 May—Yard Craft vs. Hospital.
3 June—Marines vs. Yard Craft.
5 June—Hospital vs. Yard Craft.
10 June—Yard Craft vs. Marines.
12 June—Hospital vs. Marines.

The marines defeated the Hospital on April 24th, lost to the Yard Craft on May 1, and beat the Yard Craft on May 8. Only praise can be spoken of the excellent morale of the team. They are full of pep and confident of winning the trophies mentioned.

M. B. NYD., CHARLESTON, S. C.

By Red

Well, this being the first contribution of news, slander, or what have you, from this crew in such a long time, it makes a sort of hard yarn to spin, but we'll take a crack at it, or die in the attempt.

To those who care to know the latest and the best, allow this detachment to proclaim the fact, to the world in general, and the corps (which is our world) that we are the proud possessors of a beautiful cup, won as second prize in the float parade held during Charleston's celebration of her 250th anniversary, as the second most original conception. The float represented Citizen Genet and his Privateers of 1793 A. D. The costumes and the conception of the idea were the product of our able Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Gardner, U. S. M. C., to whom we, as a whole, owe much, and to the hardy band that participated as the privateersmen. On the whole it was a remarkable demonstration, and is still the subject of much admiring talk by the natives of Charleston, so they say, not having been privileged to overhear the conversations, etc., that are bound to be circulated around town. The parade itself was a grand and glorious affair. Among the others who participated in same were the crew of the German Cruiser "Emden," who when passing in review broke into their famous goose-step with machine-like precision. This, in itself was a revelation to those who had never witnessed such a spectacular movement. The Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Florida," was also present, as was the band and drum corps from Parris Island. To close the parade narrative, allow me to say that the Marines wound up the event in a blaze of glory and certainly had the situation well in hand at all times.

(Continued on page 41)



Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 10th of month preceding date of issue.

Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant W. E. Maxwell, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost, Sergeant Frank H. Renfrow, Sergeant Harry E. Hesse, Corporal Walter E. Whitcomb, Corporal Gordon E. deLucy, Corporal Arthur Rosetti, Private First Class Paul D. Horn, Private First Class Phillip C. Haensler, Private Collin R. Stuart.

The Marine Corps Institute

THE Marine Corps is one of the most mobile bodies of fighting men in the world; they are almost ubiquitous. Less than twenty thousand, they girdle the world like a slender belt. They are strung from China, down through the Philippines to Haiti and Cuba, south to the tiny dots representing the Virgin Islands on the maps, and across to Nicaragua. Such travel is a liberal education in itself, but the Marine Corps goes much further, it has developed a system of actual education for the personnel.

It has been some eleven years since General Lejeune, the then Major General Commandant, founded the Marine Corps Institute. Enough time has elapsed to give it complete appraisal.

Many folks scoff at the idea of correspondence schools. We must admit that some subjects do not readily lend themselves to study in this fashion, but the majority do and if the student applies himself the benefits will be commensurate with his effort.

About 1920 Major General Lejeune spoke on the value of educated soldiers. He had long realized the fact that such men were better able to carry on the traditions of the Corps. He hoped to be able to offer an education to every Marine in the service, but the war delayed the consummation of his plans. It wasn't until 1920 that he believed time and conditions propitious to carry them out. A committee examined several proposed ideas, but the nomadic life of a Marine prevented a satisfactory solution. Quite by accident they chanced upon an incident where a Red Cross man had formed contact with the International Correspondence School. The school had, at his request, forwarded some fifty dollars worth of books and materials to be used in a class of typewriting. The committee decided to investigate the possibilities of the correspondence school. They went to Scranton to confer with the heads of the institution. Satisfactory arrangements were made and today one-third of the personnel of the Marine Corps studies one or more of the 233 courses offered by the I. C. S. through the medium of the Marine Corps Institute.

In the shadow of the Great Wall of China you will find men studying. Some of them have begun courses while in the United States, worked on them at Cavite, and finished them at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. No post is inaccessible; even in the remote hills of Nicaragua planes fly above the men and drop text books and corrected lessons to them.

Let us follow the procedure a man might take to enroll: He finishes recruit training with only a dim idea as to what the Marine Corps Institute is doing. No one has approached him nor suggested that he become a student. The theory is that the man has time in which to discover the value of the training offered, and the psychology is that if he makes the discovery himself it will be more convincing. If he realizes he is in no way obliged to enroll he will take more interest in it.

Private Blank, on the completion of his recruit training, is transferred to another post. On the bulletin board he reads of the M. C. I. and what it has to offer. The thought comes that he has often read the advertisements of the I. C. S. and as often wished he could afford the course in which he was most interested. Now, when they are all available, free of charge, he is undecided as to which would prove the most practical. 233 opportunities are before him. Finally he makes his decision, clips a blank form from "The Leatherneck," fills out the required information and mails it to the Marine Barracks,

Washington, D. C., where the Marine Corps Institute has its offices.

The application is received in the registrar's office, filed and recorded, and in a week or ten days Private Blank receives his text books and first lessons. He is then a student of the Marine Corps Institute. As each lesson is finished he sends it to the school where it is corrected, graded and marked, and promptly returned.

The personnel of the M. C. I. consists of seven officers and approximately one hundred enlisted men, mostly non-commissioned officers. Colonel R. R. Wallace, Commanding Officer of the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., is director of the Institute, and Major A. A. Cunningham, assistant director and registrar.

The men are chosen because of their especial knowledge and ability. It is necessary for them to graduate in each subject before they are qualified as instructors. Many of them are college graduates, and all are competent instructors. One corporal was recently discharged to enable him to accept a position as professor of Latin and Greek at Drake University. He has two degrees, A. B. and M. A. in Latin and Greek, conferred by the University of Iowa. Further than that he attended the American University at Rome, Italy. Another recently passed the teachers' examination in the District of Columbia board of education.

The school is divided into three branches: Business, Construction, and Industrial. If any particular subject is not listed and a sufficient number of men apply for enrollment, it will be added to the curriculum.

The cumulative benefits distributed by the M. C. I. can only be guessed. How many men have gone forth from the Corps, fully equipped to take their places in the outer world is something that can be no more than estimated. Many have written their appreciation, testimonials speaking cogently of value received. The same opportunity is open to you. Have you taken advantage of it yet?

Send In Your Change of Address

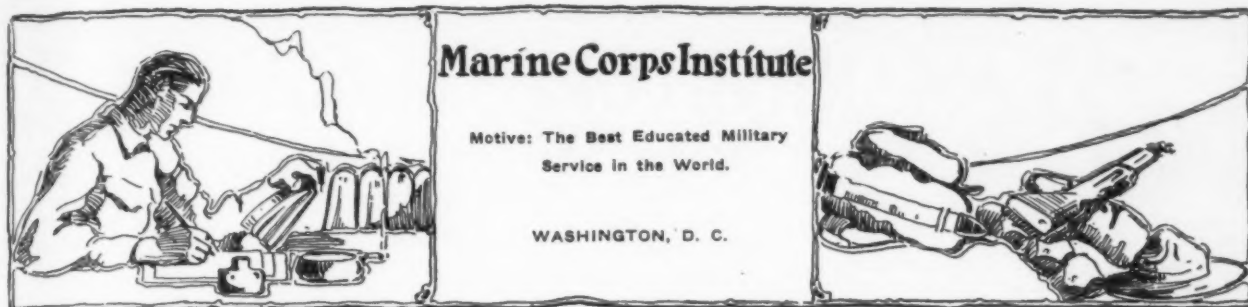
TIME after time we have published notices to our subscribers, asking them not to neglect to notify us when they are transferred. This is vastly important, as the class of mail under which THE LEATHERNECK is listed is not forwarded by the postal authorities, even when a change of address card has been filed with them.

Although we take every precaution to keep our records up to date, and check changes in personnel that come to us daily, it is impossible to keep addresses accurately catalogued without individual cooperation. Scores of men are transferred every day, they are constantly on the move, and it is no simple matter to keep up with them.

Many subscribers have obliged us in this matter, and to them we are grateful; but many others have neglected to do so. They have been transferred several times without informing us, and have consequently missed several issues of THE LEATHERNECK. This may seem of little importance, but when we received your subscription we pledged ourselves to deliver to you a certain number of magazines. You can help us keep that promise by sending us your change of address each time you move.

The Pay Situation

THE pay situation for the Services seems to be pretty much at a standstill, and from all indications will remain there for some time. The United States Navy weekly says of the matter: "The London Conference has just about put the 'kibosh' on the pay question here in Washington. The chairman of the Joint Congressional Pay Committee, Senator Jones, has expressed the thought that Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, the father of the Senate's Joint Resolution to investigate the pay of the Services, should be appointed chairman of the Joint Committee. Senator Reed is now very busy in the Senate with the committee that is holding meetings on the London Treaty. We can safely state that there will be no action of the pay of the Services at this session of Congress, which is due to adjourn on June 12th. We are facing a very peculiar situation in regard to the pay for the Services. Everyone seems to think that there should be a raise in pay for all concerned, but they are convinced and satisfied that it is not a matter for snap judgment and that the hearings should be long and continued before any action is taken."



The Automotive Field

The problem of the automobile is no longer a question of making it go, but how to maintain its operation at a high point of efficiency at the lowest possible cost. The modern automobile is an intricate and costly power mechanism and a partial, picked-up knowledge will not enable anyone to care for it properly. The present day automobile mechanic or operator must have a systematic, thorough, and complete knowledge of automotive principles and practices. The opportunity to acquire such knowledge is offered through the medium of the Automobile Courses taught by the Marine Corps Institute.

For men interested in becoming automobile mechanics, the automobile courses offer an exceptional opportunity. The instruction is kept up to date, and as soon as a new phase of automobile engineering comes into use new texts are prepared. The courses provide the student with special instruction which enables him to understand principles which

mechanics with years of experience in the old-fashioned "hit or miss" method often find difficult to explain. Practical instruction is given in Carburetors, Transmission and Control Mechanisms, Lubricating Systems, Electric Ignition, Starting and Lighting Systems, Troubles and Their Remedies, Overhauling and Repairs.

In an extensive, rapidly growing industry, such as the present day Automobile field, there are excellent opportunities for profitable, congenial, and permanent employment. When the development of an industry is rapid and is constantly expanding the demand for qualified men to fill the positions created will exceed the supply. This is true in the Automobile field, and if you wish to qualify for positions in the Automobile industry such as: Automobile mechanic, Garage owner, Garage helper, Ignition expert, or Automobile salesman you should complete one of the courses listed below.

Automobile Courses

Automobile Mechanics (MMA)

Automobile Electric Equipment (MVS)

Complete Automobile (MVX)

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- | Academic and Business Training Courses | | Technical and Industrial Courses | |
|---|--|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Second Lieut. Prep. | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying & Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing & Heating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography & Typing | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Good English | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect's Blue Prints | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor & Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture & Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Naval Academy Prep. | | |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects | | |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | | |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | | |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | | |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | | |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | | |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Standard High School | | |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | | |

Name _____ Rank _____

Organization _____

Station _____



IN MEMORIAM

By the time this appears in type most of the detachments of the Marine Corps League will no doubt have paid their annual tribute to their deceased comrades. We feel sure that where no fixed ceremony was available at least mental pause in reverence was observed by every Marine.

Through the colonial strife for existence, through the War of 1812, the Civil, Spanish-American, World War, and numerous intermediate expeditions and engagements, the Marine Corps paid its toll, and paid heavily. The Marines were first to fight and it naturally must have followed that they were the first to die. So what could be more appropriate than to set aside a day in memoriam to those who were:

First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep their honor clean,
And were proud to claim the title
Of United States Marine.

ST. LOUIS REPORTS CONVENTION COMMITTEE MAKING HEADWAY

Rodowe H. Abeken, National Vice Commandant of the North Central Division of the Marine Corps League and commandant of St. Louis Detachment, reports through the monthly bulletin of the detachment that the committee headed by Abe Moulton, which is making plans for the eighth annual convention of the League at St. Louis next Fall is making satisfactory headway. Several special features are being considered, including the presence of the U. S. Marine Band from Washington. Some of these features will be announced at an early date. The surprise, obviously, will be held back to spring on the delegates. The date of the convention will be announced as soon as it has been determined by the committee.

The detachment bulletin contains accounts of various activities which are engaging the attention of the St. Louis Leathernecks. Some of them are:

The appointment of J. O. Cord, Edward R. Cook and J. A. Raney as representatives of the League at the meeting of the Veterans' Council composed of members of the G. A. R., D. A. V., V. F. W., American Legion and United Spanish War Veterans, the object of which is to bring together all veteran organizations for cooperation in the common interest of all.

Preparation by the detachment for participation in its annual Belleau Wood Memorial service on the first Sunday in June.

Plans by the entertainment committee for several gatherings during the Summer months.

Drive for new members.

Addition of six members to the detachment auxiliary: Miss Raney, Miss Tarantola, Mrs. Brayton, Mrs. Barringer, Mrs. McAnally and Mrs. Cord.

Members of the detachment and auxi-

By Frank X. Lambert
National Chief of Staff

ROSTER OF NATIONAL OFFICERS OF THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

Honorary Commandant, Major General John A. Lejune, Rtd., Virginia Military Academy.

National Commandant, W. Karl Lattions, 142 Green Street, Worcester, Mass.

Adjutant-Paymaster, A. Ernest Beeg, P. O. Box 94, Hyattsville, Maryland.

Chief of Staff, Frank X. Lambert, 3671 Broadway, New York City.

Judge Advocate, Prof. Basil H. Pillett, New Jersey Law School, Newark, N. J.

Chaplain, The Rev. John H. Clifford, Bradenton, Florida.

Assistant Adjutant-Paymaster, Paul A. Sheely, 171 North 17th Street, Newark, N. J.

Sergeant at Arms, R. J. Flynn, 709 Mercantile Library Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

VICE COMMANDANTS

New England Division, Rudolph A. Trow, 322 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

Eastern Seaboard Division, Maurice A. Ilch, 28 South Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y.

Southeastern Division, Captain Charles Dunbeck, Rtd., 3209 Randall Avenue, Jacksonville, Fla.

Southwestern Division, William L. Baine, 624 West 22nd Street, Waco, Texas.

Central Division, Herman Bumiller, 3869 Beech Street, Mariemont, Ohio.

North Central Division, Rodowe H. Abeken, 1200 Title Guaranty Building, St. Louis, Missouri.

Western Division, L. W. Nickerson, P. O. Box, 1236 Spokane, Wash.

ary were well represented at the reunion dinner of the Quentin Roosevelt Post, American Legion, at the Knights of Columbus Club on Saturday evening, April 26th.

MARINE SPANISH WAR VETERANS HOSTS TO LEAGUE DETACHMENT

Major General George F. Elliott Camp 84, United Spanish War Veterans, composed exclusively of Marines, were hosts to New York Detachment No. 1, Marine Corps League, at their annual dance, entertainment and buffet supper on Friday evening, April 25, at Lenruth Hall, Brooklyn. Commander Robert E. Young, Adjutant James Ayling and Benjamin Duff of Elliott Camp comprised the en-

tertainment committee and the camp auxiliary provided the chow. There were several vaudeville acts and dancing to the strains of a ten-piece jazz band.

New York Detachment was represented by Commandant Thomas F. Kilcommons, Vice Commandant and Mrs. Clement P. Naudain, Paymaster and Mrs. Chris Wilkinson, Chief of Staff Frank X. Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. William Folsom, Jack Day and Miss Evelyn Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Anderson and Earnest Porter and Stella Murphy. The detachment carried off two of the three prizes awarded, Mrs. Wilkinson winning an elaborate crystal and bronze lamp and Miss Gallagher a handsome jade and metal vase.

THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE YOUR REAL FRATERNAL LINK

The following is a preamble of the constitution of the Marine Corps League as amended at the Seventh National Assembly gathered at Cincinnati, Ohio, October 25-26, 1929:

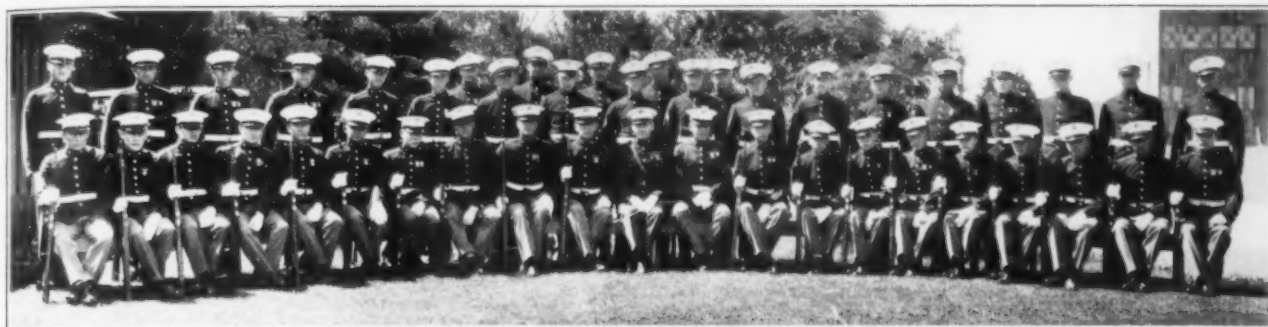
The objects are to preserve the traditions of the oldest branch of the Nation's military service, which has been an inspiration to United States Marines since 1775 and so to band the members of that Corps together in fellowship that they may be effective in promoting the ideals of American freedom and democracy which they have always defended; to fit ourselves for the duties of citizenship; to serve as ably as citizens as we have served our Nation under arms; to hold sacred the history and memory of our men who have given their lives; to foster a love for the principles which have been supported by their blood and valor since the founding of our Republic; to maintain true allegiance to American institutions; to create a strong bond of comradeship between the men in service and those who have returned to civilian life; to aid our comrades, their widows and orphans; to be ever mindful of the glorious history of the United States Marine Corps and by fitting acts to observe the anniversaries of those events in our history which have been an inspiration to liberty-loving people everywhere.

MARINE CORPS ENLISTED MAN HAS GREAT OPPORTUNITY TODAY

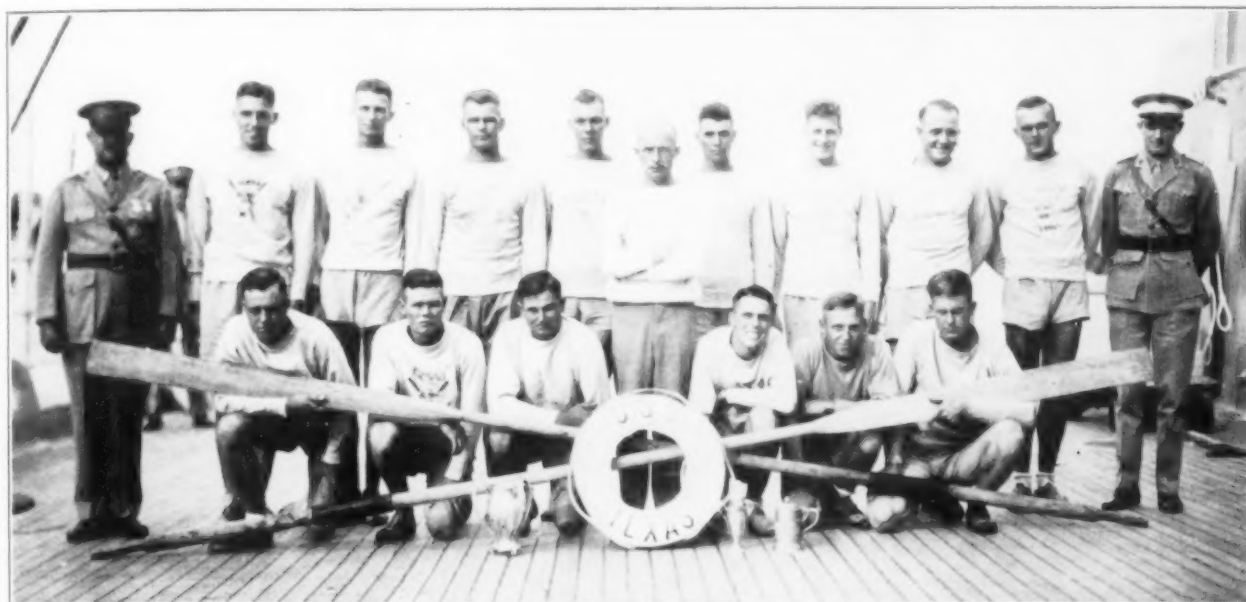
Science is ever advancing, great strides are made in the field of medicine. National and municipal governments spread out, business and industry go forward in leaps and bounds. And so it goes with the United States Marine Corps.

To the Marine who served in the Spanish-American War and before on up through the World War, the corps of today would be a revelation. And today as in generations before, the old corps manages to keep several strides ahead of any other service outfit. The day of the hard-boiled non-com is past. A man

(Continued on page 44)



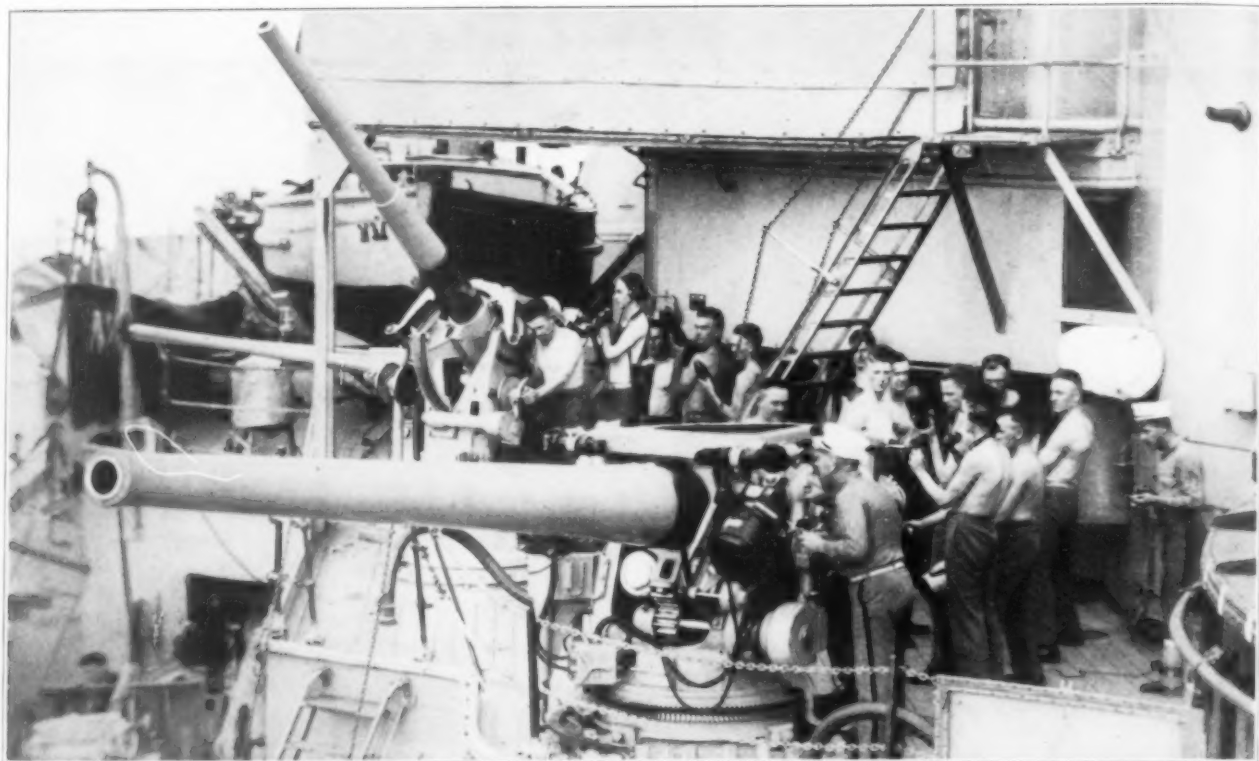
Personnel of Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, San Diego, Calif. First Lieut. G. C. Darnall, commanding.



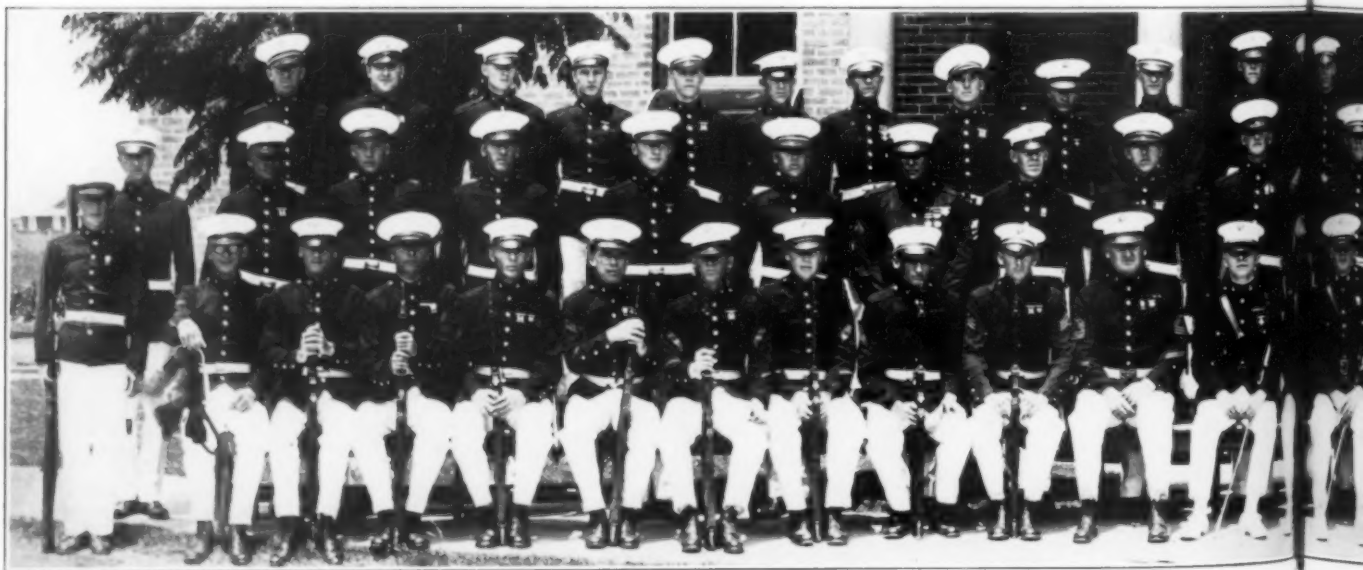
First Sergeant Rasmussen's U. S. S. "Texas" Marine Whaleboat Crew, who have won the All-Navy Cup for the second consecutive season. Standing, left to right: Captain Kendrick, Cpl. Ziegler, Pvt. Way, Sgt. McKinstry, Pvt. Oakes, 1st Sgt. Rasmussen, Pvt. Hyatt, Pfc. Hillary, Sgt. Bairden, Pfc. Strupe, Lieutenant Brink. Kneeling, left to right: Sgt. Hearn, Cpl. Morgan, Pfc. Nalevanko, Pfc. Wheeler, Pfc. Johnson, Cpl. Peters.



A Recruit Platoon under instruction at the East Coast Training Station, Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C.



U. S. Marine Gun Crew in action aboard a battleship. Firing Battle Practice on the U. S. S. "New Mexico."



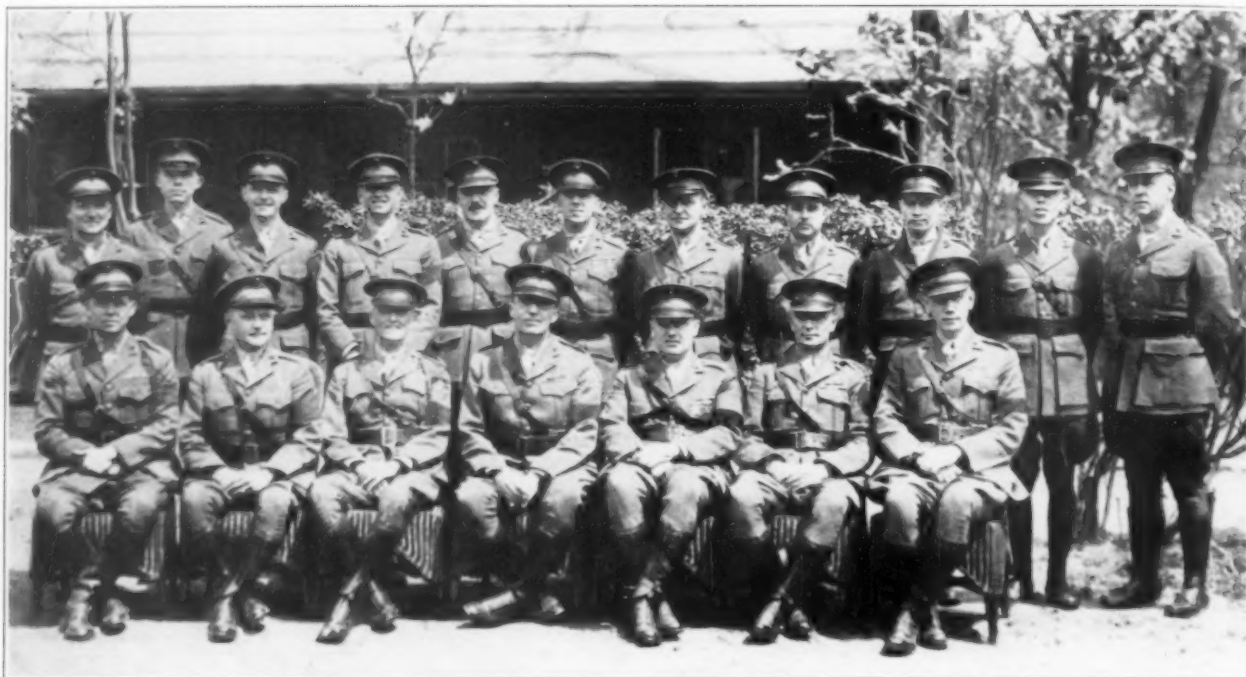
Detachment of Marines stationed at Marine Barracks, New Orleans



A Marine Detachment looked like this twenty-six years ago—Landing party from the U. S. S. "Columbia" in 1904.



acks, New Orleans, Louisiana. Photograph taken June 30, 1926.



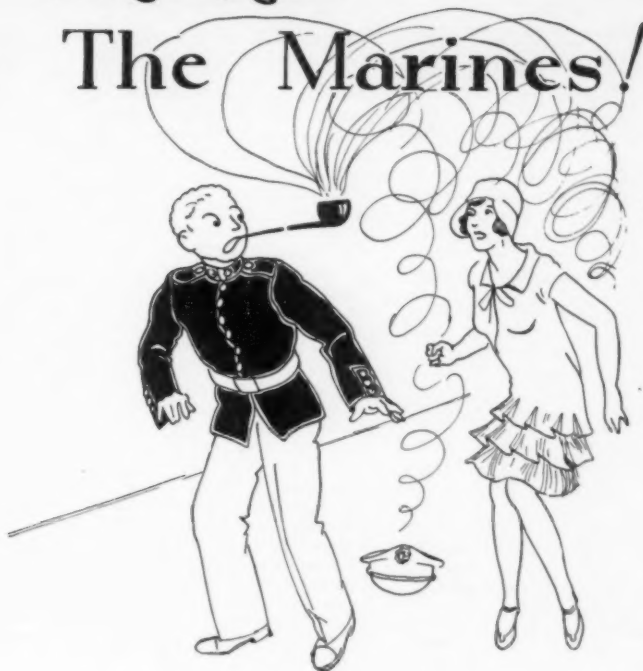
OFFICERS OF 1ST BATTALION, 4TH REGT., U. S. MARINES, AT SHANGHAI, APRIL 2, 1930

Standing (left to right): 2nd Lts. Marks, Kaiser and Pefley; 1st Lts. Mason, Schneider, Wellman, Ryan and Brown, L. A.; 2nd Lts. Schaefer and Davis, and Marine Gunner Brown, W. F. Seated (left to right): Captain J. P. Brown (28th Co.); Captain Tildsley (26th Co.); Captain Cornell, Bn. Executive Officer; Major H. C. Parsons, Commanding 1st Battalion; Captain Ashurst (28th Co.); Captain Nicholas (25th Co.); Captain Batchelder (27th Co.).



Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Helena," 1st Lieutenant James E. Jones, commanding; Jeremiah Twohig, 1st Sergeant.

Telling The Marines!



NO WONDER the little dame is giving her Marine the works! No female loves a briar that smells like a Chinese fish market. Now if this jar-head had used Sir Walter Raleigh in his pipe, you'd see the skirt with her arms around our hero, while the fragrant smoke wafted its way skyward. Sir Walter is a mellow and milder tobacco, with loads of body, and fits a Marine like Dress Blues.

Sir Walter Raleigh: Soldier and Ladies' man. And he knew his tobacco too. He'd probably be in this man's outfit if he were here today.

So, smoke up Gyrenes! All P.Xs. and ship stores will introduce you.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION
Louisville, Kentucky.

FREE!
Sir Walter's
Scrap Book!
Want a copy?

A lot of Leathernecks cut up Sir Walter's advertisements to paste in their scrap books. So, Sir Walter's gone and printed all of 'em in an album. Want a copy? Write to Sir Walter Raleigh (Louisville, Ky.), and he'll send you his album by Uncle Sam's very best mail. No stamps, no cash, no nothing. Ta-da-de-da. Fall out.



SIR WALTER
RALEIGH
Smoking Tobacco

10's 15c and



10's Milder

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: Here it is Summer, and the fleet came in today, and there were airplanes, flocks and flocks of them roaring around over our heads, while thousands of us clambered up dirty fire escapes, barking our shins, blackening our hands and stepping on each other's fingers to be the first up on the roofs. Standing on the roof of our energetic Bay Ridge newspaper from which we derive sustenance and occasionally enough money to pay room rent, the airplane parade was very impressive, and gave a good many of up-until-then pacifist people a good idea of how very easy it would be for the Navy of some foreign power to put a couple of aircraft carriers at a convenient location and clean up on the world's biggest and noisiest burg in little or no time—that is, unless something is done about keeping our Navy up to standard.

During let-ups in the air circus we glanced casually about us at other rooftops, and saw a very plump gentleman, razor in hand, and clad in an old-fashioned night shirt that came to his ankles giving the parade the once over. New Yorkers get mad if you call this a hick town. Another woman was busily engaged in beating carpets and never once looked up as at least a hundred bombers thundered by overhead. And that we decided wasn't being blasé either, it's just that sort of people who go around yelling that we spend too much money for keeping up our Army and Navy, for they just refuse to see things they don't want to see. Then we saw some kids busily engaged in feeding crumbs to birds, another old lady frantically attempting to pin a red petticoat or shawl to a clothes line in spite of the high wind that swirled it round and about her head, and probably gave some of the aviators the idea that she was issuing a warning to them not to fly over the roof of her apartment, and any number of sentimental young ladies blowing kisses and waving handkerchiefs at the flying going on above them.

This morning, nosing through the mist and the fog that covered the harbor the battleships crept in, and cruisers, and all the smaller fry that accompanied them, and got settled in the reservations already made for them, but the two aircraft carriers that all New York was pepped up to meet are left down at Hampton Roads, cooling their toes because it was decided that maybe once they got in it would be impossible to maneuver them or any of the rest of the fleet out again, which wouldn't be a very diplomatic knot for any nation to tangle itself into.

What with all this talk of robots that will be manipulated from shore to drop bombs, and the already practically perfected method of manipulating ships and planes from a shore, it looks like we'll soon be having bloodless wars anyhow, and that all the Navy men will have to do will be to clean up and repair the wrecks after the battle is over and the robot manned ships and planes coming limping back to shore. Imagine being on a ship that you can polish and paint, and then after setting a number of little electric gadgets, shove off and leave them do the fighting while you have a glorious leave on shore, getting back just in time to slap it on the hulk and say, "it was a great old fight you put up today," and then go after it with the oil can and some spare parts and ready it up for tomorrow's battle. Of course, once in a while a mechanical man would get bunged up into such condition that even with spare parts he couldn't be repaired, then the pacifist ladies could come out and shed a few mechanical tears over him and he could be sent back to the factory and broken up and made over into a newer model. But until then we'll have to put up with things as they are, which won't be so bad when the new cruisers get finished and we have another aircraft carrier or so.

Over at the Gold Star Mother's luncheon given by the American Legion at the Brooklyn Elks' Club, we heard Rear Admiral Peoples extending the good wishes of the Navy to these women, many of whose sons wore the Navy blue during the war, and he did it gracefully, sincerely, and what is true Navy form, with little waste of words or time. In wishing these mothers a bon voyage Admiral Peoples was, of course, also a representative of the Marine Corps, and those mothers who heard him speak set sail for France with the feeling in their hearts that the men of the Navy and Marine Corps sympathized with them, and also gloried with them in their pride for their dead.

Two few funny things happen in Brooklyn. In Manhattan everybody gets in more or less of a gala humor. There is something sort of contagious about the flicker-flicker around Times Square very similar to the feeling one gets in New Orleans around Mardi Gras time. Only the other evening we stood waiting for a taxi at 43rd and Broadway, Manhattan. Near us were three sailors, and two Marines. None of them showed any signs of intoxication, but suddenly one of the bluejackets threw back his head, filled his lungs with air and let out a "Whoopie" that must have sounded clearly in a radius of five blocks despite traffic, auto horns and the "L." The cop on the corner lost no time in getting to the group, neither did the Marines, and as the cop came up one of the Leathernecks, who had been talking hurriedly to the sailor turned to the cop and said:

"Aw, have a heart. Sir, this is the first time this kid ever saw Broadway and it just got the best of him."

The cop looked from one to the other of the group, grinned and said "Don't let it happen again," and went back to directing traffic.

The old skyline of New York proved a little too much for the U. S. S. "Ne-

vada," so she didn't get to trail in with the fleet the other day, she had an attack of heart failure just about the time the big buildings were slated to slide into view and her compression went way down, and whatever happens to battleships that stops their engines when the compression goes down happened, and a tug had to come to the rescue and as a result the Nevadans came in for a lot of razzing, but what did they care what with all Manhattan lit up and ready to shake hands with them.

The Legation Guard News for February has just reached this desk, and as usual we lost no time in turning to "Whoopie" the page wherein the boys on the Asiatic Station take it out of the tabloid newspapers, and how. As usual, it was funny, and the magazine itself we find rapidly "metamorphosizing" into a first-class service magazine.

Time out while this column stretches a neck out the window to watch the "Los Angeles" trail across the skyline, with two blimps tagging along in the rear, very much like a mother whale with a couple of whalelets, except that the beautiful silver of the dirigibles is much more ornamental than the water mammoth's hide.

From Out My Window

There is an air of hominess

To washings dancing in the sun,
Snowily white, pink, blue and green
The color gamuts run.

They do a lightsome sort of dance,
Long legs and arms outspread;
Swaying in unison with the green boughs
Unfurling new leaves overhead.

Beyond their vari-colored, bright parade
The drab "L" trains go thundering by,
And rooftops spread rectangles out,
Like checkerboards beneath a very sunny sky.

And further still, the harbor lies
And giant ships impatient sway,
Tugging the cables that have fettered them

From the lone ocean's perilous way.

A dog barks playfully, and childish shouts

And laughter through my open window comes,

Calling adventuring thoughts again
To the sweet sanctity of homes.

OUR FLAG HAS DIFFERED IN EACH WAR

The United States has had a different flag for every war in which it has participated.

For the Revolutionary War the flag consisted of 13 stripes with 13 white stars in a circle on a blue field; for the second war with England, 1812, it consisted of 15 stripes with 15 stars; for the Mexican War, 1846, is consisted of 13 stripes and 29 stars; during the Civil War there were 13 stripes and 34 stars, and before the war ended the new stars to represent West Virginia and Nevada; for the war with Spain, 1898, the flag had the conventional number of stripes and 45 stars and for the World War it had 48 stars—"Our Army."

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford
(Dawson Photo)

1918. For some weeks rumors and counter rumors had circulated 'round the galley fires of the Marines of the Second Division and oh, how varied and often exaggerated they had been. We had just left the Verdun sector and "sure dope" stuff had been handed out at different times taking us all to quiet rest sectors in Southern France, a participation in the Italian border warfare, an active portion of the Cambrai, special duty around Paris, and every day brought its fresh revelation from some "know-it-all" until news reached us of another enemy advance towards Paris. Immediately following, the Second was rushed as a whole division in camions or trucks driven by a nondescript crowd of chauffeurs towards Paris, circling through the outskirts of the city and out towards Chateau Thierry. After getting through the town of Meaux, we left the trucks and commenced hiking, meeting on our way, crowds of refugees who had been driven from their homes by the German advance. The French troops also were falling back for another last stand on that great highway, and every group looked with longing, expectation mixed with pity for the eager battalions of Americans who were going forward to meet the shock and try to stem the advance of Germany's best troops so confidently pressing on with Paris as their goal. On June 1st, our foremost troops were being placed across the highway from Metz to Paris, and from that date the Fifth and Sixth Marines together with the Ninth and Twenty-third Infantry became one of the divisions never to be excelled in deeds of sacrifice and heroism in the eyes of the people of France. We were engaged in actual combat at first without the aid of artillery, while food supplies were so limited that many companies were down to emergency rations. Nevertheless, the advance was stopped and right through the month, the enemy were forced back. Our losses were terrific, but the accomplishments of that month changed the map of France and became the real turning point of the whole war. No wonder the verses of Marie Tello Phillips which I have chosen as this month's poem, stand out as an unforgettable part of the great war.

The Wood of the Marine Brigade

(Le Bois de la Brigade des Marines—
Belleau Wood)

The shallow trenches in the wheat,
Now overgrown with flowers,
Lead to the leafy vine draped wood—
Birds sing amid the bowers—

"Marines' Brigade," named by the
French—
A monument now towers.

The trees entwined with clematis
And holly, bright and red,
Here wave their boughs of great green
plumes

Above the sleeping dead;
And myriad crosses mark the graves
Here where they nobly bled.

Eight thousand Fifth and Sixth Marines
Fought there and saved the day;
Three-fourths and more here felt the fire
So ravenous to slay;
But they who died, and they who lived,
Unvanquished, cleared the way.

Surrounded by machine-gun nests,
With rifle-butts, they drove
The skulking foes into the fray,
With war-like force of Jove;
All but the dead, dismayed and dazed,
Took flight within the grove.

That day, the mighty tide of war
Was dammed by one small band
The wave of death was rolled back
toward

The Rhine and "Vaterland;"
And Paris, France, Democracy
Revived at their brave stand.

Chateau Thierry, Marne, Argonne,
And San Mihiel, all gave
Their living holocausts to a cause
They lost their lives to save;
But the dead who fledged the German
flight
Lie buried in this woodland grave.

The fame of the Fifth and Sixth Marines
Around the world will ring,
And their glorious fight for the U. S. A.
A glow of pride will bring.
Of Catlan's, Neville's, glorious deeds
America will sing!

Harry A. Stevens of the Fifth Machine Gun Company was one of the boys of that famous group, who later lost his life in the Champagne. Harry's father lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., and although now seventy-one years of age, he is still active in the business world, and walks on an average of six miles each day. He has also kept up a correspondence with a family at Gruncourt with whom Harry once billeted while in France. John H. Pruitt, who came from Fayetteville, Arkansas, was another of those who at the call, gave himself for his country, and strangely was killed on his birthday, October 4th, 1918. He had, the day before, singlehandedly attacked two machine gun outfits, capturing them and killing two of the enemy, and later captured forty prisoners in a nearby dugout. Corporal Pruitt was posthumously awarded the Navy Medal of Honor for conspicuous gallantry and courage beyond the call of duty in action, while Destroyer 347 was named in his memory.

I am told that one of the most famous of present day recruiters is Sergeant Albert Chenoweth of Kansas City staff, known to some as the K. C. District's "Craig Kennedy."

For years, the old time Ford with its "getting there" facilities bothered the noble Chenoweth in his tours in and around the points he found necessary to circumnavigate, but now for two months he has been living in either the seventh or tenth heaven, with a new truck at his disposal and an increase of several inches in his manly chest measurements. It is said that there are seventy-five men and

ten officers in the Aviation Reserve who live in or near the city and if Captain T. J. Shearer succeeds in his appeals, an excellent aviation unit will add to the credit and importance of Kansas City.

Sergeant Peter J. Schmid of Cleveland District is a splendid man on publicity, and recently secured some excellent write-ups concerning Corporal Cotterman. It appears that before Cotterman got to Parris Island from Akron, Ohio, the Sergeant had to secure no less than three waivers to seal his acceptance. At the conclusion of his training, Cotterman was promoted to Corporal and was specially congratulated on his achievements by the Akron Beacon-Journal which also mentioned that the Corporal stood six feet two inches, weighed two hundred pounds, was a high school graduate, and hoped to obtain a commission during his enlistment. Schmid is a veteran recruiter of thirteen and a half years experience and during these years has been able to secure approximately three thousand men for the Corps.

At the Wall Street Post Office Station, New York, Sergeant Major John E. LeSage, retired, does duty. He was in Boston recently where he tramped the sidewalks from 1900 to 1904 to secure applicants for the Corps. A really first class barber is always in demand and it was therefore a pleasure to find Angelos Dialeitos located in the two hundred block of West 50th Street in New York City doing well with himself as the proprietor. Dialeitos was and still is a good Marine with the spirit of the Corps which makes for success. He spent over two years of his service aboard the U. S. S. "Pittsburgh." The milkman delivering at my home the other day in answer to my "good morning" replied, "Good morning, Doc," and then I found out that we had met before in France when Arthur J. Tyler was a member of the 23rd Infantry.

A letter from Pittsburg says, "I am out of active service but they say 'Once a Marine, always a Marine,' and I guess that that's the truth. I am about to sign up for another kind of a cruise, for life this time, in other words, I am going to get married. In that connection, I've a great favor to ask of you, Chaplain. I have always wanted to get married in my old uniform with a Marine Chaplain, the only one that there is officiating. It is just like it would mean more that way, my girl feels the same way about it too. I can't explain just why we feel that way about it, but the years of honorable service to my credit, never made a break, and I want this cruise to be the same. I am not a sentimentalist, but, well, maybe you can see how I feel about it." To reply to this letter explaining how impossible it was for me to go to Washington for the ceremony hit me real hard, but I did the next best thing. I sent Chaplain Niver's address and, of course, he really knew no other service during his years as Chaplain and personally I never thought of him outside the Marine Corps duties as Quantico's Chaplain. I am sure that Sergeant Hale G. Engstrom was suitably fixed, and in the Reserve will still prove the truth of Semper Fidelis. Heartiest congratulations, Hale, and long life to you both.

It was no easy task during the years 1917-18 to remain in Washington when

(Continued on page 44)



"TEXAS" MARINES REPEAT

By Kenneth R. Way

For the second time in two consecutive years the "Texas" Marine whaleboat crew, piloted by First Sergeant Rasmussen, has crossed the finish line ahead of crews powerful enough to survive hard fought elimination races, to win the coveted All-Navy Cup.

The bright blue waters of Guantanamo Bay, the Poughkeepsie of the Navy, and battle ground of many a hotly contested race was just as colorful Saturday morning, March 29th, as the scene of the historical regatta. Motor launches and boats of all descriptions were on the side lines, packed with rooters, all cheering with zeal and frenzy for their respective crew. Over the roar of the spectators could be heard the beating of drums and the blast of horns and trumpets as six lively bands vied for honors in instilling color and spirit to the race.

A signal given by the starter quelled the crowd temporarily, all that broke the silence was the snappy click of the oars, as the starter coached the six mighty crews to the line. With the crack of the gun, seventy-two oars dipped the water simultaneously for a start nearing perfection. The "Tennessee" and "West Virginia" bolted to a lead of a boat length that was short lived, for when three hundred yards of the course had been covered, the "Tex" put their heart, soul, and body back of one of Rasmussen's famous spurts to shoot into a lead of three boat lengths. Then the "Oakie" and "Arkie" with man killing strokes, slowly battled their prows past all the Battle Fleet contenders. So the tide of battle remained until the mile mark when the "Arkie" gave their all in a heroic attempt to mow down the "Oakie." They responded to a spurt like champions, and pushed ahead of them by a small margin, but their supreme effort was costly to their strength, and they slowly fell back to one-half a boat length in rear of "Oakie," where they stuck like demons until the finish.

In the meantime, the "Texas" was pulling like a "Texas" boat has never pulled before to hold their coveted lead. Not an inch could they gain until within a hundred yards of the finish. They threw their last ounce of strength into thirty of the most gruelling strokes of the race, to gain a boat length and pass the finish line victorious, but completely exhausted. The "Tex" won by four official boat lengths, with "Oakie" finishing second, closely pressed by "Arkie." Trailing them were the three Battle Fleet contenders.

We, the "Texas," are proud of our prowess and the title of All-Navy Champions, but we cannot help but voice our admiration to the crews that have gone

through months of ordeal in training for this race, and who pulled just as valiantly and heroically as the winners, but cannot harbor the taste of victory. In a sense, it was a victory for the "Oakie" and "Arkie." Completely and decisively outclassed by the "Texas" in the Dunlap and Barnett Cup races, they pulled harder than they thought they were capable of, to give us the race and scare of our lives. It was a landslide for the Scouting Fleet and we'll sing our cheers to the house-tops or, in our case, the mainmast will have to be a substitute.

We wish to compliment all crews on their sportsmanship and good fellowship they have shown throughout the season. Captain Kendrick and his men have paid their tribute to the crew, and their co-operation and boosting was a big factor in a great season. A season that the "Tex" bow crossed the line first in the four races in which she participated. In all probability this will be First Sergeant Hans O. Rasmussen's last year on the "Texas," and we can only make an attempt in voicing our feelings for what he has done with "Texas" crews in past years, and this present season, also to men who have performed deeds on the end of an oar that will live after them, even though they will not be present next year.

To us who are left, let us pay tribute to those men who have in us true sportsmanship and the genuine "Texas" spirit—the spirit that wins.

The crew consist of:

1st Sgt. Hans O. Rasmussen, Sgt. Benjamin F. Hearn, Jr., Sgt. Clarence B. McKinstry, Sgt. Marion F. Rairden, Cpl. Arthur Morgan, Cpl. Elmer G. Peters, Cpl. Adolph Ziegler, Pfc. Orville L. Johnson, Pfc. Charles T. Hillary, Pfc. Cyril Nalevanko, Pfc. Earl Strupe, Pfc. Larry P. Wheeler, Pvt. Thomas W. Hyatt, Pvt. George R. Oakes, Pvt. Kenneth R. Way.

BUDDY ROBERTS CARRIES ON

By Cpl. Walter L. Williams

Repeating on a more spectacular scale his many pugilistic triumphs in Nicaragua, "Buddy" Roberts has become a conspicuous figure in the sporting columns of the Philadelphia newspapers, his most sensational feat being that of winning a decision over the famed Fait Elkins, former Haskell Indian football star and all-round athlete, at the Cambria Athletic Club in Philadelphia last month.

During this six-round fracas, which was accorded considerable publicity by the various Quaker City scribes, Roberts was twice fouled, but he held up gamely to win the decision and the demonstrated admiration of the fans.

Roberts is now under the management of Joe Crosson, former manager of Ad Stone, one of the Marine Corps' best.

Buddy has fights scheduled in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Virginia, and is now doing plenty of preparatory work at the Cambria, while Crosson expresses high hopes.

RUGBY FOOTBALL IN THE MARINE CORPS

By Pfc. G. Sterling

Rugby football; how many Americans have heard of the game, or have any idea how it is played? Not many. Why? Because we are so enthused over our own National games, we fail to acknowledge another country's sports.

In my estimation, Rugby is becoming a world-known game and is played professionally in European countries. Look at England, France, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and several other countries. They, practically all, acknowledge Rugby as their National game, which means plenty of foreign competition.

What is there to prevent Americans from mastering the game, so long played by foreign countries, and beating them at their own game? Not one solitary thing.

Look at the Marines in China for instance. The man that showed them the game was a Frenchman who had no knowledge of the English language, but gestured with his hands. Yet the Marines obtained an idea of the game and now stand, as one might say, the undefeated champions of the Orient. But there is something better to accomplish—"The Champions of the World."

One reads about the Marine Corps Rifle teams, their football teams, baseball teams, in fact, one reads about the Marines in every kind of sport in which they participate. Why not, then, let us read about the Marine Corps Rugby Team? I say there is no reason at all why the Marine Corps cannot organize a team in the United States that is worthy of competing with the best. They have the material and the spirit, which everyone knows the Marines possess and are willing to put forth to their utmost power.

You have read of the Marine Corps Rifle experts competing in the Olympic matches. Why not have a Marine Corps Rugby Team also competing in these world-wide games?

"United States Marines win Olympic Football Games," think of the glory it would throw on the Corps and on everyone individually. You might say "What Price Glory," but no man can honestly say that he does not desire glory.

So let us get together and organize a rugby football team fit to challenge any team in the country. It can be done, and if we cooperate in the correct manner, it will be done.

ARMY AND NAVY Y. M. C. A. TO FOSTER ATHLETIC TESTS

The National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association is fostering the United Service Athletic Fraternity. The purpose of this organization is to afford recognition to the service men who possess outstanding athletic versatility and ability; to stimulate the interest of individuals in a diversity of athletic activities; to enlist the influence of members as outstanding athletes to help bring about a better understanding and appreciation of the place of athletic sports in the leisure time program of the individual and of the community.

Any officer or enlisted man in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast



Bronze U. S. A. F. Medal to be awarded service men by Y. M. C. A.

Guard may register an application for membership at any time. He will be received into membership with appropriate ceremonies when he has passed the qualification tests which must be completed prior to renewing civilian status.

Application forms may be secured at any Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. At the time of making application for membership, which may be done at the time of, or before taking the first test, payment of one dollar will be required to cover cost of records, certificates, and postage. There is no other charge.

A handsome bronze medallion, specially designed by Mr. Walker Hancock, winner of the Prix de Rome; also a certificate of membership in the United Service Athletic Fraternity will be presented by the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. to each man who meets all requirements. As a man qualifies in each event the record will be transmitted to the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Headquarters, New York City, where complete records will be kept and from where a certificate record of each qualification will be sent.

Events may be prepared for and tests taken by arrangement with the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. at any place where facilities and officials are available and in the order which suits the contestant, or as circumstances require. Tests may be taken by an individual or a group, but performance of each man will be checked individually. In case of failure in any test the applicant may repeat such test.

Officials at each test shall be three in number and only those who are members of the Registered List of Athletic Officials shall be used. Three tested stop watches shall be used for all timing and steel tapes for measuring. Only equipment sanctioned as official and correct as to dimensions, weight and construction shall be used.

The events and the necessary qualification are as follows:

100-yard dash, 11-3/5 seconds; 1-mile run, 5 min. 30 sec.; running high jump,

5 feet; standing broad jump, 8 ft. 8 in.; 16-lb. shot put, 31 feet; fence vault, height of individual; baseball throw, 250 feet; 40-yard swim, 23 seconds; 220-yard swim, 2 min. 5 sec.; football punt, 40 yards; basketball throw (25 continuous tries from foul line), 20 out of 25; diving, running front dive, running front jack-knife, back dive, back jack-knife, 75 per cent form.

Rules for the track and field events will be those employed by the National Collegiate Athletic Association. In the aquatic events the Intercollegiate Swimming Rules will be followed. In throwing and punting, tries shall be taken in direction assuring no advantage from the wind. Measurement shall be taken by steel tape from line in back of which throw or punt is made to nearest point on ground touched by ball. Three tries are allowed. The fence vault will be covered by hexathlon rules. In the shot put event, men weighing less than 160 pounds shall put in proportion to their weight. For example, a man weighing 140 pounds will be required to put 140/160 of 31 feet, or 27 feet 1 1/2 inches.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

Piti Navy Yard, Guam, M. I., February.—At the Washington's Birthday Water Carnival, Private Barney Schrown came in first, followed by Seaman William P. Sharkey, in the fifty-yard dash.

Piti Navy Yard, Guam, M. I., February.—At the Washington's Birthday Water Carnival, Corporal Francis Sayre won the one hundred yard free for all.

Piti Navy Yard, Guam, M. I., February.—At the Washington's Birthday Water Carnival, Corporal J. M. Mann won the free for all diving contest.

Piti Navy Yard, Guam, M. I., February.—In the under-water swim for distance, open to all contestants at the Washington's Birthday Water Carnival, Seaman J. C. Sablan and Pfc. E. S. Chaves, respectively, were the winners.

Piti Navy Yard, Guam, M. I., February.—In the relay race open to all swimmers, at the Washington's Birthday Water Carnival, the winners were: E. C. Schrown, Pfc. R. L. Brown, Col. J. M. Mann, and Private C. R. Russell.

Agana, Guam, M. I., 26 March, 1930.—"Bad Boy" Jones of Headquarters Company, won a four-round decision over Private Pete Bicio, 40th Company. Wel-terweights.

Nozaleda Park, Manila, P. I., 8 March, 1930.—In the middleweight finals for the Asiatic Fleet championship, Marine Searcy won over Sailor Inocencia of the "Pittsburgh." Later on in the evening Marine Searcy fought as a light-heavyweight and defeated Sailor Calloway of the "Pittsburgh." Two championship belts in an evening!

Nozaleda Park, Manila, P. I., 8 March, 1930.—Marine Hanley of the 16th Naval District, won the lightweight championship of the Asiatic Fleet over Tailor of the U. S. S. "Canopus."

Dan Searcy, the fighting Marine,

knocked out Vannoy, of Fort Mills, at Corregidor, P. I., on April 9.

Red Gray, Marine, again defeated the Army's featherweight champion, Anderson of Fort Mills.

Capvorting around the keystone sack for the Chicago White Sox, we find Ernest Smith at short and Chalmer Cissell at second. Smith used to be a first sergeant in the Marine Corps, and Cissell is the product of the U. S. Cavalry, from whom the Des Moines baseball club purchased his discharge in 1925.

St. Thomas, V. I., May 7.—Frederick L. Parks, of Spencer, Iowa, pitched the Marine team to a 13 to 0 victory over the Navy Yard nine. Parks, who was recently "farmed out" by the big team, held the sailors entirely hitless throughout the game.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP NAMED

By Benny Weissner

Another step in the steady progress of Eddie Provost was taken when he gained the decision over his taller rival, Don Truesdale, at Managua, Nicaragua.



Eddie Provost

This bout was announced officially to determine the light-heavyweight champion of the Second Brigade. It was an eight round session, full of action, and thrills of the highest quality of fist-cuffs. It also proved beyond a doubt that Provost is a devastating puncher, when, in the third stanza he dropped his opponent three times, once for the count of nine. Truesdale was saved by the bell from taking terrific punishment.

Nevertheless, Truesdale apparently made a pretty comeback, but it was not sufficient to offset the more experienced New England lad, who outboxed him and piled up points in the infighting to easily gain a unanimous decision.

Eddie, in the previous smokerette, technically K. O'd the hard punching "Red" Artis, a northern area favorite, in the sixth round. This decision was rendered when Artis' seconds threw the towel in the ring, after Provost had floored Artis twice, and had Artis against the ropes in the corner. By the groggy appearance of Artis, it was plain to see that he was taking hard punishment.

Provost, who has been in the Marine Corps two years, has never lost a decision. When Jimmy Slattery was training for the N. B. A. light-heavyweight championship fight in the summer of 1927, in Holyoke, Massachusetts, Provost's home town, Eddie had occasion to enter the ring with him in an exhibition bout of three rounds. After the bout, Slattery told the reporters that Provost would go far in the boxing field.

NEWS FROM 4TH MARINES, SHANGHAI, CHINA

By Lt. C. D. Baylis

Fourth Marines Rugby Football team finished a highly successful season, playing 13 games, with a record of 10 won, 1 lost, tied 2. By defeating Shanghai and Hongkong Interport teams, and Welch Regiment team, from Singapore, India, the 4th Marines are champions of the Orient. But one game was lost during the season, the last one between 4th Marines and H. M. S. "Cornwall." As the "Cornwall" had lost two games, one to Shanghai and one to Hongkong Interport teams, the title to the championship goes to the 4th Marines. The season's record is as follows:

Total games played.....	13
Games won	10
Games lost	1
Games tied	2
Points scored by Marines.....	306
Points scored by opponents.....	35

The Non-commissioned Officers' Club of the 4th Marines tendered a banquet to the Regimental Rugby Squad, in appreciation of their season's record, on February 28th, Gunnery Sergeant Jennings, president of the club, presided. Honorary guests were the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, Colonel Charles H. Lyman, U. S. M. C.; the Regimental Athletic Officer, Captain C. B. Cates, U. S. M. C.; the team coach, 1st Lieutenant C. D. Baylis, U. S. M. C., and Mr. Holdsworth, the well known Rugby referee of Shanghai.

The roster of the 4th Marines Rugby Football Team for the season of 1929-1930, was 1st Lieutenant C. D. Baylis, coach; Gunnery Sergeant Jennings, assistant; Chief Ph. M. Fraeme, trainer; Corporal Cogsdell, captain of team; Corporals Burk, Maris, Clark, Lawless, Lewandowski, Slusser, Maulding, Anderson, Smith, H. A. Jurgens, Williby, and Privates Rodman, Billings, Gaehling, Smith,

F. A., Wilcox, Morgan, Swank, Travers, Fiese, Felt, Stutts, and Cooper. Privates June and Fogleman acted as assistant trainers.

The following letter was received from the Commanding Officer, Yangtse Patrol: United States Asiatic Fleet, Yangtse Patrol, U. S. S. "Luzon," Flagship, Shanghai, China, February 24, 1930.

From: The Commanding Officer, Yangtse Patrol.

To: The Commanding Officer, 4th Marines.

Subject: Football game.

1. Commander Yangtse Patrol wishes to express his enjoyment of the game of football witnessed yesterday at the Canidrome.

2. The splendid play of the Marine team which resulted in the winning of a hard-fought game from the strongest team that could be brought to meet them, could only have been accomplished as a result of self-discipline on the part of the members of the team as well as determined and strong cooperation which when intelligently applied always produces happy results.

3. The signal victory obtained was a fitting close to a successful season, the results of which reflect great credit not only on the members of the team, but the entire organization to which they belong.

4. Please extend congratulations to all who were directly concerned in the fine performance of a football team of which we are all proud.

(Signed) T. T. CRAVEN.

All the regulars of last year's championship Rugby Team, are lost to the team, by reason of completion of foreign shore service. At a call for material for next year, 68 new men reported to Lieutenant Baylis, coach of the team. It is planned to start summer training, getting a line on new material, and coaching in the fundamentals.



Marine Rugby Team which played New York to a 6-6 tie. Back row: Lieutenant Gerard, Lieutenant O'Donnell, Lieutenant Murray, Corporal Poppelman, Sergeant Long, Lieutenant Moe, Lieutenant Roberts, 1st Sergeant Hughes. Lower row: Lieutenant Parks, Private First Class Prushinski, Private First Class Anderson, Sergeant Zimmerman, Private First Class Wingo, 1st Sergeant Costello, Lieutenant McCaffery.

The Regimental Hospital, and the 26th Company have moved into new billets on Ferry Road. These new billets are much better than the old ones and offer more room, comforts, conveniences, and a more desirable location.

From Welling Barracks, London, S. W. I., January 12, 1930, comes a welcoming letter to the Commanding Officer and the Regiment, from Colonel Warner, Commanding Second Battalion, Scots Guards.

The boxing squad of the regiment is still "carrying on." The principal fighters in the squad are Perstein and Zavelitch, with others working out, but not yet started on their fistic careers in Shanghai. Inasmuch as the Royal Navy seems to be basking in the limelight, it would not go amiss to have some of our top-notch fighters, from the States out here to put the 4th Regiment back on the fighting map in the local fistic arena. The principal fighters now fighting in the main events are the Royal Marine, Jock Creighton, from the "Cornwall," and Marine Smith from H. M. S. "Hermes." "Kid" Andre, local Russian heavyweight, was dethroned recently in two rounds by Marine Smith.

The Basketball Team of the Regiment finished in third place in the Y. M. C. A. (Foreign) League, and third in the Shanghai Open Tournament (Chinese League). The local Chinese team, composed of all stars, polished off all comers, winning from the Foreign Y. M. C. A., to cop the League championship, and in a three-game series they romped all over the team from the U. S. S. "Pittsburgh." As basketball is strictly an American game in origin, it sort of cramps our style to see the Chinese out in front. What a welcome addition to the regiment would be the champion Marine Corps Base team, from San Diego. Transports seem to be coming out here regularly, so "what say, fellows?"

The regiment turned out on March 22 to render honors to Colonel Mallet, departing commandant of French Forces in Shanghai. Colonel Marcaire is at present the commandant of the French Forces in Shanghai.

The following letter was received from the Commandant of the Marine Corps: From: The Major General Commandant. To: The Commanding Officer, 4th Marines, Shanghai, China. Subject: Athletics of the Fourth Regiment.

1. It has been a source of much pleasure and gratification to be advised of the most successful program conducted by the officers and men of your command and I particularly note with pride the contained success of the Rugby team of the Fourth Regiment.

2. In entering a field of sport such as Rugby, which is practically foreign to American athletes, you have displayed a sporting instinct much to be admired, but when your Rugby team administers such overwhelming defeats to teams of what may be termed international caliber, it elicits not only my congratulations, but my most sincere admiration.

3. Please convey to the officers and men of your regiment who have so splendidly contributed to the athletic success of your organization an expression of my

pride in their achievements in the past, my best wishes for continued success and to you, my personal congratulations for the spirit you have developed in your regiment.

(Signed) W. C. NEVILLE.

Baseball. Over 180 candidates have turned in their names to the baseball coach, Lieutenant Baylis. But three veterans from last year's undefeated team remain to start the season, Captain Passmore at first base; Welch, pitcher, and Pierce, a catcher. Spring practice starts April 15. The last trip of the "Chau-mont" took home June, Holmdale, Clark and Conyers, four first-string players in any service league, and any team that is fortunate enough to land any of them will be bound to have a successful team.

In the China & International Basketball League (girls), the American team won the championship. Two players on the American team who were outstanding in the season's victories were Mrs. True and Mrs. Creswell, wives of Marine Officers of the 4th Regiment.

Track and field team of the regiment, under the guidance of 2nd Lieutenant Marks, has turned out for spring practice. Squad is made up of new material, all of last year's team having returned to the States during the past six months.

In the athletic field, in Shanghai, for the season of 1930, the 4th Marines will present brand new teams, having lost practically all of last year's star performers in track and field, boxing, baseball, basketball, rugby and swimming.

MARINES BEAT ST. BONAVENTURE IN FREE HITTING GAME 11-5

3 HOMERS FEATURE OF MATCH

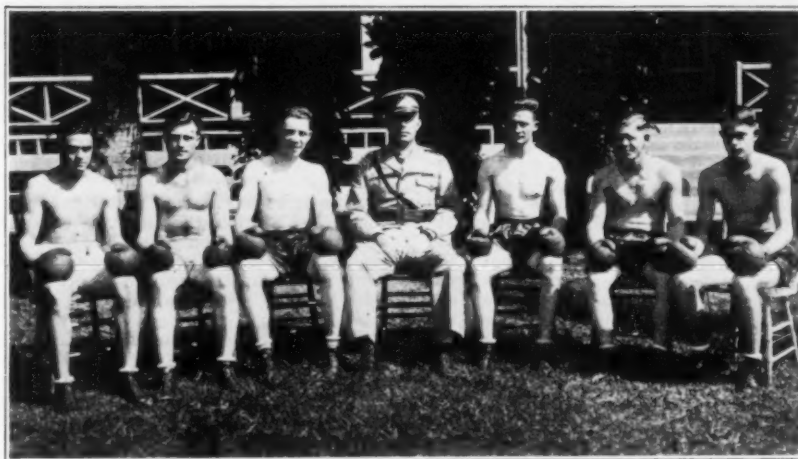
Quantico, Va., April 24.—Healthy slug-ging was the feature of the tilt between the All-Marine Team and the St. Bonaventure nine here today. Gorman, Galbo, and Skierkowski each contributed to the festivities with four-baggers; and Gorman also cracked out a double.

Smith pitched good ball and although he was touched for twelve hits, he was tight in the pinches and offered no free tickets.

MARINES	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sullivan, 3b	4	3	1	2	2	0
Tolan, ss	4	1	2	2	3	0
Gorman, cf	4	1	2	3	0	0
Gatewood, lf	5	1	2	1	1	0
Ware, rf	4	0	3	1	0	0
Billingsley, rf	0	1	0	0	0	0
Cady, 1b	4	1	1	10	0	1
Cather, c	3	1	0	3	0	0
Munari, 3b	2	0	0	5	1	0
Lock, 2b	1	0	0	0	1	0
Smith, p	4	1	2	0	0	0
*Kidd	1	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	36	11	14	27	8	1

ST. BONAVENTURE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Utecht, 3b	5	0	2	1	1	2
Wood, 1b	5	1	2	9	0	1
Youngblood, ss	5	0	1	2	0	0
Skierkowski, 2b	4	1	2	5	3	1
Reilly, cf, p	4	0	2	1	1	1
O'Connor, c	4	0	0	3	2	0
Layden, rf	4	1	1	0	1	0
Harold, p	4	1	1	0	4	1
Galbo, lf	4	1	1	1	3	0
Totals	39	5	12	24	12	7

*Batted for Munari in 7th.
St. Bonaventure..... 0 2 0 0 1 1 1 0 0-5
Marines..... 0 1 2 4 0 0 4 0 0-11
Runs batted in—Tolan (3), Gorman (3), Gatewood, Kidd, Smith, Ware, Utecht (3), Skierkowski



Marine Boxing Stable at Cavite. Left to right: Baugus, Morgan, Searcy, Ch. QM. Clerk Lippert, Hanley, Gray, Myers.

(2), Galbo. Two-base hit—Gorman. Three-base hit—Utecht. Home runs—Gorman, Galbo, Skierkowski. Stolen bases—Billingsley (2), Cather. Sacrifices—Tolan, Munari. Left on bases—Marines, 7; St. Bonaventure, 8. Base on balls—Off Smith, 0; off Harold, 3; off Reilly, 1. Hits—Off Harold, 13 in 7 innings; off Reilly, 1 in 1 inning. Hit by pitched ball—By Harold (Cather). Struck out—By Smith, 3; by Harold, 1; by Reilly, 1. Winning pitcher, Smith. Losing pitcher, Harold. Umpires—Bussius and Purdy. Time of game, 2 hrs. 20 min.

MARINE OFFICERS HUMBLE MEDICOS

By Cpl. Clifford House

Men without ambition are like birds without wings—the Medicos of the Naval Hospital, inspired with the thrill of spring, laid aside their talent of concentration and perseverance for medicine, for wings of ambition, to hand the Marine officers a cleverly written challenge to meet on a baseball diamond and decide whether the pill-rollers are inferior to the Leathernecks or not. The acceptance was made all in good order, signed and sealed by Brigadier General Dunlap, with the thorough characteristic of the Marines, giving an incentive to hearten the challengers, but not failing to make known the almost certain outcome of the contest.

March 19th—the white uniforms of the Medicos and the blue uniforms of the Marines could be seen darting about Navy Field, players getting kinks out of muscles under hot sun rays, batting eyes of better days getting back some of the old keenness; each team working hard to get in the best of form for the contest. Chaplain Dyer, assigned the task of subduing the Medicos at bat, started in rare form, mixing fast balls and curves, struck out three batters, two after Alexis had singled and managed to score on slack playing. The Marines took advantage of Arnett's single and the Medicos's three errors to score three runs. Again in the second, Dyer showed he had too much for the Medicos, striking out three batters. In the 3rd the score of 6-1 favor of the Marines, the losers bunched four singles with two walks to score four runs and threaten to take the lead. The Marines came back with two more runs and scored each inning on, while Dyer pitched steady ball, fanning

fourteen and allowing two earned runs. Hivels was given poor support and often put himself to trouble by walking six batters. Lieutenant McHenry led his team at bat, getting two hits and scoring three runs.

Marines.	AB	H	O	A	Medicos.	AB	H	O	A
Arnett, c	4	2	14	1	Wharton, 3b	3	1	1	1
Dyer, p	3	0	0	14	Alexis, 2b	3	2	1	2
McHenry, 1b	3	2	4	0	Hayes, 1b	3	1	5	0
Pendleton, ss	3	1	1	1	Hohn, ss	3	0	1	0
Kalem, 3b	4	1	0	1	Alexander, c	3	1	8	0
Odgers, 2b	3	0	0	1	Brown, cf	3	0	0	0
Liversedge, rf	2	1	0	0	Methis, rf	3	0	0	0
Hogboom, lf	3	1	0	0	Vaughn, lf	2	0	0	0
Clements, cf	1	0	0	0	Hivels, p	1	1	1	7

Totals	26	8	19	17	Totals	24	6	17	10
Medicos.....						1	0	4	1
Marines.....						3	3	2	1

Runs—Arnett, Kalm, Liversedge, Hogboom, Wharton, Hayes, Alexander, Vaughn, Hivels, Alexis (2), Dyer (2), Pendleton (2), McHenry (3). Errors—Alexis (4), Arnett, Wharton, Odgers, Vaughn. Two-base hits—McHenry, Wharton. Left on bases—Marines, 4; Medicos, 2. Struck out—By Dyer, 4; by Hivels, 7. Winning pitcher—Dyer. Losing pitcher—Hivels. Stolen bases—Alexis, Vaughn, Pendleton, Arnett. Time of game, 1:50.

MARINE RUGGERS TIE N. Y.

PLAYS 6-6 DEADLOCK WITH U. S. MARINES AT PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia, April 26.—The New York Rugby Club and the United States Marines battled to a 6 to 6 tie at the Municipal Stadium today in the first rugby match played in Philadelphia in the last quarter century.

The line-up:

New York R. C. (6).	U. S. Marines (6)
Williams.....	F. B. Zimmerman
Ormsby.....	L. W. Roberts
Young.....	C. W. Long
Barak.....	C. W. Poppelman
Powers.....	R. W. O'Donnell
Strong.....	H. B. McCaffery
Malfroy.....	H. B. Gerard
Bogle.....	I. F. Wingo
Groves.....	I. F. Costello
Imper.....	F. F. Anderson
Beerra.....	2 F. Parks
Wood.....	24 F. Prushinski
Smith.....	B. F. Murray
Lindsay.....	B. F. Hughes
Galvally.....	B. F. Moe

Trys—New York: Ormsby, Barak. Marines: Gerard, Zimmerman.
Referee—Lafferty, New York. Time of halves—40 minutes.—(N. Y. Times.)

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY BOWS TO MARINES 9-1

SMITH GOES ROUTE AND HOLDS
VISITORS TO SEVEN HITS

Quantico, Va., May 1.—In a game featured by Young's single, double, and home run, the Sea Soldiers took the Catholic University bunch into camp today. Devin, the visiting pitcher, held the Marines to a single tally until the seventh, when he blew up. The local boys scored four in the seventh and four in the eighth.

MARINES	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Sullivan, 3b	4	0	0	0	0	0
Tolan, ss	5	2	3	1	3	0
Gorman, cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Gatewood, lf	4	2	0	3	0	0
Young, rf	4	3	3	0	0	0
Lock, 2b	0	0	2	2	3	1
Sadler, 1b	4	0	1	13	0	0
Lusignan, c	5	1	2	8	1	0
Smith, p	3	1	0	0	5	1
Totals	37	9	12	27	12	2
CATHOLIC U.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Oliver, rf	3	1	0	1	0	0
Biasi, ss	4	0	2	2	4	0
Dunn, lf	4	0	1	0	0	1
DeMello, 3b	4	0	1	3	1	0
Peifer, cf	4	0	2	2	0	1
Kelly, 1b	4	0	0	9	1	1
Frankovic, 1b	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gioffre, 2b	3	0	0	2	5	1
Marucci, c	3	0	1	5	0	0
Devin, p	3	0	0	0	3	1
Franjo, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	1	7	34	14	5

Runs batted in—Young (4), Tolan (2), Lock, Lusignan, Biasi. Two-base hits—Young, Lock, Biasi. 3-base hits—Marucci. Home run—Young. Sacrifices—Sullivan, Smith. Double play—Smith to Lock to Sadler. Left on bases—Marines, 11; Catholic U., 3. Base on balls—Off Devin (4), off Franjo (1), off Smith (1). Hits—Off Devin, 12 in 7 2-3 innings; off Franjo, 0 in 1-3 innings. Struck out—By Smith (8), by Devin (4).

MARINES WIN FROM VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE 4 TO 2

SMITH HAS PERFECT DAY AT BAT

Quantico, Va., May 13.—The Marines added another to their considerable string of victories when they defeated the Virginia Military Institute 4 to 2. Smith was bad news for the visitors. He held them to seven hits and registered a perfect day with the stick. In three trips to the plate he bumped out two singles and a triple, and pilfered one sack.

MARINES	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Tolan, ss	2	0	0	3	4	2
Gorman, cf	2	0	1	2	0	0
Sadler, 1b	3	0	1	10	0	0
Gatewood, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Ware, lf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Young, rf	3	2	2	1	1	0
Lock, 2b	3	0	0	5	2	1
Sullivan, 3b	4	0	0	1	3	0
Lusignan, c	3	2	2	5	1	0
Smith, p	3	0	3	0	3	0
*Kidd	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	4	9	27	14	3
V. M. I.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Laughorn, 3b	4	0	2	2	2	0
Grow, 2b	4	0	0	1	1	0
Biggs, ss	3	0	1	3	5	0
Williams, cf	4	0	1	3	0	0
Cutchin, rf	3	0	1	1	2	0
Saunders, lf	4	1	1	0	0	1
Blocker, c	4	0	0	4	1	0
Jacobs, 1b	4	0	0	10	1	0
Shomo, p	3	1	1	1	3	1
Totals	33	2	7	24	15	2

*Batted for Gatewood in 5th.
V. M. I. 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0-2
Marines 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 1 x-4
Runs batted in—Gorman, Lusignan, Smith,

Young, Laughorn (2). Two-base hits—Lusignan, Saunders. Three-base hits—Smith, Laughorn (2). Home runs—Young. Stolen bases—Saunders, Biggs, Smith. Sacrifices—Tolan, Gorman, Sadler, Lock. Double play—Young to Lusignan. Left on bases—V. M. I., 6; Marines, 6. Base on balls—Off Shomo, 3; off Smith, 1.

CAVITE MARINES COME THROUGH CHAMPIONSHIPS By "Fly"

Although the Marine Detachment at the Naval Station, Cavite, P. I., consists of an average of only one hundred and eighty Marines, as against over ten thousand Sailors in the Asiatic Fleet, it did



SEARCY

Won by knock-outs 11
Won by technical knock-outs 4
Won by decision 9
Draws 1
Lost by decision 3

the superb leadership of Jim Lippert, the Marines came through and obtained their objective by winning the coveted Admiral Bristol Cup.

Each morning and evening the squad went through its daily dozen, observed the strictest of training rules, had its own training table, and underwent the tedious work of getting into condition. Coached and instructed by Mr. Lippert, under whose guidance last year, the Marine fighters, Lombard and Lewman, won the Navy featherweight and middleweight belts, and then followed through with the Inter-service Championship belts for the Far East titles. These fighting Leathernecks rounded into the pink of condition and were ready to meet all comers at the appointed hour.

Working down through the eliminations into the semi-finals, and at last into the finals, the Marine scrappers worked their way, and when the final hand was raised by the referee at Nozaleda Park, Manila, on the evening of March 8th, Searcy had the unusual and high honor of having won the middleweight and light-heavyweight titles; Hanley had the lightweight and Gray had won a draw in the featherweight class. In the fight to set-



GRAY

Won by decision 9
Lost by decision 4
Draws 1

tle the draw, held two weeks later, Gray lost in the most surprising decision rendered during the entire session.

It is remarkable to note at this time that in three draws by Marine boxers during Fleet eliminations, in not one of the extra bouts to determine a winner was a Marine able to obtain the approval of the judges and the verdict of victory over their Naval opponent. It was from these and similar occasions that the slogan of the Marines Stables developed, "it takes a K. O. to win!"

During the months previous to the Navy finals, members of the Marine boxing squad met and fought the best of the Army fighters at smokers held at the various Army posts in the vicinity of Manila, and the above mentioned champions had to their credit victories over their Army friends in their respective weights. The Army declined the Navy's invitation to an inter-service smoker to settle the Far East championships for this year.

The squad this year consisted of the following Marines: Dan Searcy, the Shanghai terror, and one of the best boxers and hardest hitting fighters that has ever stepped into the squared circle in the Orient. "Kid" Hanley, patterned after Jim Corbett, a cool, clever gentleman boxer with a kick like TNT in both hands. "Red" Gray, a fighting red-headed demon and one of the gamiest of service fighters. "Bulldog" Morgan, a rugged welterweight, upon whom the jinx of the squad descended. Last year, working down to the Navy finals, the fight was declared a draw, and in the play-off he lost the decision. This year in the semi-finals he again fought a draw only to lose again in the play-off. "Mack" Baugus, middleweight, who was forced by sickness to drop the fighting game after winning all his bouts. "Dee" Meyers, featherweight, a late comer to the squad but a lightning fast scrapper, who also won all the fights in which he participated.

During the two years Major Van Hoose has commanded and Mr. Lippert has been in charge of boxing at the Marine Barracks, the Marines have won twenty-four bouts by the knock-out route, forty by decision, ten ended in draws, while sixteen have been lost by decision and only one by a knock-out. This includes five Navy belts and two inter-service belts; an enviable record, one to be proud of and one rarely, if ever, equaled.

Too much credit cannot be given the Marine Barracks in this year's victory over the Fleet, for although they fought as the Sixteenth Naval District, to which they are attached, only the slightest of support was accorded them from that source.



HANLEY

Won by knock-out 4
Won by technical K.O. 2
Won by decision 7
Lost 4
Draws 4

THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 25)

On Thursday evening, April 17th, 1930, we (the detachment) sponsored a formal dance at our new recreation hall as a harbinger of future dances of an informal nature, which will, it is hoped, be held at least twice a month. The music was furnished by Fike's Vagabonds of Charleston, S. C. Refreshments of all sorts were served and a general good time was had by all and sundry, as they say.

Our thanks and appreciation are herewith extended to Lieutenant Colonel F. A. Gardner for his sanction for this dance, and Captain C. E. Rice, for his untiring efforts on behalf of the command, also to the committee of dances and amusement, consisting of Sergeants Griffin, Acklin, and Corporals Dougan, and Haynes.

We plan on having a formal dance about once a month and two or three informal dances a month.

To those who may be interested, Corporal "Babe" Harelson has been paid off; Corporal Griffin (now Sergeant) is with us from Pearl Harbor, via Parriss Island, S. C.; also Corporal Humphries (now Sergeant) is with us from the rifle team.

Sergeant Bianchi recently retired with only twenty years to his credit. Oh, sure, he went to Boston, Mass. Corporal Pickens joined the detachment from Charlotte. Sergeant (Dutchy) Zimmerman left us for the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Pfc. Rombeau and Private MacGuire transferred from the U. S. S. "Florida" while she lay here for the Charleston celebration.

Here we are overlooking the latest bit of gossip for some of you tabbies. Sergeant Joe Newland (former police sergeant, and now mess sergeant) has taken unto himself a ball and chain for life. Some sentence, I'll say. Never mind, Joe, you both picked winners when you chose each other. Slip 'er there, Joe. Congrats. Now, how about the proverbial cigar. What's that, you want? O. K., Joe, just wait for the next write-up. From all appearances, there will be more go over the side single and come up all tangled up in matrimony. How do I know? Too many of the boys are going around with the fair damsels of Chicora, Charleston, and points north. In fact, we bank on Private "Fanny" Holland as the next victim.

We are graced with the slim and sylph-like figure of H. M. Buckey as First Sergeant, vice, B. Dessez, who was transferred to the U. S. S. "Wyoming."

The A & I inspected the detachment last month and from all reports and indications he was more than pleased with the appearance of barracks and personnel.

"MARYLAND'S" SAY-SOS

By Pat

Well, Zopoloties, it has been quite a tiempo since we have shot the breeze over Station M-A-R-Y. We have quite a Marine detachment. What I mean to say is that they are all good men, from Captain Dessez to Turpentine R. A. Harris, the man who says that eighteen men

can't play baseball when there are only nine gloves.

The men say that Captain Dessez is one of the best captains, if not the best captain that they have ever had the pleasure of doing duty with. He really sticks up for his detachment.

Ole Olson, one of the most promising young Swedes of this modern stone-headed age, is really snapping out of it. We had a court-martial on here the other day, and we told Ole that the man was acquitted. I'll be doggoned if Ole didn't ask, "Did he get sixty days confinement and a fine?" Ole, you beat me by the numbers.

Well, laying all jokes aside for a while, we have really enjoyed this little trip of ours. We are sure enough seeing the world. So far this year we have visited Balboa, viewed the world's most wonderful engineering feat, stopping at Colon for about a week. Then we got underway and oversized goldfish pulled us through the Carribean Sea up to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Let me tell you, Bozos, and Dames, if you like to carry on your love affairs under a beautiful moon, you should put on your "whatchamacallet" shoes, and take a little walk down here. Why even I slept out on the galley deck one bright moonlit night, and I awakened to find myself making love to gun No. 7's muzzle face.

The latter part of March, the port and starboard cranes started flapping their wings and took us out to "no man's land" so we could fire our 5 and 16-inch shoots pistols. Why those darn things just about crumpled this dainty yacht up into a ball of pig-iron. The concussion, or whatever you want to call it, carried Bill Miller's locker off of the bulkhead, and he sorta' figured that that was going a little too far. He said, "I just won't stand for that because I am sergeant of the guard."

Mike Opels bought a bottle at the "Port of Spain" and gave the barkeeper a \$10.00 bill. The results were that Mike had to hire a bull cart to carry his change back in. The joke's on you, Mike. Those weren't twenty-five cent pieces—they were Haypennies. Mike, you had better walk aft until you hear a splash.

Now listen, some of you Nicaraguan Marines. The bull carts aren't the same as they are down there. These are more modern, just one bull instead of two. I figure that they think that they can kill them quicker. I guess they have no slaughter houses down there, so they let the bulls or bulleses pull themselves to death and then butcher them right where they fall. Then you buy the meat in a restaurant under the name of "bull a la cart." Meaning Bulls from a bull cart—no one knows this but me.

Well, if any of you people get lonely some night, come over to No. 9 case-mate's joe party, but please bring your own cups. Boutte will show you his collection of funny looking cameras, and Murphy will argue with you about anything from why do chickens lay eggs, to do coconuts grow on bushes. When you are ready to leave, Weiss will escort you over to Jerry's Karynaske, and Jerry will give you a wonderful sales talk on how cheap his 2-in-1 is.

You will see us on the screen quite often now, so keep your eyes peeled and you may run across some of your old pals' names. M-A-R-Y signing off.

M. B. NAVAL POWDER FACTORY, INDIAN HEAD, MARYLAND

By "Incognito"

Having noted the lack of contributions to the Broadcast from this post, I will take my pen (or typewriter) in hand and endeavor to contribute in my inadequate manner, for the benefit of those who do not know of our charming little town I will describe, although it is well nigh inconceivable that anyone should be so uninformed (apologies to the local chamber of commerce).

The U. S. Naval Powder factory is situated on the east bank of the historic Potomac River, approximately thirty-eight miles below the National Capitol, on the opposite shore of the Potomac. Eight miles to the south, Quantico is located, so one can readily see that we are not far from the home of General Butler's shock troops. This command consists of forty men, commanded by Captain R. C. Anthony. Current rumor has it that Captain Anthony will be leaving us soon for foreign duty. We hope that he will stay as long as possible. Captain Anthony also acts as Post Quartermaster. He is assisted in that department by Quartermaster Sergeant Frank Tyree and Pfc. McCord—a great and appreciated boon to all QM. offices. Private Soucie is the low ranking man of the QM. piloting the post truck in an aero manner.

Chief Marine Gunner J. J. Faragher has his time well occupied as Post Exchange Officer, Post Mess Officer, and Post Police Officer. In the Post Exchange he is assisted by Sergeant Butler, exchange steward, who with a wild light in his eye will say, "No, no jaw-bone, now or never!" In the ever turbulent mess-sergeant's billet, we have Sergeant Payne, and the beloved police sergeant is none other than Sergeant P. D. Sandman of 53rd Company, Port au Prince fame. In the company office is First Sergeant Nathan Welshans who is an excellent pinochle player and ardent backer of all sports. The top is assisted in his official duties by Corporal Charles Campbell, the company clown. The remaining duty sergeants are Baker and last but not least Archie "D" Shawen. The "D," dear readers, is not for darling, daisy, or even dimples. It is his authentic middle initial. Other non-coms are Corporals Steele, Voda, Gillis, and Houghtsby, custodian of the post stables.

Pfc. Harvey Broy is the Captain of the Head, although I believe his head is somewhere hence. No doubt he is yearning for the beautiful Virgin Islands from whence he departed last Fall after a short stay. Or could it be Guam, his first cruise love? Pfc. Pop Carlson is the ranking slum burner (beg pardon, I mean First Cook). Pop stoutly maintains that Indian Head is the Utopia for all liberty-loving Marines. Not being socially inclined, I am not in a position to judge, but it certainly seems as though the feminine element does exert a devastating effect on some of my youthful comrades. Only a short while past, one Mike Hoppe destroyed a twenty-dollar cheque (unknowingly of course). It seems that a fond aunt of Mike's sent him a cheque last Christmas. Mike unwittingly tossed the epistle, for an ordinary Christmas Greeting into the locker. Imagine his consternation when on his semi-annual locker policing he discovered that he had destroyed a twenty-dollar

cheque. Truly the one that said, "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," was a knowing sage.

Being a normal Marine detachment, we have a wealth of famous (or infamous) characters. Probably the most famous being "Nemo," officially known as Pfc. Wiford. "Nemo" tips the scales at three hundred or more, less being improbable. He is the scourge of all mess-sergeants due to his enormous ration capacity. Then there is Private "Bugeye" Graves who sets feminine hearts aflutter as he sits atop his trusty steed and faithfully guards the highways and byways (mostly) of this reservation.

Trumpeter Otto is our one and only music and I am here to state that he easily takes the place of six ordinary musics.

And I must not forget to mention Corporal "Cherub" McGuire who says most emphatically that he won't ship over. Also "Squeaky" Doyle who is a staunch supporter of the movement to put standing lights on all foot lockers.

The Naval Proving Ground formerly maintained at this station in conjunction with the Naval Powder Factory, is now situated at Dahlgren, Virginia, where a small outpost of this command is located, commanded by Gunnery Sergeant William Barr. Hoping to hear from this outfit in the next Broadcast, on their domain I will not trespass.

Our baseball team is now in the making, and I hope to sing its praises in the next issue of the "Leatherneck." Any Marine detachment in the general vicinity wanting games, please communicate with First Sergeant Welshans. Sergeant Baker, his messmates call him Bakee, loyal supporter of the Washington American League Club, is at the helm of our team, so we are expecting many things from the Post baseballers.

Come, you post scribes, let's go with a large contribution to the Broadcast. What's the matter with Quantico, Parris Island, and the Sea Going Marines? By the looks of the Broadcast, Marines don't go down to the sea in ships any more. Yours for a bigger broadcast.

M. B. NAVY MINE DEPOT, YORK-TOWN, VIRGINIA By Simp

The month of May has been quite a successful one from the Marine viewpoint, at least on the four-cornered race track, having won three games and lost two. May 3rd and 4th were the unlucky days, the Holdcroft Athletics winning 14-8 on the 3rd, and the Hampton Athletic Club nosing ahead with a 6-5 score on the 4th. But on the 11th, the Marines took the 19th Aircraft of Langley Field, to the tune of 31-1, and kept up the good work the 17th and 18th by defeating the U. S. S. "Dupont" 18-6, and the U. S. S. "Biddle" 6-5 in a ten-inning game.

Judging by the damage done, the "Pol'luck," Corporal Pouronnik, seems to be determined to win at any price. His injuries include a sprained ankle, bruised knee, busted finger, and a goofy look.

Since the dance hall at Yorktown has opened, the liberty list looks like a roster of the command. The QM should issue tents and requisition a few camels so that the sheiks could feel at home.

Sergeant Hunt, better known as Jimmy, was transferred to the Philadelphia Navy Yard on the 16th, and our

popular music, Trumpeter Goodwin, left for Boston on the 17th. The entire command joins in wishing them the best of luck at their new stations.

Since the discharge of Corporal Kingsley on the 7th, and Private Huck on the 14th, the C. O. has been contemplating the removal of all locks from storerooms, brig, etc. Says they won't be needed.

Our revered First Sergeant, Johnny Bellera, denies being in need of a tent, and says he would walk a mile if he had a camel. However, we still don't know how he maintains a car and a female chauffeur on a First Sergeant's pay, but, as they call for him most every evening, it must be so. Maybe being manager of the ball team has something to do with it, but there is a lot of doubters in the world.

"Ding-how" Beardsley, the easy going (some say, not so easy) police sergeant, hasn't been heard to growl for a long time, at least a week. But then, he hasn't got an excuse, having plenty of policemen (there being sixty-nine men on the rolls at present). But that will last during the summer months only, as the increase is temporary, to enable us to fire the range.

"Speed Demon" Hedges has decided that a Ford isn't designed for use as a battering ram, after trying to telescope a Buick, his Ford is now minus the front bumper, and is somewhat battered about the head, but still percolates as well as ever. "But," sez he, "you should see the other fellow."

The A & I inspected the post on April 22nd, but as the writer was foxy enough to be on furlough at the time, he is unable to describe the quaking and trembling. However, the report shows that the post is in good shape, which fact every one here would have been glad to tell him without having the inspection, and no complaints or recommendations made.

As the feller said, "Enough is enough, and a little more is too much," so this will be all for this month.

COMMUNICATION NOTES, AMERICAN LEGATION, PEIPING, CHINA

During the month, the overhaul of the 15-w. motor generator for charging "A" batteries was completed and the unit installed. In conjunction with this, all "A" batteries have been mounted on small hand trucks so that they may be quickly and easily moved to outside the battery locker for charging. This was found to be necessary as noises from the motor-generator interfered with high-frequency reception when an attempt was made to charge the "A" batteries while they remained in the locker. No amount of shielding and filtering would overcome this difficulty. However, the new system is quite as satisfactory and it has reduced the cost of keeping "A" batteries charged to about one-tenth of its former amount.

All "A" batteries were overhauled during the month and the cell tops filled with paraffin. New "Eveready" heavy-duty plate batteries have been purchased and have been placed in use on the Cavite circuit "RS" receiver. Improved reception resulted.

A new type SE-2307 Heterodyne frequency meter has been received and is now hooked up and installed.

The SCR-130 Army field radio set is being overhauled preparatory to its installation at the International Rifle Range for use during the yearly range practice of the detachment.

All material is in excellent shape and functioning nicely. As an example, Radio, Guam, has been experiencing some difficulty with her new TAF transmitter, and on several occasions, reception at Cavite was impossible. During these periods, a great deal of Guam's traffic was cleared through Peiping, this station being in good communication at all times with both Cavite and Guam.

The interference from the radio station at the Japanese Legation Guard which was mentioned in our last letter has now been removed. Conferences and friendly cooperation between officers in charge of the Japanese station and ours, resulted in the Japanese requesting the authorities at Tokyo to allow them to shift their frequency. This was readily granted. There have been several occasions where interference has occurred between the Japanese station in Peiping and our station. On each occasion we have found their authorities anxious to meet us more than half way in reaching an adjustment.

Private First Class Alvin Rainey and Private Carl F. Martin joined the station during the month, having arrived from San Diego on the U. S. S. "Chamont." Two of our operators, Tripp and Thompson returned to the States on the U. S. A. T. "Grant." Thompson came to us from the Third Brigade when it left China. Tripp is an old timer at Radio, Peiping, having been with us for five years. He was one of our first operators and an exceptional radioman having a good knowledge of both operating and material.

Headquarters Detachment basketball team of which Pfc. Stephen Roberts, of the Radio Station, was captain, has won the inter-company basketball trophy. The trophy was presented to Roberts at parade, as is the custom. Headquarters Detachment is also out in full force, practicing for the inter-company baseball league. Radio has three candidates, Pfc. Roberts, Privates Flowers and Martin. We hope to win the trophy in this activity also. In the inter-company boxing tournament, our only entry, Private Colin McGillivray was eliminated by Private Baer of the 39th Company, who was the winner in his weight.

304TH COMPANY, F. M. C. R. By Private Wm. McK. Fleming

To commemorate the thirteenth anniversary of the Second Naval Battalion's entry in the gigantic struggle, April 26th was set aside as Veterans' Night, with a review by the Veterans' Association.

It seemed as though everyone rushed down to the armory immediately after the molar paste programme was off the ether, for a huge gathering assembled long before the Marines and Gobs went on deck.

Following the sailors' physical drill under arms, the Brooklyn Marine Reservists came out and were accorded a generous answer to Miss Guinan's plea. Our Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Kessenich, then put us through a peactalking manual before the reviewing stand. The exhibition was concluded with snappy close and extended order drills executed with such precision that

even the most blasé regular would have been thrilled. The visitors applauded with a mighty roar and every man marched back into the luxurious company room with a warm, beating heart.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rorke conducted an inspection the other night and was well pleased with the uniform arrangement and neatness of every man's locker. Many of the men have papered the inside of the lockers and even polished the doors and number plates.

Lieutenant Howard W. Houck, who was company officer of the 304th Company, has transferred into inactive duty. His Marine services number some twelve years and include interesting experiences in the tropics. As company officer of this outfit, he gave the men the benefits of his experiences and extensive knowledge of soldiering. Lieutenant Kessenich and the entire company wish him success in anything he may undertake to do, and all extend a sincere "Good-luck, Lieutenant!"

Sergeant Barret who has been with this company ever so long has been commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant of the 19th Marines. The men congratulated him, and conveyed their best wishes in the form of a presentation. The presentation was a handsome sabre which Jack—er—Lieutenant Barret shall wield at Quantico this year.

Our former commanding officer, Mr. McKinless, came down the other night on a visit and was accorded a real warm welcome from the C. O., Lieutenant Kessenich, to the last rookie who joined during Mr. McKinless's piloting. Let's hope that we see more of him.

And while talking about old timers, who should pay us a visit but our old friend, Sergeant Woods. Bill was one of the most popular men in the outfit and everyone was sure glad to see him again. He gave us a little talk on organization that was real spirited. And did the boys applaud!

"Black-eyed" Jimmie's four years were up and there was some biting of nails as to whether he would reenlist. But all fears have been allayed for Sergeant Stenhouse has shipped over for another hitch in Company 304. Attaboy, Jim.

Did you know that Pfc. Blinn has been communicating quite regularly with "John" ('member the mess-sergeant at Camp Meade?). That sure is a good way to keep up a good friendship. Those of us who had K. P. will remember "John's" good nature and consideration.

Private Loeber brought his inspiration down to the review. After the evening parade was over, he flew over to her so fast we thought that he would be awarded the silver wings. With shining buttons and sparkling eyes he asked her how she enjoyed it. "Jackie, it was simply grand," she told him, and then with one of those effeminate frowns queried, "but why haven't you got bright red stripes on your trousers?"

They say that Privates Costello and Shaughnessy spent a lot of Uncle Sam's currency at the Coney Island boardwalk the other Church-day. It all came about when Bill and Jim told their sweet companions what good riflemen they were, and to prove it, they began shooting all the ducks at the gallery. But the girls wanted the little candles "way back there" put out.

And they say that Private O'Geary saw Paramount on Parade thrice because

each time Ruth Chatterton sang "My Marine," his aspiration rested her head on his shoulder.

On May 5th, the Social Association was re-organized and the fundamental by-laws were accepted. The elected officers are as follows: President, Sergeant Stenhouse; vice-president, Sergeant Dean; treasurer, Corporal Anderson; secretary, Private Fleming.

By the time this is printed, those week-end cruises should be well under way. Let's get a full rig sometime and then watch the fun.

Among the things that give us the proverbial pain in the neck are the following: movie scenes showing Marines getting thrown around, such as those in "Hit the Deck." Getting up a good sweat shining brass, and then be told, "khaki tonight." Pfc. Blinn's drumming on the lockers; the bayonet rush to the rack after drill; Bosses who want to know if it's absolutely necessary that you go to camp; work on Tuesdays, after chewing the fat in the Coffee Pot after drill; those slippery spots on the floor; sweeties who want to know whether you must go to drill; rainy Monday nights; and chevron bearers who think that all the benches belong in the non-com room.

RAMBLINGS OF THE ROCHESTER RIFLEMEN, 302ND F. M. C. R.

By C. P. X.

The 302nd Company participated in a very interesting military night last month, given in honor of Lieutenant C. B. Forsythe, who recently relinquished command of the Ninth Fleet Division, after over ten years of service. The program consisted of a battalion parade and review, including the ceremony of Escort of the Colors by the Marine Company, and was followed by a four-inch gun drill by a crew from the Tenth Fleet Division and a formal guard mount, also by the Marines. Units participating besides the 302nd Company were the Ninth and Tenth Fleet Divisions, 3rd Battalion, USNR. The music was furnished by the 121st Cavalry Regiment Band, NYNG. "Anchors Aweigh" and the "Marine Hymn" being heard for the first time in the local Armory.

A crowd of about three thousand people witnessed the event which was followed by dancing and a buffet luncheon for the members of the various units and their guests. An unusual feature of the affair was the appearance of two sets of brothers in command of the units participating. Our Skipper, Captain Doyle, being Battalion Commander; Lieutenant Fred Doyle being Company Commander; Lieutenant (jg) H. T. Haidt, commanding the Ninth Division, and Ensign F. H. Haidt, commanding the Tenth Division. Captain W. J. Graham, commanding officer of the 3rd Battalion, USNR, and his staff, as well as a number of city officials, were in the reviewing party.

The past few weeks has seen the company plugging hard with the .22 calibre Springfield in preparation for our State Annual Small Arms practice which takes place on May 19th. The 302nd Company has attained a very high figure of merit in past years in this event and efforts are being made to establish a new record this year. It also serves as a valuable preliminary for the annual active training duty period.

Our C. O. will get his annual thrill (?) commanding a detail of doughboys when he goes to Fort Niagara this month as assistant inspector of the Annual Small Arms Practice of the Naval Reserve units located in Western New York. The Fort Niagara range, which is an exceptionally good one, is manned by members of the 28th Infantry, First Division. Most of these men have had experience in this work at Camp Perry and the Skipper admits that they know their stuff.

Word that we were to go to Wakefield instead of Quantico for annual training this summer made a big hit with all hands. Although Quantico last year was a decided improvement over previous years, nevertheless one unalterable drawback will always remain, and that is the heat, which is pretty hard on the men from this part of the country. Although the dates for the training period this year come after the opening of the fall school term we are hoping this fact will not affect us too seriously. Efforts are being made to offset this by establishing a class (6) waiting list of men who can fill in any vacancies for camp.

Two of our officers, Captain Doyle and Lieutenant Doyle, attended a demonstration of chemical warfare equipment recently by a local Army Reserve unit and from unofficial reports of the affair have agreed one such demonstration in a life time is sufficient. Between "harmless" tear gas, smoke bombs, etc., Messrs Doyle were in a fog for several days afterwards. However, they claim that the demonstration was highly instructive and were glad they attended.

301ST COMPANY U. S. M. C. R.

By Sergeant Keenum

Well, all you Leathernecks and Reservists, here we are again over in this Old Bean Town called Boston. I guess all you people have been wondering what has happened to the 301st Company. We are still going strong. We have been so busy with these drills lately that we haven't had time to be bothered with any other business than putting on drills. Now we will let you know what has happened recently.

The latest which has happened, much to our regret, is the fact that one of our galloping sergeants was discharged April 19th, but much to our surprise we couldn't get rid of him for he shipped over on April 21st. He was anxious to know if he had lost out on any of the drills, so you may judge for yourselves how much interest he has shown in the 301st Company. Most likely some of you fellows will remember this Sergeant Most. Well, that's O. K. Charlie, better times are coming.

More news, Corporal E. E. Doyle also is due to be discharged May 5th, but is shipping over too, as Pfc., so you may be sure that the 301st is some company. For a man to be paid off as corporal and come back as Pfc. Well, that's all right, Eddie, we are all with you.

Friday night, May 2nd, Major Murray made an unofficial call on the 301st Company and gave us a little talk. Everyone seemed pleased to have him back again.

Gunnery Sergeant Robinson gave the company rifle instruction the first part of the drill period. Next the Marine gunner gave our N. C. O.'s pistol instruction and believe it or not, he knew his onions on 45's.

At ten o'clock our prize drill platoon got on their toes for a little finishing touch of the drill we had been requested to put on Saturday eve, May 3rd, at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, by the Canadian Club of Boston.

These drills must be very interesting to the observers, but not so good for the drill platoons. On Saturday eve, April 19th, an exhibition drill was put on by the platoon in Robins Hill, Arlington, Mass., which went over with a bang.

Just another cup added to what we got. By this we mean that again on Saturday evening, May 3rd, the Company was presented with a silver cup at the Copley Plaza Hotel, showing that we had won again in the competitive exhibition drill. This was a very interesting exhibition drill. The first and second platoons of the Shriners went on the floor first, which was a competition between the first and second companies of the platoon. Then came the 301st Company, U. S. M. C. R., who received a great hand from the audience. They were followed by the First Company Cadets with the same old drag as usual. They tried to work in some of our 301st Company maneuvers (which they got from the drill we put on at the Hotel Statler), with very poor success.

On May 23rd, our 301st Company is four years old, so we are celebrating with a feed at our company quarters in the Boston Navy Yard. If any of you boys are around in the vicinity and think that you can eat cork screws and some of that, what have you, drop in. I guess that all of you reservists will be disappointed going swimming at Lake Quana-point, Wakefield, Mass., for it will be too cold when we go there to camp in September.

Don't know what our Top will sleep in out there, for it will be too cold for silk pajamas. Let's all hope that it will also be too cold for mosquitoes. They are plenty big out there.

This is our first time on the air. Will sign off and promise you more news next time.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

(Continued from page 35)

one's heart was in France with the troops who owned him as their commandant, but Major General George Barnett, as in the years of his service from 1881, esteemed the call of duty first. Often in welcoming home fragments of those brave battalions that he had speeded on their way with cheering words and wishes for success, his eyes would be dimmed with tears when thinking of those left behind and endeavoring to console the wounded whom he met, showed the heart of a father, which could not be hidden from view. And the press on April 27th contained the brief statement:

"Washington, April 27.—(A.P.)—Maj. Gen. George Barnett, commandant of the Marine Corps from 1914 to 1920, died here today of pneumonia.

"The general, who retired in 1923, had been in ill health for some time.

"He was 70 years of age and had served with the Marines since 1881 when he graduated from the Naval Academy.

He saw service at virtually every post held by the Marines in this country and in the Philippines, Samoa, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Peking. He spent 18 years on ships at sea or in foreign posts."

Thus has passed on another of those leaders for whom every Marine who knew him think with reverence and love.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

(Continued from page 28)

is no longer judged by his capacity for strong liquor, but advances through brains and ability to grasp matters (pardon the Volstead touch).

Here are some of the advantages the present day Marine in service enjoys:

Boxing, football, baseball and swimming under competent coaches.

All large posts equipped with bowling alleys, pool tables, athletic field and moving picture shows.

Field instruction in telegraphy, mechanics and aviation and a correspondence school (the Marine Corps Institute), which conducts free courses in the trades arts, and sciences.

Extra pay for special work such as chauffeur, carpenter, clerk, etc., up to \$30 per month.

Rations that compare favorably with the chow at many hotels and pay ranging from \$21 to \$157.50 per month, according to rank and length of service. Ain't that the life of Riley?

QUEEN CITY MARINES GATHER AT SMOKER AND BEAN FEED

George W. Budde Detachment of Cincinnati, sponsors of the 1929 National Convention which was proclaimed by the visiting delegates to be one of the best business sessions ever conducted by the League, not to mention the generous hospitality and entertainment provided by the committee in charge, still retains the old pep which put that memorable gathering across, according to H. R. Bumiller, chief of staff of the detachment who sends the following account of their annual smoker:

On the evening of March 29, some fifty loyal and thirsty Marines responded to a pictorial invitation to the annual smoker given by the George W. Budde Detachment for all Marines within hailing distance of the old Queen City. Most of the "old guard" were present although the concurrence of the Disabled American Veterans State Convention deprived us of a few members.

Modesty bids us say that most every kind of entertainment was provided and there was not a Marine who failed to get his fill of beans, fun and what not. The fun lasted until well into the following morning and was featured by singing (not so sweet but good and loud), reminiscing and various and sundry other indoor sports, terminating without a single casualty.

The revised list of officers of Budde Detachment are: R. G. Flynn, commandant; Al Roeller, first vice commandant; W. O. Mitchell, second vice commandant; Leroy Cazal, adjutant and paymaster; Gordon B. Becker, judge advocate; Joe Weinmuth, chaplain; Harry McElfraish, sergeant at arms; H. R. Bumiller, chief of staff.

IS YOUR DETACHMENT ALIVE?

If so, send in a report of your activities for publication in the Marine Corps League News section of "The Leatherneck." Address all items to Frank X. Lambert, 3671 Broadway, New York City. Copy must be in my hands on the 8th of the month for publication in the current issue. Delay means that you wait six or seven weeks for your publicity. Sound off!

MARINES UPHELD TRADITIONS DURING WORLD WAR OFFENSIVE

That the slogan of the American Marine, "first to fight" was carried out for an unbroken record in the World War, together with several other interesting items relative to the activities of the Corps during the great conflict are contained in a volume which covers the history of the U. S. Marine Corps from its inception in 1775 to date. Following is a summary of the outstanding events:

America's first shot in the World War was fired by a U. S. Marine rifleman who fired a shot across the bow of a German cutter in the harbor of Guam on the morning of April 6, 1917.

On June 27, 1917, a little over two months after the United States entered the World War, Marines were landed in France as a part of America's first contingent of troops.

At the outbreak of the war the total strength of the Marine Corps was 13,725. Within a year more than that number of Marines had been transported overseas.

The Fourth Brigade of Marines, which was a part of the famous Second Division, was comprised of the Fifth and Sixth Regiments of Marines and the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion.

The Brigade fought in five major operations overseas; Aisne Defensive (including the action at Belleau Wood); Aisne-Marne Offensive (Soissons); St. Mihiel Offensive; the Champagne (Battle of Blanc Mont Ridge); Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

The Fourth Brigade of Marines suffered approximately 12,000 casualties, of whom more than 2,400 were killed or died of wounds.

The French officially renamed Belleau Wood "Bois de la Brigade de Marine," in honor of the Marines who wrested it from German hands in June, 1918, and barred their advance on Paris.

The Second Division, of which the Fourth Brigade of Marines was a part, captured 12,026 prisoners, or about one fifth of the total number of prisoners captured by the A. E. F.

The French Army cited the Marine units no less than six times in Army orders; the Fourth Brigade as a whole once; the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion twice; and the Fifth and Sixth Regiments three times; for this they were awarded the French Fourragere in the colors of the Croix de Guerre, one of the most highly prized decorations awarded to the Americans in France.

At the close of the war individual Marines had been awarded 1668 decorations including American, British, French, Italian, Belgian, Portuguese, Montenegrin, Chinese and Japanese medals. To this number many others were added since the signing of the Armistice.

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If you could step into our office and read some of the hundreds of letters received from friends and relatives of Marines who have sent The Leatherneck back home, and see how anxious and well pleased these people are to have the magazine sent to them, you would not hesitate a moment to fill in and return the attached subscription blank.

Editor of The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C.

Here is my \$2.50. Please put the following name on your subscription list for one year.

M

My name is



"All That I Am I Owe to Her"

"Two years ago I was so blue and discouraged that I didn't know which way to turn.

"Everything seemed to be going wrong. Bills were piling up and my small salary scarcely lasted from week to week. Worst of all, there was no prospect of my getting more money.

"Then one night I sat down in the parlor after supper and tried to find a way out. But I seemed to be up against a blank wall. 'It's no use,' I said to myself, 'I'm a failure now and I guess I'll always be a failure.'

"Mary saw what I was thinking and she put her hand on my shoulder in that quiet, inspiring way of hers.

"Don't give up, Bob,' she said. 'You're just as smart as other men, but you haven't mastered some one line of work the way they have. That's the whole trouble . . . you're not trained. Why don't you take up the same kind of a course that Tom Barnett did? You know how it helped him!'

"I saw that Mary was right, so I enrolled for a course with the International Correspondence Schools and studied in spare time. I thought it would be hard, but it wasn't. The lessons fascinated me, because I could see how they were helping me in my work.

"In four months I got my first raise in salary, and I've been going up ever since. We wouldn't have this house and the car and the money in the bank if Mary hadn't urged me to enroll with the I. C. S. just when she did."

Every mail brings letters from students and graduates of the International Correspondence Schools telling of promotions and increases in salary due directly to spare-time study.

For years and years this list has been growing until today there is hardly an office or industrial plant in this country which does not number among its executives at least one man who received his first real start toward Success through these Scranton schools.

Following are just a few I. C. S. men who have won outstanding success:

JESSE G. VINCENT, Vice-president Packard Motor Car Company; COLONEL L. A. WATRES, Lawyer and Millionaire, President of the Scranton Chamber of Commerce and also President of the Scranton Trust Company and County Savings Bank; WALTER C. ALLEN, President Yale & Towne Lock Company; J. R. HALL, Vice-president Chandler Motor Car Company; E. V.

("Eddie") RICKENBACKER, Vice-president and Director of Sales, Fokker Aircraft Corp.; WALTER H. DAMON, Consulting Engineer for the United Electric Light Company, and former President of the N. A. S. E.; WALTER P. CHRYSLER, President Chrysler Corporation; FRANK E. FEHLMAN, Vice-president of the Dorland Advertising Agency and former President of the New York Advertising Club, and JOSEPH J. WALSH, former Chief of the Bureau of Mines of the State of Pennsylvania.

The record of these men is a reflection of their own ability and a tribute to the instruction they received from the International Correspondence Schools.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Office Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing | <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Complete Commercial | <input type="checkbox"/> English | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (Including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service | <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects | <input type="checkbox"/> Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture & Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

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City..... State..... Occupation.....

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THE GAZETTE

Major General Wendell C. Neville
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Frank Halford.
Lt. Col. Edw. W. Sturdevant.
Maj. Charles A. Wynn.
Capt. A. D. Challacombe.
1st Lt. Samuel K. Bird.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Frank Halford.
Lt. Col. Andrew B. Drum.
Maj. Thos. E. Watson.
Capt. Jos. F. Burke.
1st Lt. H. L. Litzenberg, Jr.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

APRIL 17, 1930.

1st Lt. William L. Bales, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the USAT "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about May 7th.
1st Lt. Evans P. Carlson, detached MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the USAT "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about May 7th.

2nd Lt. Raymond A. Anderson, detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the USAT "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about May 7th.

APRIL 18, 1930.

Major Thomas E. Thrasher, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB. Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. John C. McQueen, detached MB. NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the USAT "U. S. Grant," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about May 7th.

The following named officers have been assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.:

Captain Ross L. Jams, Captain Edward B. Moore, 1st Lt. Guy B. Beatty, 1st Lt. Lyman G. Miller, 1st Lt. Rupert R. Deese, 2nd Lt. Charles G. Wadbrook.

APRIL 19, 1930.

1st Lt. Ralph E. Forsyth, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment.

1st Lt. Arthur C. Small, on reporting of relief detached MB. U. S. S. "Arizona," to MB. Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. John R. Lanigan, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB. NOB, Key West, Fla.

2nd Lt. Homer L. Litzenberg, on April 22nd detached MB. NYd, Washington, D. C., to MD. U. S. S. "Arizona."

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Captain George E. Monson, Captain Arthur D. Challacombe, 1st Lt. Donald G. Willis, 1st Lt. Raymond A. Anderson, 1st Lt. Charles F. Cresswell, 1st Lt. Walter J. Stuart, 1st Lt. Ralph D. McAfee, 1st Lt. James H. N. Hudnall, 1st Lt. Frank E. Sessions, Jr., 1st Lt. Thomas C. Perrin, 1st Lt. Lenard B. Cresswell, 1st Lt. St. Julien R. Marshall, 1st Lt. Tishman H. Saunders, 1st Lt. LePage Cronmiller, Jr., 1st Lt. Kenneth B. Chappell, 1st Lt. William A. Hamilton, 1st Lt. Samuel K. Bird.

APRIL 21, 1930.

No changes were announced.

APRIL 22, 1930.

Colonel George C. Reid, on April 30th detached Headquarters Central Recruiting Division, Chicago, Ill., and ordered to his home awaiting retirement.

1st Lt. Veryl H. Dartt, died in Nicaragua on April 18th.

Chf. QM. Clk. William R. Affleck, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to Department of the Pacific via the U. S. S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Shanghai, China, on or about May 28th.

APRIL 23, 1930.

Major Arnold W. Jacobsen, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster effective July 20th.

Captain Lewis G. Merritt, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to the Air Corps Tactical School, Langley Field, Hampton, Va., via the June trip of the U. S. S. "Kittery."

2nd Lt. Alexander W. Kreiser, on completion of the course detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. John S. Letcher, detached MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MD. U. S. S. "New York," to report on board on May 10.

2nd Lt. Charles B. Mitchell, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than May 23rd.

2nd Lt. Earl H. Phillips, on reporting of relief detached MD. U. S. S. "Oklahoma," to MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Chf. Pay Clk. Delmar J. Dee, detached MB. NS, Cavite, P. I., to Department of the Pacific via the U. S. S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Manila, P. I., on or about June 4.

APRIL 24, 1930.

Major Randolph Coyle, detached Garde d'Haiti to First Brigade, Haiti.

Captain Donald J. Kendall, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Max D. Smith, detached 4th Regt., China, to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. John S. Letcher, orders to MD. U. S. S. "New York" revoked. Detached MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MD. U. S. S. "Oklahoma," to report on board on May 10th.

APRIL 25, 1930.

1st Lt. Col. James J. Meade, on reporting of relief detached MB. NS, St. Thomas, V. I., to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Col. Edward W. Sturdevant, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, St. Thomas, V. I., via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 21st.

Major Randolph Coyle, on or about May 14th detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Naval War College, Newport, R. I., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Herbert Rose, on April 24th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Department of the Pacific.

Captain Ernest L. Russell, on reporting of relief detached Recruiting District of Portland, Ore., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the USAT "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on May 15th.

1st Lt. George R. Rowan, detached MB. NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to Recruiting District of Portland, Portland, Oregon.

1st Lt. Max D. Smith, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to Department of the Pacific via the U. S. S. "President Lincoln," due San Francisco, Calif., on May 14th.

APRIL 26, 1930.

Major Earl H. Jenkins, detached Staff of the American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Merritt B. Curtis, APM, detached Office of the Assistant Paymaster, San Francisco, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report on May 8th.

Captain Lester A. Dessez, on reporting of relief detached MD. U. S. S. "Maryland," to MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain Chaplain G. Hicks, detached MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to Staff of the American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 21.

APRIL 28, 1930.

No changes were announced.

APRIL 29, 1930.

Captain Gustav F. Bloedel, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective May 15th.

1st Lt. Raymond P. Coffman, detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to MD. U. S. S. "Northampton."

2nd Lt. Milo R. Carroll, detached MB. NS, Guam, to Department of Pacific.

APRIL 30, 1930.

No changes were announced.

MAY 1, 1930.

No changes were announced.

MAY 2, 1930.

Captain John P. Adams, assigned to duty at Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

Captain Galen M. Sturis, assigned to duty at Headquarters, Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

Captain Oliver T. Francis, detached MB. NS, Guam, to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Captain William J. Livingston, APM, on reporting of relief detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment via the Army transport scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on May 15th.

Captain Charles McE. Lott, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster, effective May 10th.

Captain Harry V. Shurtleff, AQM, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, San Francisco, Calif., to report not later than May 20th.

MAY 3, 1930.

Captain Edward A. Fellowes, on reporting of relief detached MD. U. S. S. "Colorado," to Department of the Pacific.

Captain Ray A. Robinson, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD. U. S. S. "Colorado," to report on June 25th.

2nd Lt. Granville K. Frisbie, on reporting of relief detached MD. U. S. S. "Tennessee," to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. John C. Munn, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than May 23rd.

2nd Lt. Louis C. Plain, detached MB. Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., to MD. U. S. S. "Tennessee," to report on May 21st.

MAY 5, 1930.

1st Lt. Cyril W. Martyr, on May 26th detached MB. NTS, Newport, R. I., to MD. U. S. S. "Galveston," to report on June 17th.

1st Lt. William M. Mitchell, detached Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to MD. AL, Peiping, China.

1st Lt. Edwin A. Pollock, on reporting of relief detached MD. U. S. S. "Galveston," to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty on the staff of the Marine Corps Schools.

1st Lt. Walter A. Wachtler, on reporting of relief detached MD. AL, Peiping, China, to Department of the Pacific via first available commercial conveyance.

2nd Lt. Dwight L. Harris, resignation accepted to take effect May 7th.

MAY 6, 1930.

Colonel Theodore E. Backstrom, on May 6th, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Recruiting District of Kansas City, Kansas City, Mo.

Chf. Pay Clk. James W. Norris, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Pay Clk. Malcolm E. Richardson, assigned to duty in Office of the Assistant Paymaster, San Francisco, Calif.

MAY 7, 1930.

Captain John Halla, on May 10th, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Garde d'Haiti via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 21st.

1st Lt. Ervin R. Whitman, on reporting of relief detached Garde d'Haiti to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. Arthur W. Ellis, detached MB, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington, to MD, NAS, Seattle, Washington.

MAY 8, 1930.

No changes were announced.

MAY 9, 1930.

No changes were announced.

MAY 10, 1930.

Major Henry M. Butler, relieved from duty at MB, Parris Island, S. C., and assigned to duty with MD, NP, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. William E. Maxwell, on May 28th detached MB, Washington, D. C., to MB, NS, St. Thomas V. I., via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 25th.

2nd Lt. Archie E. O'Neil, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Chf. Pay Clk. Malcolm E. Richardson, detached Office of the Assistant Paymaster, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via the U. S. S. "Vera," scheduled to sail from Mare Island, Calif., on or about May 24th.

MAY 12, 1930.

1st Lt. Col. Russell B. Putnam, APM, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 13th.

Major Charles J. Miller, detached Staff of Commander Battleship Division Three, U. S. S. "New York," to duty as Division Marine Officer, Battleship Division Four, and aide on the staff of the Commander, Battleship Division Four, U. S. S. "New Mexico."

Mar. Gnr. James A. Higgins, on May 15th detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., and ordered to his home. Retired as of September 15th.

Chf. Qm. Clk. William J. Gray, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 13th.

MAY 13, 1930.

1st Lt. Thomas C. Perrin, detached MB. NYd, Charleston, S. C., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 14th.

2nd Lt. Samuel S. Ballentine, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco on or about July 18th.

2nd Lt. Kenneth W. Benner, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco on or about July 18th.

2nd Lt. Kenneth H. Cornell, detached MD, RS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, on or about July 18th.

2nd Lt. Arthur W. Ellis, detached MD, NAS, Seattle, Wash., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about July 18th.

2nd Lt. George H. Potter, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Asiatic Station via the U. S.

S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 14th.
MAY 14, 1930.

Colonel Frederick L. Bradman, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 14th.

Lt. Col. Clayton B. Votel, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Curtis T. Beecher, on May 23rd detached MB. Norfolk NYD. Portsmouth, Va., to MD. U. S. S. "Texas," to report not later than May 27th.

Captain Leon L. Dye, APM, on reporting of relief detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Thomas E. Kendrick, on reporting of relief detached MD. U. S. S. "Texas," to MB. Norfolk, NYD. Portsmouth, Va.

Captain James E. Reich, APM, on reporting of relief, detached Office of the Assistant Paymaster, Atlanta, Ga., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Lee W. Wright, detached Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif., to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, Atlanta, Ga., to report not later than July 28th.

1st Lt. William W. Scott, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB. Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

The following named second lieutenants detached Basic School, MB. NYD. Philadelphia, Pa., on July 1st and ordered to duty at stations indicated:

Joseph H. Berry, MB. NSB. New London, Conn. Melvin G. Brown, MB. NOB. Hampton Roads, Virginia.

Joseph J. Taveris, MB. NTS. Newport, R. I. William F. Bryson, MB. NTS. Newport, R. I. William F. Coleman, MB. NYD. New York, N. Y. Randall M. Victory, MB. NYD. Portsmouth, N. H. Gordon Cone, MB. NYD. Portsmouth, N. H. George R. Weeks, MB. NYD. Charleston, S. C. Saville T. Clark, MB. NS. New Orleans, La. John V. Rosewaine, MB. Quantico, Va. William F. Parks, MB. Norfolk NYD. Portsmouth, Va.

Hewin O. Hammond, MB. Norfolk NYD. Portsmouth, Va.

John F. Stamm, MD. NP. MB. Parris Island, S. C.

Richard J. McPherson, MD. NP. MB. Parris Island, S. C.

John B. Hill, MB. Parris Island, S. C.

The following named second lieutenants detached Basic School, MB. NYD. Philadelphia, Pa., on or about June 28th and ordered to duty at MB. NOB. Hampton Roads, Va.:

Harry C. Lang, Frederick G. Lippert, Clyde C. Roberts, Manley L. Curry.

The following named second lieutenants detached Basic School, MB. NYD. Philadelphia, Pa., on July 1st and ordered to duty with AS. ECEP, MB. Quantico, Va.:

James V. Bradley, Jr., Claude I. Boies, Harvey E. Dahlgren, Edward C. Dyer, Samuel B. Griffith, Lester S. Hamel, Louis M. Heinrichs, James R. Hester, John S. Holmberg, Zebulon C. Hopkins, Wilfred J. Huffman, Chandler W. Johnson, James B. Lake, Jr., William A. Willis, Alva E. Lasswell, Otho C. Ledbetter, Homer C. Murray, William I. Phipps, Lloyd H. Reilly, Carson A. Roberts, Frank H. Schwable, Paul D. Sherman, Joe A. Smook, Raymond B. Sullivan, Jr., Charles D. Warfield, Keith R. Willard, Robert H. Williams.

On completion of the present Basic Course the following named second lieutenants relieved from duty with the Basic School, MB. NYD. Philadelphia, Pa., and assigned to other duty at MB. NYD. Philadelphia, Pa.:

Chester R. Allen, Raymond F. Crist, Jr., Joseph P. McCaffery, Clarence J. O'Donnell, Orin K. Pressley, Deane C. Roberts, Albert F. Moe.

DEATHS

LENTZ—At St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, April 23, 1930, Elizabeth Lents, wife of Quartermaster Clerk George Lents, U. S. Marine Corps.

DARTT, Veryl, Homer, First Lieutenant, killed, April 18, 1930, at Jicaró, Nicaragua, by a native Guardia, who overpowered sentry on heavy Browning, and turned sun on officers' quarters, firing 52 shots. Next of kin: Mrs. Ruth S. Dartt, wife, 2123 Blair Boulevard, Nashville, Tennessee.

JOHNSON, Anthony, Private, died April 13, 1930, at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, result of an accidental fall. Next of kin: Mrs. Hannah Johnson, mother, Box No. 95-a, R. F. D. Ashby, Massachusetts.

PERERIA, Lester Leonard, Private, died April 6, 1930, of disease, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Guam. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Cortz, mother, 1371 East 28th Street, Oakland, California.

PINER, Richard Frederick, Private First Class, died April 10, 1930, of tuberculosis, pulmonary, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Mrs. George E. Pearson,

mother, 1103 Laguna Street, San Francisco, California.

STIMSON, Emerson James, Sergeant, died April 10, 1930, of disease, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Daza M. Sprague, cousin, Whitelake, Wisconsin.

THURSTON, Edward, Gunner Sergeant, died April 1, 1930, of disease, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Beulah Thurston, wife, Bonnie, Illinois.

YOUNG, James Otis, Sergeant, died April 18, 1930, result of gunshot wounds received when a native Guardia, at Jicaró, Nicaragua, overpowered sentry on heavy Browning, and turned sun on officers' quarters, firing 52 shots. Next of kin: Mrs. Susie B. Webster, 2002 1/2 Adams Street, Toledo, Ohio, mother.

BARNETT, George, Major General, retired, died April 27, 1930, of disease, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Lelia M. Barnett, wife, 1712 "R" Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

CASSIDY, John Francis, First Lieutenant, retired, died April 6, 1930, of disease, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary A. Cassidy, wife, 619 Twenty-first Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

CLARK, Albert Monroe, Quartermaster Clerk, retired, died April 21, 1930, of disease, at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna. Next of kin: Mrs. Grace L. Clark, wife, 1751 Barbara St., Philadelphia, Penna.

LONSDALE, Thomas Atkinson, Sergeant, retired, died April 15, 1930, at Bridgeport, Conn., of disease. Next of kin: Mrs. Shirley Gregory, niece, 15 Jane Street, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GRADUATES OF CORRESPONDENCE COURSES, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO, VA.

HOPKINS, F. W., Captain, FMCR, Infantry Advanced.

FAY, B. T., Captain, FMCR, Infantry Advanced.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Hampton Roads 4 May. Will leave Hampton Roads 14 June for the West Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Port au Prince 18 June, leave 19 June; arrive Canal Zone 22 June, leave 24 June; arrive Corinto 26 June, leave 26 June; arrive San Diego 3 July, leave 5 July; arrive San Pedro 6 July, leave 7 July; arrive San Francisco 8 July, leave 18 July; arrive Honolulu 25 July, leave 26 July; arrive Guam 6 August, leave 7 August; arrive Manila 12 August, leave 12 September; arrive Guam 17 Sept., leave 17 Sept.; arrive Honolulu 26 Sept., leave 27 Sept.; arrive San Francisco 4 October. Will sail from San Francisco 14 October for Hampton Roads.

HENDERSON—Arrived Hong Kongs 5 May. Will leave Manila 4 June; arrive Guam 10 June, leave 11 June; arrive Honolulu 23 June, leave 24 June; arrive San Francisco 2 July. Will leave San Francisco 17 July for Hampton Roads.

KITTERY—Arrived Hampton Roads 5 May. Will leave Hampton Roads 21 May for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 26 May, leave 27 May; arrive Port au Prince 28 May, leave 29 May; arrive Cape Haitien 30 May, leave 31 May; arrive San Juan 2 June, leave 2 June; arrive St. Thomas 3 June, leave 4 June; arrive Hampton Roads 9 June. Will leave Hampton Roads 25 June for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 30 June, leave 1 July; arrive Port au Prince 2 July, leave 3 July; arrive Cape Haitien 4 July, leave 5 July; arrive San Juan 7 July, leave 7 July; arrive St. Thomas 8 July, leave 9 July; arrive Hampton Roads 14 July.

NITRO—Sailed Corinto 3 May for San Diego. Due San Diego 10 May, leave 12 May; arrive San Pedro 13 May, leave 14 May; arrive Mare Island 15 May, leave 23 May; arrive Puget Sound 26 May, leave 2 June; arrive Mare Island 5 June. Will leave Mare Island 14 June for the East Coast of the United States on the following itinerary: Arrive San Pedro 15 June, leave 16 June; arrive San Diego 17 June, leave 18 June; arrive Corinto 26 June, leave 26 June; arrive Canal Zone 28 June, leave 30 June; arrive Guantanamo 3 July, leave 3 July; arrive Hampton Roads 7 July. Will leave Hampton Roads 17 July for the Pacific Coast.

PATOKA—Arrived Sabine Pass 6 May, due Beaumont, Tex., 8 May, leave 10 May; arrive Melville 18 May, leave 20 May; arrive Boston 21 May, leave 22 May; arrive Beaumont 31 May, leave 2 June; arrive Hampton Roads 9 June, leave 19 June; arrive Beaumont 27 June, leave 30 June; arrive Melville 8 July.

RAMAPO—Sailed Long Beach 19 April for Manila. Due Manila 19 May, leave 23 May; arrive Shanghai 28 May, leave 10 June; arrive San Francisco 4 July. Will sail from San Pedro 24 July for Manila.

SALINAS—Arrived Hampton Roads 7 May. Will leave Hampton Roads 12 May; arrive Beaumont 20 May, leave 22 May; arrive Hampton Roads 30 May, leave 12 June; arrive Beaumont 20 June, leave 23 June; arrive Hampton Roads 1 July.

SAPELO—Arrived Hampton Roads 27 April. Will leave Hampton Roads 26 May; arrive Beaumont 3 June, leave 5 June; arrive Hampton Roads 13

June, leave 15 June; arrive Beaumont 24 June, leave 26 June; arrive Hampton Roads 4 July.

SIRIUS—Arrived New York 10 April for overhaul. Will leave New York 23 May; arrive Hampton Roads 24 May. Will leave Hampton Roads 1 June; arrive Canal Zone 10 June, leave 12 June; arrive Corinto 15 June, leave 15 June; arrive San Diego 24 June, leave 25 June; arrive San Pedro 26 June, leave 28 June; arrive Mare Island 29 June, leave 8 July; arrive Puget Sound 11 July. VEGA—Arrived Bremerton 3 May, leave 13 May; arrive Mare Island 16 May. Will sail from Mare Island 24 May for the East Coast of the United States on the following schedule: Arrive San Pedro 25 May, leave 26 May; arrive San Diego 27 May, leave 29 May; arrive Corinto 8 June, leave 8 June; arrive Canal Zone 11 June, leave 13 June; arrive Guantanamo 16 June, leave 18 June; arrive Hampton Roads 20 June, leave 28 June; arrive Boston 30 June, leave 5 July; arrive New York 6 July, leave 12 July; arrive Philadelphia 13 July, leave 18 July; arrive Hampton Roads 19 July.

BRIDGE—Sailed Guantanamo 30 April for Hampton Roads. Due 7 May.

ARCTIC—Arrived Hampton Roads 27 April. CUYAMA—Arrived Ambrose Light Ship 6 May. NECHES—Arrived Yorktown 6 May. PECOS—Arrived Manila 2 April.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Captain Clyde Potter Matterson—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

First Lt. Moses Joseph Gould—Spanish.

First Lt. James Herhall Strother—French.

Second Lt. Leslie Ferdinand Narum—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Second Lt. Theodore Baldwin Millard—French.

Second Lt. Hawley Chapel Waterman—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Sgt. "A." "E." Dubber—Principals of Surveying.

Sgt. Earl Bennett Hardy—Good English.

Sgt. James Ray Tucker—Good English.

Cpl. Harvey Eber Brownell—Electrical Engineering.

Cpl. Lester Emerald Dinnel—Aeroplane Engines.

Cpl. Wilbur Henry Miller—Salesmanship.

Cpl. Wilbur Henry Miller—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Cpl. Lynn Arthur Rodolph—Stationary Internal Combustion Engines.

Pfc. Cedric Asa Coons—Automobile Electric Equipment.

Pfc. William Theodore Smith—Civil Service Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. Arthur Hans Andreasen—Civil Service Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. William Cornelius Donovan—Salesmanship.

Pvt. James Norwood Gaut—Aeroplane Engines.

Pvt. Wendell Ewing Harriman—Aeroplane Engines.

Pvt. Edward Martin Karvonen—Electrical Engineering, Wiring Division.

Pvt. Herbert Eustice Moore—Complete Automobile.

Pvt. Harry Alonzo Skaggs—Complete Automobile.

Pvt. Harold Gorden Smith—Civil Service Railway Postal Clerk.

ROSTER OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS ELIGIBLE FOR APPOINTMENT TO WARRANT RANK FOR YEAR 1930

In accordance with the recommendations of the Board to prepare eligible lists of candidates for appointment to warrant grades, and with the approval of the Secretary of the Navy, appointments to fill vacancies occurring in the warrant grades of the Marine Corps during the calendar year 1930 will be made, subject to the prescribed examination, from the following non-commissioned officers of the Marine Corps:

MARINE GUNNER

Gunner Sergeant Victor H. Creaks.
Gunner Sergeant Charles B. Hushes.
Gunner Sergeant George Ochionero.
Master Tech. Sergeant Benjamin F. Belcher.
Sergeant Major James A. McFellin.
Sergeant Major Carl Svenson.
Gunner Sergeant Omer C. Adams.
QUARTERMASTER CLERK (A. & I. DEPT.)
Sergeant Major John D. McCue.
Sergeant Major Henry F. Kloth.
Sergeant Major Leland H. Alexander.
Sergeant Andy C. Ramsey.

QUARTERMASTER CLERK (Q. M. Dept.)
Quartermaster Sergeant Walter J. Czapp.
Quartermaster Sergeant John L. McCormack.
Quartermaster Sergeant Hayes Rainer.
Quartermaster Sergeant Morris E. Miller.
Quartermaster Sergeant Philip J. Mannin.
Quartermaster Sergeant Lee Brendt.
Quartermaster Sergeant Samuel G. Thomason.

PAY CLERK

Paymaster Sergeant David A. Tonneller.
Paymaster Sergeant Carlton L. Post.
Paymaster Sergeant Paul A. Neff.
Paymaster Sergeant John E. Hall.
Paymaster Sergeant Emmett G. Hall.
Paymaster Sergeant Charles T. Gates.

ROSTER FOR PROMOTION

The following roster has been prepared by the Non-commissioned Officers Promotion Board, and approved by the Major General Commandant, and will be used as far as practicable in filling vacancies in the first three non-commissioned grades:

SERGEANT MAJOR

First Sergeant Bennie C. Atkinson.
First Sergeant Charles A. White.
First Sergeant Harvey S. Newkard.
First Sergeant Jerry Black.
First Sergeant Arthur H. Steele.
First Sergeant James R. Lane.
First Sergeant Percy J. Dickerson.
First Sergeant Charles A. Stepanof.
First Sergeant Frank P. Novick.
First Sergeant Clarence Simmons.
First Sergeant John McHush.

FIRST SERGEANT

Sergeant Howard D. Hudson.
Sergeant John P. Casperoni.
Gunnery Sergeant William Nelson.
Gunnery Sergeant Alfred Sylvester.
Gunnery Sergeant Leon Freda (Band duty).
Sergeant Andy C. Ramsey.
Sergeant William R. Patterson.
Sergeant John W. Comer.
Sergeant Elbert W. Cameron.
Sergeant Wendell L. Frey.
Sergeant Alexander M. Dean.
Sergeant Amos W. Taylor.
Sergeant David K. Leonhard.
Sergeant Frank Skwiralski.
Sergeant Floyd T. Davenport.
Sergeant Oscar P. Thomas (Band duty).
Sergeant Henry R. Hinson.
Sergeant John W. Jenkins.
Sergeant Austin J. Ross.

GUNNERY SERGEANT

Sergeant James R. Tucker, Ordnance.
Sergeant Carlos Martinez, Ordnance.
Gy. Sgt. (SW) David E. Cruikshank, Ordnance.
Sergeant Basil O. Thomason, Ordnance.
Sergeant Lloyd A. Bogart, Ordnance.
Corporal Walter F. Hansen, Communications.
Sgt. Sgt. Albert F. Marcott, Motor Mechanic.
Sgt. Sgt. Albert E. Drabheim, Maintenance.
Sergeant George Anderson, Ordnance.
Sergeant Stephen Bochke, Ordnance.
Gy. Sgt. (TW) John Hamas, Ordnance.
Sergeant Stanley Jazosz, Ordnance.
Pvt. 1cl. Robert C. Wood, Band.
Sergeant Sam W. Withers, Ordnance.
Sergeant Harry Gayer, Ordnance.
Pvt. 1cl. Abraham Olf, Band.
Sergeant Johnson B. Hill, Ordnance.
Sergeant William Smith, Ordnance.
Sergeant Lawrence S. Dyer, Communications.
Sergeant Merle M. Lynch, Communications.
Sergeant Edward H. Schmierer, Ordnance.
Pvt. 1cl. William B. Greaser, Jr., Band.

STAFF SERGEANT (CLERICAL)

Sergeant Earl B. Hardy.
Sergeant William H. Shimp.
Sergeant John J. Rogers.
Gy. Sgt. (TW) Franklin E. Freeman.
Sergeant John A. Miller.
Sergeant Merl S. Smith.

STAFF SERGEANT (MECHANICAL)

Sergeant Joseph T. Dupuy.
Sergeant Herman Fransen.
Sergeant Warren Bates.
Sergeant Norman D. Kent.
Sergeant Earl D. McConaughy (Baker).

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

LANCOUR, Lawrence, at Detroit, 5-7-30, for MB, Quantico, Va.
GULICK, Gordon E., at Dallas, 5-6-30, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.
WRUBEL, Nathan, at Washington, D. C., 5-6-30, for MB, Quantico, Va.
PERRY, Jesse C., at Chicago, 5-5-30, for Hampton Roads, Va., for further transfer to West Coast.
DAVIS, George W., at Houston, 5-6-30, for MB, New Orleans, La.
SURRETT, James P., at Charlotte, 5-7-30, for MB, Quantico, Va.
BROWN, William A., at Philadelphia, 5-6-30, for D of S, Philadelphia, Pa.
HATCH, Dennis R., at Norfolk, 5-6-30, for MB, Hingham, Mass.
MACLEAN, Stephen, at New York, 5-5-30, for Hampton Roads for further transfer to Guam.
HOLMES, Paul DuBoys, at Dallas (Tulsa), 5-3-30, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.
BERUFFY, Max, Jr., at Denver, 5-1-30, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.
GUTHRIE, Robert M., at Indianapolis, 5-2-30, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.
WODLUN, Joseph, at Indianapolis, 5-2-30, for China.
BALLEW, Robert H., at New Orleans, 5-3-30, for MB, New Orleans, La.
INGRAM, George, at Atlanta, 5-2-30, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

JOHNSON, Howard, at Philadelphia, 5-3-30, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
HEMELMAN, Carl R., at Pittsburgh, 5-2-30, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
WILLIAMS, Jack O., at Washington, 5-2-30, for Haiti.
KEARNS, Edward W., at Chicago, 5-1-30, for MB, San Diego, Calif.
BALAN, Yancu, at Philadelphia, 5-1-30, for D of S, Philadelphia, Pa.
JENNINGS, Thomas F., at New York, 5-1-30, for MB, Iona Island, N. Y.
BENNETT, Charles A., at Cincinnati, 4-30-30, for MB, N. P. S. Charleston, W. Va.
DUNCAN, William P., at Little Rock, 4-29-30, for MB, New York, N. Y.
KRUPA, Alec J., at San Diego, 4-24-30, for MCB, San Diego, Cal.
ROOS, Otto N., at Managua, 3-29-30, for 5th Regiment, Nicaragua.
SHAMBAUGH, Levi "J.", at Philadelphia, 4-29-30, for APM Office, Philadelphia, Pa.
HULET, Ethel W., at Kansas City, 4-29-30, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
MARTIN, Kenneth LeR., at Indianapolis, 4-29-30, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
WALTERS, Clarence M., at San Francisco, 4-24-30, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
HILL, James E., at Quantico, 4-28-30, for MB, Quantico (Bks. Det.).
PRICE, Garlin J., at Philadelphia, 4-29-30, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
VAN HORN, Joseph O., at Quantico, 4-26-30, for Hq. Co. MB, Quantico, Va.
FARRELL, Fred, at Philadelphia, 4-26-30, for MB, Lakehurst, N. J.
DEEMIE, Thomas F., at New York, 4-25-30, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
SMITH, Lee Arthur, at Charlotte, 4-26-30, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
MATHER, Howard L., at Pittsburgh, 4-25-30, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.
SMITH, Raymond F., at Boston, 4-24-30, for DHS, Boston, Mass., on recruiting duty.
MYERS, Marion E., at Kansas City, 4-23-30, for MB, Charleston, S. C.
BRADLEY, Charles C., at San Diego, 4-19-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
SORRELL, Robert W., at Richmond, 4-24-30, for MB, San Diego, Calif.
PARKER, John B., at Charlotte, 4-23-30, for MB, New Orleans, La.
BREDEHOFT, Albert, at Hampton Roads, 4-23-30, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.
BROWN, James W., at Managua, 3-28-30, for 5th Regiment, Managua, Nic.
EDNEY, Bowen S., at Cincinnati, 4-21-30, for MB, So. Charleston, W. Va.
HANVEY, James W., at Charlotte, 4-21-30, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
SULLIVAN, Philip Wm., at San Francisco, 4-17-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
WILSON, Cecil R., at N.Yd. Philadelphia, Pa., 4-20-30, for RS, N.Yd. Philadelphia.
GILLUM, Stanton V., at Fairmount, W. Va., 4-21-30, for Rectg. Dist., Baltimore, Md.
LYMAN, Merton W., at Boston, 4-21-30, for MB, Quantico, Va.
RASSOW, Cleon, at Vallejo, 4-16-30, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
SEYLER, William, at Lakehurst, 4-21-30, for MB, Lakehurst, N. J.
SUPKO, William, at Newark, 4-17-30, for MB, San Diego, Calif.
CRAPSER, George A., at St. Paul, 4-14-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif.
HUEBER, Harold O., at Detroit, 4-18-30, for MB, NPP, Indian Head, Md.
BRADEN, Peter M., at Quantico, 4-18-30, for MB, Quantico, Va.
MADERO, John, at Shanghai, 3-23-30, for Shanghai, China.
REDDEN, Jackson, at Peiping, 3-22-30, for MD, AL, Peiping, China.
SMITH, Charles W., at Dallas, 4-16-30, for Rectg., Dist. of Dallas.
ALMQUIST, Albert H., at Vallejo, 4-13-30, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.
PERSCHAU, John D., at Los Angeles, 4-14-30, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa., by 47's.
TOMLINSON, Roy A., at Washington, D. C., 4-17-30, for Hqs., Washington, D. C.
WAGNER, Charles, at New York, 4-16-30, for Hampton Roads for further transfer to San Diego, Calif.

SMITH, Sam W., at Wash., D. C., 4-16-30, for QM, Dept. Hqs. USMC, Washington, D. C.
ALEXANDER, Charles A., at Port au Prince, 4-9-30, for Signal Co., Port au Prince.
ORJAVSKY, George, at MB, Phila., Pa., 4-16-30, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.
RIND, Alfred T., Jr., at New York, 4-15-30, for ERD, Phila., Pa.
VORNWALD, Leo W., at Chicago, 4-14-30, for MB, Quantico, Va.
GARDEN, Harvey B., at Great Lakes, 4-14-30, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.
McCOY, Robert F., at Quantico, 4-15-30, for Rifle Range, Quantico.
MARTIN, Simon G., at Portsmouth, Va., 4-7-30, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.
ANGUS, Rudolph L., at Quantico, 4-12-30, for Motor Transport, Quantico, Va.
CHRISTOFF, Peter, at Quantico, 4-12-30, for 1st Regiment, Quantico, Va.
SMITHERS, Dennis K., at Washington, D. C., 4-13-30, for Hqs., Wash., D. C.
COFFIN, Oliver, at Cincinnati, 4-12-30, for Dist. of Cincinnati, CRD-recruiting duty.
THAYER, Charles N., at Cleveland, 4-11-30, for CRD, recruiting duty.
SCOOVER, Clifford M., at Seattle, 4-8-30, for MB, Mare Island, Cal.
BAN, Mate, at Detroit, 4-10-30, for MCB, San Diego, Calif., via Hampton Roads, Va.
CLARK, Roy D., at Los Angeles, 4-7-30, for NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
HANSEN, Maurice C., at Seattle, 4-5-30, for NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
SALSER, Dana G., at Seattle, 4-5-30, for NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
ROMAN, Peter, at Quantico, 4-10-30, for 1st Reg., Quantico, Va.
THOMAS, Wallace D., at Portsmouth, Va., 4-11-30, for MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.
HICKS, Paul J., at Charlotte, 4-9-30, for MB, Parris Island.
TRAVERO, Joseph O., at Seattle, 4-2-30, for MB, Mare Island.
JENNINGS, Earl, at Parris Island, 4-9-30, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
DOLAN, Michael, at New York, 4-9-30, for MB, New Orleans, La.
WILLIAMS, Joseph M., at Buffalo, 4-7-30, for Hampton Roads, Va., for further transfer to West Coast.
WRISTON, Lyman S., at Kansas City, 4-7-30, for MB, Parris Island.
SORENSEN, Charles, at Port au Prince, 3-28-30, for Constabulary Det., Haiti.

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SLICKER

(Continued from page 7)

up, risking a soaking in the water-filled ditch. It was becoming apparent to all that unless the trench mortar were destroyed or reinforcements arrived, the position was untenable.

Gordon carefully relaid the gun—for the slapping and pounding he had given it to shake out the powder from the loose bullets would be sure to ruin its aim—clamped the cradle, and fired a few bursts at the mud as before.

A machine gun is not, as many people suppose, an infallible weapon, that need only be pointed in the general direction of the enemy and then turned loose to mow them down as a scythe does wheat. The gun must be carefully aimed, and it must be held on the target like a rifle. Moreover, in firing at moving targets, where the ground is hard, or the bursts do not show, the gunner must have some idea of where his gun was laid before he starts to fire. The fact that he sees men drop when he fires does not necessarily mean that bullets from his gun hit them.

Gordon fired about thirty rounds before he got the bursts where he wanted them, just at the outer edge of the dead space. Then he clamped the gun. When the enemy started to come out of there, all he needed to do was pull the trigger. A hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder.

Would like to hear from any of the boys who came through Recruit Co. 786 during July, 1923, until October, 1923, at Parris Island, South Carolina.—Chas M. Bates, 926 N. Pine St., Decatur, Ill.

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May 30th, 1930



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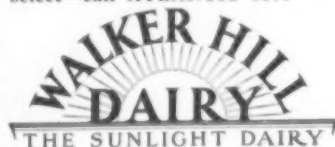


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THE LEATHERNECK

"How much ammunition have you got left?" asked a voice.

Gordon turned. It was the captain, and behind him a sergeant and a lieutenant.

"Gee!" exclaimed Gordon. "Ammunition? Hmm. You, Mackintosh, shove your head up a second. How many boxes have you got left?"

Mackintosh, who as Number Three was charged with ammunition supply, was well back in the ditch, but he raised his head cautiously and replied that he had but one box.

"You're crazier than hell!" yelled Gordon and O'Neil together.

"I had six boxes when we came in here!" continued the corporal. "All right! The first one we put in had a defective lot of ammunition. This one we got here now is the second box. You ought to have four!"

"Well, I ain't got 'em!"

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Gordon, "if it isn't one thing in this dam' war it's six! You don't mean to tell me you've lost three boxes of ammunition! If I could leave this gun I'd give you a kick in the spine that would make your teeth rattle! Look around for 'em! You musta dropped 'em in the water or something!"

"Never mind all the conversation now!" interrupted the captain. "You've only got one box of ammunition besides the one on the gun. Well, turn 'em loose at that trench mortar!"

"I gave up the mortar for the Jerries in the hollow!" explained Gordon. "The mortar I can't see, and the guys in the hollow I can—when they come out of it!"

"Never mind the guys in the hollow—do as I say!" replied the captain sternly. "They're planning to shell us out of here with high-angle fire and then rush us when it gets dark. Fire away! Pour hell into 'em!"

Gordon unclamped the gun again, and raising the muzzle slightly, tried to see if he could catch a burst in the bushes that hid the trench mortar.

Blap! went a shell in the roadway.

"Mackintosh! Come up here!" called Gordon, coughing. He waved his arm, and Mackintosh crawled out of the ditch.

"Get Droghan," directed Gordon, "and tell him I want him. Go find him. He's in the ditch somewhere. You looking for that ammunition? Well, keep right on. You find Droghan, though, first! Beat it now!"

"Man, how many did that one hit?" gasped the captain. "Listen, Corporal, what shape was your battalion in when you left it? How many guns got knocked out? I know they hammered them to beat hell, but they couldn't have ruined all of them! We ought to have some assistance out of them!"

"Yes, and where the hell is our artillery?" demanded the lieutenant.

"The artillery I can understand," said the captain. "They don't know what's going on in this gigantic hog wrangle! Goddam it, you can't keep a wire open long enough to say hello; they can't see rockets; you don't dare signal an airplane because like as not a Boche will see you, and all the runners from front to rear a man sends out never return!"

"Well, they can't be blamed!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"And all the runners from rear to front have to say is to hold on to the last man and have you seen General Lehman's aide."

Gordon and O'Neil both started violently. Mackintosh was still lying beside the gun, and he opened his mouth as though to say something to the captain.

"Mackintosh!" yelled Gordon at the top of his lungs. "Goddam you, I gave you an order five minutes ago! Are you going to obey it or not? Move!"

Mackintosh swallowed several times, made as if to speak, but finally crawled away.

"That's a good voice of yours, Corporal," remarked the captain. "I bet the Boche can hear you. Cut loose with the gun, but save the last box for to-night. It's quarter to four now. In another hour it will be dark. Then look out for trouble. Now, approximately where was your battalion? I'm going to send this sergeant up to it to see if there's anything left, and to see if we can't get some fire out of them."

"All he's got to do," answered Gordon, "is to go up the hill in back of us, and then follow the crest until he finds them. They're a little way to the left. If there's any of them there he'll hear 'em."

"That clear, Sergeant?" asked the captain.

The sergeant nodded.

"All right, go ahead. If you find any officers there you tell 'em just what I said!"

"Yeh, and ask 'em if they've seen anything of this dam' aide, too, will you?" added the lieutenant. "That seems to be the subject of the most interest around here. Why it should be, I don't know."

"Now, Corporal, do your stuff!" continued the captain when the sergeant had disappeared. "Smother that trench mortar!" He crawled backward into the ditch, leaving a wet trail like a worm across a cement walk, and then was gone.

"Was it myself you wanted?" called someone else.

"It's Droghan," said O'Neil. "Want him up here? Yes? Come up here, you bog trotter! Come up here and talk to your betters!"

Droghan appeared, but the gun had begun firing, and though his mouth could be seen working as though in earnest conversation, the other two could not hear a word.

"Listen to me!" shouted Gordon, blinking his eyes against the blow-back of the firing. "Get Milo and load him on your cart! Then get the hell out of here! If anyone asks you where you're going, say after ammunition. Mackintosh lost three boxes of ammo on us! If you see some more, bring it back to us! But get Milo out of here! They'll do just what they did the last time, night before last! They'll pull us out of here at dusk and back up the hill and Milo'll be captured! Understand me?"

"Where shall I be after takin' the lad to?" howled Droghan.

"Anywhere he can get an ambulance, you Connemara potato swiper!" yelled O'Neil.

"Button your mouth!" replied Droghan. "You make more noise than the devil's cow! It's to an ambulance I'm to be takin' him, Corporal dear? I've a bayonet now, an' if me brave mule lies down, sure he'll know the feel of a fut of it."

"Bring us back some chow, too!" hooted O'Neil after Droghan's disappearing back. "He'll never find us again," he continued to Gordon.

"I don't give a dam' whether he does or not; he'll get Milo out of here. Hear

that crack about the general's aide? Nice stuff. If they hang it on us we'll learn to be road builders. We'll go into the honey business for six months or a year. And I was the guy that crowned him."

He ceased firing, for the gun was boiling and steam was beginning to emerge from the water can. Tiny threads of steam rising are what discover machine guns to enemy observers.

"I helped," said O'Neil. "I passed you the box."

"No, you'd be clear. Black was the guy that grabbed his arms. Well, he's dead. Milo was a witness; he's gone. Now if we could only get rid of Mackintosh, we'd be set. He's the other witness and he's just craving to tell everyone he knows about it. Did yuh see him start to tell that captain that he'd seen this aide? Well, I shut that up."

"Maybe he'll get bumped off in the course of the evening," suggested O'Neil.

"No such luck!" replied Gordon, and the gun began to fire again.

Twilight fell early. The sun had been overcast all day, and in the hollow of the wooded hills it was soon dark. The machine gun had not been able to silence the trench mortar, and Gordon, having finished the belt, had dismounted the gun and taken it into the ditch.

Everyone expected another attack at dusk. The infantry cursed bitterly, demanding the whereabouts of reinforcements that were not within miles. Gordon, Mackintosh, and O'Neil crept about the ditch in the semi-dark hunting the lost ammunition.

"Listen, now," began Gordon for about the fifth time, "where did you see this ammo last?"

"Gee," said Mackintosh, "the last I saw of it you was carryin' it. Gee, all I can keep track of is myself, with shells burstin' an' them half-kegs clatterin' through the air all the time! Gee!"

"Gee!" mocked O'Neil. "If you weren't so busy shooting off your face all the time you might be worth fifty cents of the dollar a fond government gives you every day, Gee! If I was the corporal of this squad, I know where I'd about break a toe right in two!"

"Well, you ain't, and thank God for that!" replied Mackintosh acidly.

"Now! Now! Enough of that!" cried Gordon, jumping between the two and seizing O'Neil's upraised arm. "Mackintosh, you shut up! We've got to have harmony in this crew, especially since we've got only three guys left. Now let's go at this thing coldly and carefully. Now, then, by the numbers! I came down here with those six boxes. I put 'em down to help down with the gun. The shell struck, and Milo was hit. Well, they were still there, because I remember brushing the dirt off them. Then what? Our first wave came curving in, didn't they? And we ran out in the field, didn't we? Then we began to fire."

"When I took out that second box in place o' the one that wasn't no good," said Mackintosh sturdily, "I only had the one box left. That's all there was—"

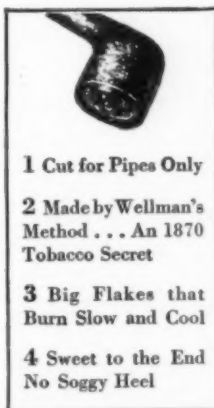
A prolonged burst of rifle fire interrupted. The three machine gunners hearkened. Was this the beginning of the attack? The firing stopped, there was a little yelling, then silence.

"Somebody's coming up the ditch!" exclaimed Gordon suddenly. "It wouldn't be Droghan, now, would it? No such



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luck! Back with a cart full of bullets and chow!"

"No, it wouldn't!" said the other two in chorus.

The newcomer was alone this time.

"Hullo, this the gun crew?" he asked. "My sergeant's coming back again. I saw him with the glasses. If he doesn't get in pretty quick it's likely he's stopped some of that iron that's flying around this hill. Listen to that!"

The sound of bursting shell had become so regular that the men paid it no more attention, but they gave ear now. Every minute or so one would burst on the hill or in the field. The heavy barrage had ceased, and the trench mortar had stopped for the time being, but this dropping fire kept on.

"It's lucky we didn't send your friend there over to that dressing station. They'll be kapoot after dark, and no mistake. They've had a lot of trade today, too. Hullo! Who's there?"

A man had leaped off the bank into the ditch. They saw that it was the sergeant, but he was entirely breathless, and could not reply to the captain's question for some time. Finally he coughed once or twice and essayed to speak.

"Man, huh-huh-huh!" he panted. "I come across that field in record time!"

"I didn't think you'd be here so quick!" replied the captain. "Well, what's the answer? How they making out up there? Any sense out of them? They going to give us some fire?"

"Well, huh! I didn't let no grass grow under my hobnails coming or going, I'll tell a man!" went on the sergeant. "I was cold when I started, but not for long! It's dam' warm up there, and about fifty o' them krauts took me for a jack rabbit or something! Why, they cracked—"

"Oh, to hell with that!" cried the captain. "What about the machine-gun battalion? Are they going to shoot or not?"

"No, sir," said the sergeant, "they ain't! Of that I'm sure!"

"Why not?"

"Well, sir, they haven't got any ammunition!"

"That's an excellent reason, anyway," said the captain between his teeth. "They have any hopes of getting any?"

"No, sir, because they sent their carts away after rations and ain't seen 'em since. They sent a detail after ammunition, two men from each gun, but they haven't much hope of seein' them either. And they're gettin' hell flailed out of 'em, too. They lost about four guns already."

The captain made no reply, but turned upon his heel with an exclamation of disgust, and disappeared.

"And if it hadn't been that things was safer down here I'd never come back, by jumpin' jeeroosalem almighty!" continued the sergeant in an undertone. "An' I'll put a bug in you guys' ears. You know that dressin' station was in the trees? Well, it's gone! They pulled the wounded outta there on stretchers an' hipered away through the grass with 'em! 'Cause why? 'Cause that dressin' station belongs to another division an'

it's pulled out! How's that suit yuh for gooseberries? You guys are on the flank, now! Watch out!"

"Why didn't you tell the Old Man?" gasped Gordon.

"I would have," replied the sergeant, "but he wouldn't wait to hear. I better tell him. 'Cause if I tell him he'll pull, too." The sergeant began to move off into the darkness. "Boy, I won't never eat mutton again," they heard him say to himself. "I been a sheep to the slaughter all the afternoon myself, an' I've had enough of it!"

They listened to his stumbling progress up the ditch. There was a sudden exclamation, then a heavy fall.

"He's hit!" gasped O'Neil. All three started hastily in the direction the other man had gone, but they had not gone more than a few steps before they heard language whose force and vigour showed that the speaker was intact.

"What's the matter?" demanded Gordon.

"I took a sprawl in this dog-gone grass an' like to broke my neck on a rock! I—What the hell am I all wound up in?"

The sergeant, from the splattering sound, went down again. "What's this?" he demanded, with other words of stronger import. "Ropes or what? Somebody's puttee, most like. Goddam Johns, why can't they keep their things out of a man's way!"

He freed himself and went on again. Gordon bent over and pawed about in the the long grass and the cold mud. He gave an exultant grunt and straightened up.

"Feel of this, O'Neil!" he said in freezing tones.

O'Neil felt and peered at the strange object in the dark. He knew what it was without much examination. It was a machine-gun belt, and empty. Empty!

"That isn't a Boche belt, by any chance, is it?" he demanded.

"No," said Gordon. "The Boche belts have brass jiggers on 'em every so often!"

"What the hell is all this?" asked Mackintosh. "A belt? What of it? Hadn't we better get back to the gun?"

"This belt, John," said O'Neil severely, "is an American belt."

"Yeh? Well, what of it?"

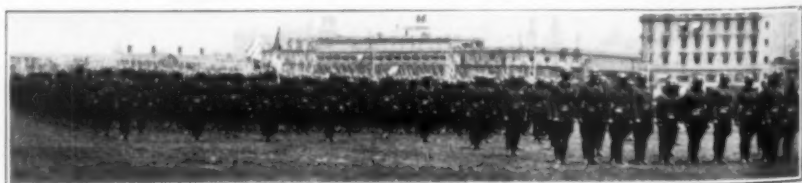
"What of it, yuh nitwit?" cried Gordon. "Didn't we just have a steaming inquiry into where all our ammunition went? And you didn't know! Dust off your brains! What of it! Sure, what of it? What the hell is it to you? You don't care! Well, while you were ducking in the ditch or thinking up bright things to say, these doughboys copped three boxes on you."

"What good would it do 'em?"

"Not much, only they could pull the bullets out and use 'em themselves!"

"That's what they did!" agreed O'Neil, who had been kicking about in the water, "and here's the box!"

"That settles it! I'm going down and tell that captain just what I think of this crowd of thieves! That's about the sense



they've got, to steal the ammunition from a machine gun! It'll serve 'em right, if the Boche come on in the flank and massacre every one of 'em! Go back to the gun! I'll have an understanding about this, and damned quick!"

"No, no!" objected O'Neil, "they won't do anything but blow you the razz. Let's go back to the gun and think it over. The doughboys might as well have it as not. What the hell! We're all going to shoot it at Fritz."

They went back to the gun still discussing. It was quite dark now, and Gordon decided it would be better to have the gun on the tripod and ready, even at risk of having it destroyed by a chance shell, than to have it safe in the ditch and take a precious minute mounting it in the dark. Things had been ominously quiet for some time, except for the steady falling of shells, like slow water dripping, on the hill behind. There was some firing, but it was all distant. Flares went up from the woods from time to time, and once a minute or so some doughboy down the road would fire one to light up the field in front.

This was the time, thought Gordon, to sweep the field with bullets, to keep up a steady fire on the distant bushes and the narrow-gauge railroad track, anywhere that the enemy might be creeping forward to prepare for a surprise attack. Ah, but he had no ammunition.

The chill of his wet legs began to creep upward into his body. No food, no sleep, and another night to be faced! Machine gunners were fortunate in that they always carried their own stove with them, that is to say, the gun, but it had to be firing to keep hot, and it cooled very rapidly once it was silent, being constructed especially with that end in view.

Again they heard someone coming cautiously up the ditch.

"Hullo!" said a voice softly. "That the machine gun?"

It was the captain, prowling about, up and down his line, as a good captain should when he is near the enemy and the night is dark.

"I've got two patrols out there," said the captain, after he had identified himself, "so don't turn loose unless you're sure what you're shooting at. If Fritz is trying to do any work in the dark he'll run into my men long before he can get near enough to us to do any dirt. How's it going?"

"We're hungrier than hell!" replied Gordon. He debated with himself if he should tell the captain about the theft of the ammunition. Well, the time was not quite ripe. Perhaps it would be well to wait until the captain asked him why he hadn't fired or something like that.

"Hang on till morning if you can," said the captain cheerily. "We'll have the kitchens up by then. Anyway, I told the patrol to frisk all the dead Jerries they found, and bring in any chow or drinking liquor they might have

on 'em. Ever notice they often carry two canteens? Coffee or water in one and chain lightning in the other. Umm! Good stuff! Well, keep a good watch out."

"Did you know that the division on the left has pulled out, sir?" asked Gordon.

"They haven't pulled! Don't think it! They've just opened up to avoid losses. We're spread as wide as we can be here. Nobody's doing any pulling! Don't believe all these rumors you hear! Well, keep your eyes open. I'll be back every hour or so. Better arrange for a running guard and try to get some sleep."

The captain had been gone scarcely two minutes when O'Neil, who had been exploring for a dry place, not too far from the gun, where two men might sleep while the third kept watch, came tearing back.

"Hey, you guys!" he began in an excited whisper. "Come with me. I can hear the Boche! No, no patrol of ours, either. It's Boche, I tell you! Our gang wouldn't make this noise!"

"Where are they?" asked Gordon. "Here, Mackintosh, try to be useful. Come with me. O'Neil, stay on the gun, and do the needful if you have to. Where did you hear this? Sure it wasn't from behind?"

"Get up on the bank," said O'Neil, "and go down it a little ways. The noise is coming from the left, from about opposite where that dressing station was. You remember that division pulled out? I'll say they did, and the Boche have come through there!"

"Come on, Mackintosh!" snapped Gordon.


The two of them climbed the bank, and on hands and knees, on which the freezing mud burned like hot iron, crawled westward along the road. They lay down from time to time, and trying to quiet the pounding of their hearts, listened. There! There was the sound!

They heard it distinctly. It came from the left front, where there were no troops. But what was it, digging, or marching? Or might it not be stray bullets striking the narrow-gauge tracks? Some distant machine-gun barrage, friendly or enemy, falling there in the darkness?

"Stay here and watch!" decided Gordon. "If it comes nearer let out a yell. O'Neil will have the gun on it, and he'll turn it loose. I'm going for the captain!"

He got to his feet and regardless of danger ran along the top of the bank. He was challenged by some mysterious watcher and lost time in making himself known. The challenger did not know where the captain was. Gordon went on, stumbling over sleeping infantry, who had come up out of the ditch onto comparatively dry ground, even though they risked their lives in so doing. They did not know where the captain was, and did not give a dam, either.

Gordon was tempted to give a shout



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and awaken everyone, to hoot and yell and arouse a general alarm, but in even his short service at the front he had found that a man that awakens sleeping soldiery without an excellent motive is liable to instant and violent unpopularity.

But wait! Voices! Was that the captain's? Gordon turned in the direction of the sound to make sure.

"Attack? With my men? You're crazy! It's folly! Why, the Kaiser himself is out there! Didn't they kick the other brigade to hell out of those woods and come galloping down after them like dogs running sheep? Who the hell gave that order?"

"The brigade commander! His aide brought it in person."

"Who? This crazy egg they've been after all day? He's as batty as any of them!"

"Well, that may be, but we'll have to obey the order, or I'll be removed from command. Listen, now, there's another matter. There's something rotten in Denmark." Their voices dropped, and Gordon could not hear. He hurried nearer.

"Socked him? The hell you preach—Those machine gunners, huh? Umm, I suspicioned it because they were vague as hell about where they'd come from and why—hangdog devils all of them—he beat it with the cart after ammunition—weren't firing very enthusiastically—by God, why not, with our flank open that way? Ready to open up on us from behind, huh?"

The voices buzzed some more. What was this? Gordon asked himself. The white-slickered aide had really come to himself and run away up there! That was what they were talking about! He was not dead, not even badly hurt, since he was still performing his duty!

A steel helmet with its interior padding will take an awful wallop without serious injury to its wearer. Well, now, what should he do?

"Get your squad, Corporal, and a fistful of grenades!"

The voice pierced the darkness from the road. A squad! Gordon knew where they were going. The conversation he had overheard referred to him and his gun crew. And now they were going to be arrested for socking the officer or for generally suspicious conduct.

What had he to do but to leap forward and declare his innocence? Ah, but it was night, and everyone's nerves were on edge with strain and fatigue. Suppose they did not listen to him? After all, he had banged an officer over the head with a box of ammunition. Gordon knew what happened to men that were arrested. They went into a stockade, and they stayed there awaiting trial until the charge for which they had been arrested had been forgotten. Meanwhile they occupied themselves in road building or assisting in the sanitary betterment of the local cantonment.

Not for him! His hobnails spurned the ground, and regardless of unseen sleepers or of grunts of protest he galloped back to the gun position.

"O'Nail, dismount the gun!" He ran on farther to where Mackintosh lay on his stomach.

"Shhsh! Not a word! Come back here! Jump down in the road! Grab the gun, you guys, and don't ask questions! Let's fade!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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THE DOWNFALL OF SERGEANT MCGAN

(Continued from page 5)

of women. McGan was waiting for him and, putting an affectionate arm around Evans' shoulders as the two joined the milling throng outside, he confided:

"Me b'y, I think me fortune's on th' change agin. Th' little lady gi' me some foine news av th' futchure."

"You liked her, then?" Evans asked cautiously.

"Grand, lad, grand!" McGan praised. "She's wunnerful. Simply wunnerful!"

"Did she—" began Evans, then subsided, puzzled at the outcome, at McGan's sudden enthusiasm for a woman, any woman.

"Did she what?" Then, not waiting for Evans' reply, McGan went on:

"She looks me over when I fur-rst wint in, an' she smiles. Lad, 'twas th' smiles av angels. 'Twas th' smiles av me owld mither in Connemara. . . . An' wud ye belave ut, lad, but th' little lady has a wunnerful intelleck! Wunnerful! 'Tis fair amazin'. Why, I no more'n sets meself in th' chair fernist th' th' little table from her, an' she takes th' rough hand av me in them soft little wans av hers, an' she calls me be name!"

"Go on!" Marveled Evans, "what else?"

"'Tis a fack!" McGan insisted, "Sargint McGan! she sez, 'Terry McGan, isn't it?' An' I sez that is th' name me owld mither used t' cal me by, Terry, ut is. Then she tells all about me past, only she wuz a-lavin' out th' awful parts, but I wuz shamed terrible f'r I knowed thot if she cud tell th' things she wuz a-tellin' thin she cud read th' other things, too. Oh, I wuz mortified at fur-rst, but thin she goes on an' tells av me presint, an' frum thot t' th' futchure thot lies on before me. An' her a smilin' all th' time. She'd smile up at me, an' she'd look at th' palm av me hand and she'd smile at th' things she cud see there. 'Tis a rosy futchure she was after tellin' me av." He paused to revel in the knowledge of what was in store for him, then continued:

"Ye know, lad, I used t' have a fair respect f'r th' intelligince av thot ratiun spoiler av a mess sargint, but I've larat this night thot he's a brainless imbecile. Him thot wuz a-tellin' thot th' little lady wuz a Jewess."

"You don't think so?" asked Evans in apparent surprise. "What do you suppose she is, then?"

"B'y," McGan by rolling the words off his tongue, enjoying the sound of them, "she is a gr-r-a-and Irish gur-r-ll! Her kith an' kin is str-r-aight from County Clare. Yis, sor-r, she's a foine Irish gurrl. 'Tis a fack!"

"Did she tell you so?" Evans asked.

"Faith, an' she didn't have no nade t' be after tellin' av me, whin she smiled at me I knowed ut f'r no wan but th' Irish gurrls cud smile like thot. Whin she opened her purty lips in spache I knowed ut. Whin she tellit me av me temper, an' her whut niver seen me afore, thin I knowed ut f'r sartin! B'y, 'tis th' Irish whut knows th' Irish. 'Tis rejoicin' f'r th' Irish blood av ye, fr

th' Irish is th' wur-r-uld's greatest people, th' grandest people! Th' vary foineest!"

"Yeah," agreed the corporal, wondering at the turn of events. The stunt he and the two sergeants had planned had worked, and yet there was a peculiar something in the air, too. He wanted to get hold of the others and find out what it was all about—if they knew.

A few minutes of jostling about in the crowds of merry makers, and the two again came upon the sergeants with the girls. Another girl had joined them and they called to McGan and Evans to join the party also. The corporal was more than a little eager to get away from McGan for a time if he could, and McGan seemed not at all reluctant to be left by himself. He was still happy and radiant as he waved a cheery farewell to the departing group.

Questions, cross questions, and scratching of heads on the part of the three plotters failed to reveal what had gone amiss with their neat little conspiracy. According to the plans, McGan was due to be worried over his quick, Irish temper, his superstitions should have made him wary lest his temper get the better of him and the dire results which were due to follow the next outburst. He should have come out of the fortune teller's booth resolved to try and curb the temper. Instead, he had come out happy and carefree. Evans had even noted him humming a catchy tune in time to a band that played somewhere.

It was a puzzled trio of plotters who bade their girls an absent-minded good night and returned to the barracks. Sergeant McGan had not retired nor even returned when the last of the three dropped off to sleep.

After reveille, but before breakfast next morning, Sergeant Artz and Corporal Evans found the mess sergeant busily overseeing work in the mess hall. The three plunged into a whispered conference.

"Say, you fellows, I know now, for sure, that there is something funny about this whole business——"

"Why?" Sergeant Jones asked eagerly. "Well, McGan is out there on the veranda laughing like a school girl and slapping Goodril on the back and——" Evans was interrupted by Artz.

"Gosh, and you know how he was cussing about Goodril, just yesterday."

"I wonder what it is?" Jones puzzled. Not for long was he left to wonder, however, for the three looked up to see the drill sergeant coming in the mess hall and over to where they stood.

"There yez are, ye foxy rascals!" he exclaimed, beaming on them.

In astonishment each searched the faces of the others for the answer. McGan himself supplied it.

"Oh, ye're a waggish gang, thot ye are. Ye thought t' have a bit o' fun wid me, hey?" His glance included the faces of each of his friends. Each countenance was a perfect mask that revealed nothing but amazement or curiosity.

"Twas a foine trick yez planned. An' 'twas a foine gurrl ye picked t' play ut wd, an' yez picked jist th' right wan t' play ut on." The broad Irish grin rested for an instant on each of the three. Then he continued:

"B'ys, w'en I looked at Molly an' w'en Molly looked at me, ut wuz love at th'

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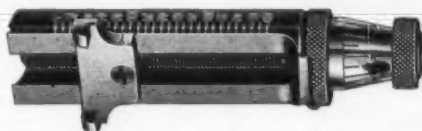
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fur-st sight. I tuk her home afther th' shindig wuz over, an' at secunt sight ut wuz an engagement. . . . An' I'm a-goin' ashore this afther-noon, an' th' three av yez is goin', too. An' Molly an' me is goin' t' git married on th' third sight. . . . An' f'r punishment f'r th' shameful cunduck av yez, I'm goin' t' insist that yez go along t' see th' knot tied good an' tight. . . . Whut sez yez, now? Eh?"

Sergeant Jones opened his mouth and closed it again but said nothing. Artz swallowed a time or two and found words.

"Fast work, I'll say."

Corporal Evans scratched his head and exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be——"

THE PRESIDENT'S SON

(Continued from page 3)

"President Sanborn, Denver:

"Madden's leg broken; your son is firing; gaining on the schedule.

DIRKEN."

When the President had read the telegram an anxious, tender expression softened his face. He felt a twinge of uneasiness from the thought that Dick Munson was at the throttle. To what extreme Munson might carry the speed on such an occasion as this was a disquieting surmise.

"He ought to have had a secondary engine to help him up the western side of the range," thought the president. "If we get the contract that must be looked after. I'll wire Burke about it."

Far over on the western slope of the Cradle Range much the same thing was being said by Dick Munson, save that the words were edged with sulphur. Through several miles, at the beginning of the long climb, the 1206 swept along the iron trail at high speed, superb, scorning the backward push of the grades, then almost imperceptibly the glimmering whirl of the drivers slackened, her breathing grew louder and longer-drawn, her gait fell from sixty to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty. Clark fought like a demon to hold her there, but gradually she slipped down to twenty-five. She got no lower than that. To and fro she wove her way toward the summit, swerving across a slope here, wheeling along the verge of an abyss there, drumming over dizzy trestles, plunging through stifling tunnels, always upward. Clark's face and body turned to a smear of sweat and oil and dust, across the nape of his neck the flesh lay open, while down his back to his waist ran a dark embroidery of blood-soaked dirt. By times he shook the grates to give her better draught, but for the most part he simply pounded

coal furiously and sprayed it through a red-white hole that belched blinding heat in his eyes.

Half-way up the range Munson slipped down to the deck. The gage showed one hundred seventy pounds to the square inch; he wanted to push the pressure to the two hundred mark. He clung to the side of the cab, looking at Clark for a moment. The engineer's gaunt face was drawn with suffering, his eyes glistened with pain and rage.

"Here's where we lose, here's where we get whipped!" he cried hoarsely. "Why didn't the idiots give us a helper up the range? The high-collared imbeciles!"

Clark steadied himself and from under a tangle of wet hair glared at him red-eyed and panting. "Shut up!" he shouted, furiously, "we're not whipped! When we make the summit let her fall to the plains, let her drop, don't hold her, I tell you! We're going to make connection with the Eastern Fast Mail at Denver, we're going in on schedule! Get out of my way and let me work!"

Munson's long arm reached out and his grimy fingers closed like talons upon the young fellow's slippery shoulders. Their hot, straining faces were close together. "Don't order me, you young lobster! No matter whose son you are, don't you—!" The engineer's jaw snapped shut and his face wrinkled in agony. He would have fallen, only that Clark gripped him about the body and held him up. "I'm hurt, son, I'm hurt inside," muttered Munson. "Help me up to the seat. I think I can handle her till we get in. Dead or alive, I'll ride her till she goes under the last semaphore." He crawled up with Clark's aid and straightened his long legs to the footboard. As he did so he noticed Clark's bloody back. "Why, son, what is it? What hurt you?" he asked with strong concern.

"From the explosion—something hit me—I don't feel it, not now," was the shouted reply as the young fellow with fresh fury buckled to his task.

"Pour a bucket of water over you," came Munson's voice from above him. Clark gave the words no heed until they were within a mile or two of the summit. As the altitude increased the noise of the engine seemed to increase until sounds rattled and boomed on his eardrums like musketry, bands of iron seemed drawing together about his chest and head. Struggling for breath, he turned a tank-cock and let a pail fill with water, then dashed the cold fluid in a deluge over his head and body; then he again fell to work.

As they crossed the summit and the big drivers began to quicken their revolutions, Clark hung for a few moments out the cab window, gasping and dizzy. Away to the eastward and far below them spread an immeasurable plain. Mottled with green and gray and dotted with herds of cattle, minute with dis-



tance as insect larvae, the mighty apron of earth swept eastward, meeting on the horizon a dim wall of slate-covered clouds. Overhead the sky was watery green, the August sun glared hotly, the air seemed motionless. Fifty-five miles still to Denver!

They went down through twenty miles at breakneck speed. Munson shut off steam but refused to use the brakes, and engine and train flooded toward the plain like rushing water. Back and forth across slopes, around beetling crags of stone, across chasms and down canyons, they roared. There were reverse curves that hurled Clark from one side of the cab to the other, coal rolled out from the tender on to the deck and danced under his feet. Munson, shaken and pounded by the jerk and roll of the engine, crumbled forward into a kind of knot, his hand on the throttle, his features seamed and drawn, his eyes aglow with defiance and pain. Clark, spent by labor at the high altitude, staggered and clung to whatever was handy, but kept on feeding the furnace. Slowly the needle on the gage dial trembled toward the two hundred mark. When they would strike the plain, then he wanted her to be fairly bursting with power.

Down through Quartz Cone and East Gulch they hurried onward, rushing through Barn Butte near the foot of the range in shattering fury. From every telegraph office that they passed the time was flashed to Paley Fork and Denver. They still were behind the schedule but were gaining. Now and then Munson threw on the air, wringing sparks from the wheels in spurring showers, for at points the danger of leaving the track was too imminent to be ignored.

As they flew along the groove toward the plain Clark saw nothing of clouds or sun or sky, being intent upon the steam gage and the firebox and the baffling problem of keeping upon his feet. But Munson, when they were two-thirds way down the range, became aware that in the east there was rising a mountain of vapor, green, craggy, portentous, immense. He saw that the towering crag was abutted by a mighty wave of vapor, stretching north and south beyond the capacity of the human eye to compass it. He had never before seen in that latitude the heavens written with so large a prophecy of havoc. Though impressed with the vision and dismayed by the thought that the promised tornado might impede or entirely block the way to Denver, he conceived of nothing very clearly. Numbed and gripped by inward agony, he felt at times his senses lapsing. One impression, however, remained queerly vivid, pricking into his brain like a thorn of fire. When they would enter the plain he must strive for still greater speed and outrun the approaching tempest.

They swung down from the foothills onto the level at a killing pace, with each man on the train clinging to something to keep himself upright, all save

poor Madden, who buttressed solidly by heavy bags of mail, ground his teeth in pain one moment and laughed the next.

"Dick's getting her there!" he would cry. "Feel him pound her! Feel him pound her! And that boy, that boy, sure he's getting the hash into her! We're going some, Dirken, sure we're only hitting the high places. Trust old Dick, he'll jam her nose against the Denver bunting-post before the president's watch ticks the end of the schedule."

They went down into something like a vacuum, a hot, thin, motionless atmosphere, peculiarly suffocating and unrespirable, a vast space from which the normal gases had in great part lifted and toward which a storm of gases was rushing from the east. Swaying to and fro on the deck Clark felt his breath catch at times and a sense of falling sweep over him. In such moments he dashed water over himself and buckled again to the fight. They might have been seven or eight miles northeast of Barn Butte when he noticed that Munson had swayed sidewise and was lying with his face among the levers. With a thrill of horror that sharpened all his faculties, the young fellow sprang up to the engineer's seat. He caught Munson about the shoulders, shouting wildly in his face. Munson's eyes were closed, but his lips moved. Clark put his ear close to the engineer's lips.

"I'm all in, son—everything is black—let her go wide—pound the coal under her—out-run the cyclone or we are whipped," were the broken sentences he heard.

Clark laid the man back on the cushion, then he saw rolling from the east the indescribable billow, the tumbling mountain of clouds at its center, a green sky overhead and a world beneath that seemed coated with rust. Here was opposition indeed, if not actual destruction! All the elements of his physical being seemed drunk with exhaustion, but at sight of this incalculable menace his whole nature seemed suddenly on fire; in him burst an opposing tempest, a storm of mingled rage and protest and terror and determination. What! Had men of the Central fought moment by moment over three divisions, battled through nearly three hundred miles to conquer this schedule, and now, within sight of the goal, were they to be blocked by the senseless elements? He saw the world-wide bosom of the storm threaded with lightning, arteries that ran fire instead of blood, but he heard no thunder save the roar of the hurling machine that bore him.

As he looked he saw, as something done by the strength and swiftness of the supernatural, the wings of the tempest break away on either side of the mountain of clouds, and the mountain itself whirl like a gigantic cylinder, its top spreading wide against the sky and spinning dizzily. The monster looked to be fifteen or twenty miles distant, but



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sweeping slightly to the northwest. After it on either hand the wings of the storm rushed, from time to time masses of vapor being sucked into the flying cylinder. The 1206 was racing northeastward. It looked that the cyclone might cross the track within five or eight miles of the city. If it crossed ahead of the train there might be no track left, at the point of impact, or, at least, ties might be dislodged and rails twisted, bringing a wreck; if the train were caught in the heart of the tempest, the mail cars, at least, might be thrown from the track—then what of the contract and how about poor Madden and Munson? A force that could fling houses about as a giant might throw paper boxes, mad gases plowing ditches through solid ground and pulling trees up by the roots with the ease of a man pulling up grass blades—should a human creature try conclusions with such forces?

A glimmer of all this, vision and question and answer, blazed through the brain of the dripping young fellow who, swaying half across Munson's body, looked up at the storm. Then he leaped back on the deck and pulled out a knife and cut the bell cord. Dirken should not stop him. They must be making a mile a minute, maybe more—he did not know. He flung the fire door open and sprayed the flaming mass with coal which he had broken into nut-sizes. He glanced towards the monster converging upon them from the eastward. He must get more speed, he must get more speed! Suddenly the safety valve hissed loudly. He looked at Munson, who rolled on the cushion, limp and pallid as a dead man.

Storm — schedule — contract — and wounded men in need of doctors! Was he going to let the storm overtake him? Not he, not Clark Sanborn, who had been commanded not to sprout white feathers!

He feverishly battered more blocks of coal into fine fragments. The gage needle trembled across the two hundred mark and crept on up to two hundred and five. The 1206 was literally flying along the steel; she sped in a cloud of thunder, seemingly every atom of her aroar with vibrations.

Back on the mail cars there were three hot boxes, each one flaming, but the chap on the deck did not look back; he was racing a cyclone, trying to outrun destruction, fighting to get a dying engineer to a physician, and to save the reputation of the Central. He nursed and stirred and coaxed the last ounce of radiation possible from the blinding mass in the firebox, himself half blind with salty sweat and giddy with heat. One thing, the track was clear for the Fast Mail; here and there all along the way they had flashed by trains, standing securely on side tracks; but the mountain of whirling gas—there was no siding for that; it had to be outstripped and beaten.

Swiftly the forces approached each other, the vast pillar of cloud that extended from earth to heaven and the

superb man-made thing speeding across the plain. Under the tread of the tempest and its bursting thunder the world jarred and shook the whole atmosphere of the region buzzed as from the swarming of a billion invisible bees, the air was pricked with fragments of buildings, with fences, shade trees, dust and the products of the fields. The hue of all things was a russet-green. The 1206 seemed straining every fibre, the gage-needle crept to two hundred and eight; surely she was making ninety miles an hour, maybe a hundred, no man would ever know. Clark fed her, fed her, fed her, working like a demon. They shot past stations that he did not see. Words leaped along the wire to President Sanborn, and back to Paley Fork to Manvell and Burke:

"Fast Mail in danger of cyclone; trying to out-run the storm; making fearful speed."

The whole Central in fancy was trembling and watching. Burke was pacing the floor of the dispatchers' office in Paley Fork, Sanborn was down in the great train shed in Denver, walking up and down the track, for once beside himself. But Clark did not know; he was pouring his life into an effort to melt the heart of the 1206 and to get her last drop of power into the wheels. Black, bedraggled, open-mouthed he fought. In moments he seemed to lose his sense of hearing, the thunder of the engine dwindling until it seemed as if he were listening only to a thin stream of water gurgling down a pipe, then it all came back clamoring in awful dissonance.

Suddenly he was aware that a reeling mountain was towering above him, jets of icy air hissed against his reeking body, darting things stung him; there was so wild a roar that the noise of the 1206 sang through it like the hum of a bow-string. The next moment he was rushing through greenish darkness and his breath seemed plucked clean out of his body, and the next he was in brownish twilight. Grasping the hand-grips he swung out the gangway and looked back. He saw box cars being hurled from a side track and a section house crashing out upon the prairie. The whirling heart of the tempest had crossed the track just behind the train, they had grazed the monster by a hair!

They were now in the north wing of the storm; rain gushed over them and a fierce wind blew, but they were in straight-flowing currents, beyond the crushing power of the elemental vortex. The 1206 was tearing through the wind and rain with her gage at two hundred and ten. Clark looked at his watch. His hands shook so that he could hardly hold the timepiece. He did not know precisely where they were, but fancied that they were now not more than eight or ten minutes behind the schedule. He looked at Munson, then swung over and pressed a hand above the man's heart; pulse and breath were still alive in the



engineer's bosom; that was all Clark could tell. He pushed the wet hair back from his own eyes and looked at the steam gage. He looked at the water-gage. It registered a supply but little above the danger point. He set the injectors working, but there seemed little response; the supply in the tank was falling low. But surely five or seven minutes at this strenuous pace would take them into the city.

There was peril at many points; the hot journals on the rear cars, the low water, the numerous switches through which they were running as they neared the city. But the tower men must keep the track clear, that was not Clark's business. Half-thoughts, intuitions, sparks and filmings of reason, glimpsed across his consciousness as he worked, while the 1206 tore onward through lightning and wind and rain, a gigantic and hurling bolt of force.

Trackmen and citizens and the men in the towers never before saw a train go by as did that one. Across frogs and through switches she battered in thunder and at a pace that seemed appalling. Though it was raining, everywhere throughout the suburbs people were watching for the Central's first Fast Mail. They saw a train flying, the smoke from her engine's stack streaming straight back, and flames flaring from hot boxes. Entering the city Clark checked the speed of the train somewhat with the air brakes, bringing the train to a stand-still in the train shed, with brake shoes showering sparks as they clamped the wheels on sanded rails.

Black as a negro and streaked with blood, a young fellow with a shirt thrown around his shoulders staggered down from the gangway. People were swarming about him. He heard a voice yell:

"Only two minutes behind the schedule!" He heard another hoarser voice shouting, "Fall to! Transfer the mails! Get busy, men!" Then a strong-faced, gray-haired man pushed toward him, wonder and alarm and questionings in his eyes.

"My poor boy!" the young fellow heard the man say, huskily. He felt the man's arms about his body, but things were not very clear to the young fellow; the place seemed to swim around and be paved with gaping human faces.

"Don't mind me, pater," the young fellow heard himself saying. "Pull the fire from the engine, or get water in her, quick! Dick's up on the seat there—unconscious through the last thirty miles! Get—a—doctor!" Then he heard voices all about him, excited, strident, but these lapsed and dwindled into whispers, then he was listening to a thin stream of water gurgling down a pipe, then it was dark.

A week later Clark sat by the president's desk. The president smiled. "We've got the contract for the mail at six hours and thirty minutes," he said. "With auxiliary engines properly placed I think we can handle it all right."

"I suppose I'd best take Dan Madden's place for a while," said Clark, dryly, the corners of his mouth twitching.

"Young man, you will stay here at headquarters; I've got other things for you to do," said the president.

"But I was to fire a while, you know, Pater!"

"Drop it! As a fireman you are a graduate. Bring those time-cards over here; we'll figure out the new schedule."

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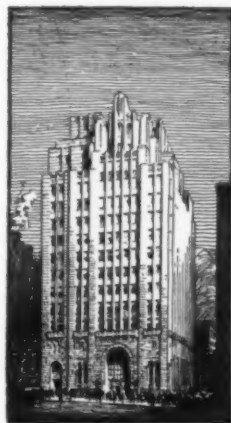
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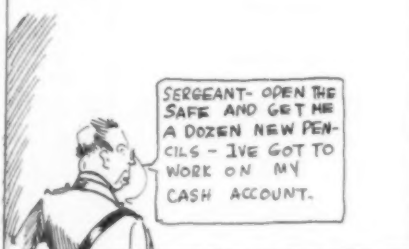
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- BY FELLOWES -

The Q.M. an important man,
From autos down to G.I. cans-
He has 'em, and he holds the keys
And issues things out by degrees.



In such an enviable position,
He heeds not strident requisitions.
But keeps this motto in his dome-
"Charity begins at home."



In lots of ways he is a miser-
And autocratic like the Kaiser.
When asked for things, no matter what-
It is he answers thus- "No got?"



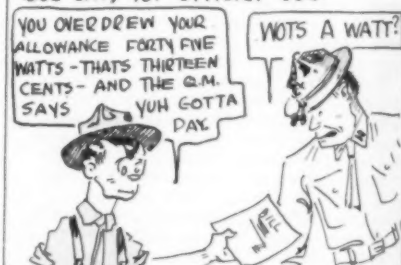
But when the shabby C.O.'s wife
Beseeches for a paring knife
Or moth-balls, or some wax for floors
He opens wide the store-room doors.



His shelves are filled with nice new shoes
And khaki uniforms, and blues,
But these are under key and lock-
He only puts out wartime stock.



He manufactures roofs and drains
To keep the troops dry when it rains.
And issues out electric juice,
But only for official use



In his department is the plumber
And the men who saw up lumber.
But for us they never saw it-
If they do - I never saw it.



He has a lot of guns and cartridges
Just fine for shooting ducks and partridges
But asking for them makes him sore
He's saving that stuff for a war.



The Q.M. he has Whites and Quads
And rows of Fords lined up in squads-
But asking for a ride's a joke-
They always say the cars are broke.



The laundry uses suds that shrink
And marks your shirts with purple ink.
And when you make a tearful claim
The Q.M. says "Aint that a shame."



The Q.M. oversees the slaughters
And cuts the cow all up in quarters,
But who gets all the beefsteak rare
That's never on our bill of fare?



His feet upon the window sill-
The Q.M. sits and watches drill.
And wise-cracks, as commands are read-
"The pen is mightier than the sword."



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 CHARLESTON, S. C., Marine Barracks, Navy Yard.
 DOVER, N. J., Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot.
 FORT MIFFLIN, PA., Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Point Breeze Sta.
 HAMPTON ROADS, VA., M. B., Naval Operating Base.
 HINGHAM, MASS., Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot.
 INDIAN HEAD, MD., Marine Barracks, Naval Powder Factory.
 IONA ISLAND, NEW YORK, Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot.
 KEY WEST, FLA., M. B., Naval Operating Base.
 LAKEHURST, NEW JERSEY, Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station.
 MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard.
 NEW LONDON, CONN., Marine Barracks, Submarine Base.
 NEW ORLEANS, LA., Marine Barracks, Naval Station.
 NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, Marine Barracks, Naval Torpedo Station.
 NEW YORK, N. Y., Marine Barracks, Navy Yard.
 PARRIS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA, Marine Barracks.
 PENSACOLA, FLA., Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station.
 PHILADELPHIA, PA., Marine Barracks, Navy Yard.
 PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard.
 PORTSMOUTH, VA., Marine Barracks, Navy Yard Station.
 PORTSMOUTH, VA., Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, St. Julien's Creek, Navy Yard Station.
 PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard.
 QUANTICO, VA., Marine Barracks.
 SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, M. B., Naval Operations Base.
 SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, Marine Detachment, U. S. Destroyer Base.
 SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station.
 SOUTH CHARLESTON, W. VA., Marine Barracks, Naval Ordnance Plant.
 WASHINGTON, D. C., Marine Barracks, 8th and Eye Sts., S. E.
 WASHINGTON, D. C., Marine Barracks, Navy Yard.
 YORKTOWN, VA., Marine Barracks, Naval Mine Depot.

CUBA
 GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA, Marine Barracks, Naval Station.

ISLAND OF GUAM
 GUAM, Marine Barracks, Naval Station.

HAWAII
 PEARL HARBOR, T. H., Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base.

NICARAGUA
 MANAGUA, NICARAGUA, Regimental Exchange, 5th Regiment, c/o Postmaster, New York.
 PUERTA CABEZAS, NIC., Eastern Area Exchange, c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.

PHILIPPINES
 CAVITE, P. I., Marine Barracks, Naval Station, C/O Postmaster, San Francisco, California.
 OLONGAPO, P. I., Marine Barracks, Naval Station, C/O Postmaster, San Francisco, California.

REPUBLIC OF HAITI
 PORT AU PRINCE, 2nd Regiment Exchange, Marine Barracks.
 CAPE HAITIEN, Post Exchange, Marine Barracks.
 OBSERVATION SQUADRON NO. 2, Marine Barracks, Port au Prince.

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